GREAT PORTRAITS

DESCRIBED BY GREAT WRITERS

Great Portraits

BOOKS BY MISS SINGLETON

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HOW TO VISIT THE GREAT PICTURE GALLERIES.
HOW TO VISIT THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

Art
Paintings
S

Great Portraits

As Seen and Described by Great Writers

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

By ESTHER SINGLETON

AUTHOR OF "TURRETS, TOWERS AND TEMPLES," "GREAT PICTURES," "WONDERS OF NATURE," "ROMANTIC CASTLES AND PALACES," "FAMOUS PAINTINGS," "HISTORIC BUILDINGS," "FAMOUS WOMEN," "GOLDEN ROD FAIRY BOOK," "PARIS," "LONDON," "VENICE," "RUSSIA," "JAPAN," "LOVE IN LITERATURE AND ART," AND "A GUIDE TO THE OPERA"

With Numerous Illustrations



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Preface

IT is hard for us in this day of photographs to realize what portrait-painting meant to the world even as late as a century ago. The only way to record the features and figure was by means of pencil or brush; hence the art of portraiture became a most important and lucrative branch of painting. The greatest masters excelled in it, and some of them are remembered chiefly, if not solely, by their portraits.

It is impossible within the limits of a small volume adequately to represent all of the great masters of portraiture; but I have endeavoured to present as many styles of treatment and varieties of subject as possible, besides including certain portraits of renown. The book will, therefore, offer many interesting points of study; for many of the selections describe the canvas briefly and dwell at length upon the artist's method of work and his peculiarities of touch and treatment. The reader can, therefore, study the many styles from the realistic works of Frans Hals, as exemplified in *The Laughing Cavalier*, *Maria Voogt*, *Hille Bobbe* and others, Van Eyck's *Man with the Pinks*, Titian's *Infant Daughter of Roberto Strozzi*, Raphael's *Maddalena Doni*, *Julius II.*, *Balthazar Castiglione* and *Young Man*, Velasquez's *Philip IV.*, Holbein's *Jane Seymour*, Raeburn's *John Tait and his Grandson* and Clouet's *Elizabeth of*

Austria, to the idealized and graceful studies of Lely, Nattier and Drouais, reaching at length the daring feat of painting ideas that lie outside the realm of portraiture as Whistler has done in the portrait of his mother and Rossetti in the *Beata Beatrix*. The latter, described by Mr. F. G. Stephens as a "spiritual translation" of the features of the artist's wife, perhaps, carries portraiture beyond its limits into a mystical world.

The omission of some of the most celebrated portraits such as Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, Guido Reni's *Beatrice Cenci*, Holbein's *Georg Gisze*, De la Tour's *Madame de Pompadour*, Velasquez's *Innocent X.*, Titian's *La Bella*, Bellini's *Doge Loredano*, Gainsborough's *Mrs. Siddons*, Moroni's *Tailor*, Van Dyck's *Charles II.* of the Louvre, Luini's *Columbine*, and Reynolds's *Lady Cockburn and her Children* will be noticed; but these have already appeared in *Great Pictures* and *Famous Paintings* of this series.

E. S.

NEW YORK, *July, 1905.*

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THE LAUGHING CAVALIER
(*Frans Hals*)

GERALD S. DAVIES

A SURVEY of the portraits which Frans Hals painted will disabuse the mind of at least one prejudice concerning the great painter. It will go far to put an end to the view, which has been expressed by many writers, that Hals was a mere painter of externals; one who caught the surface peculiarities of a man and could present them to us with astonishing verve and vraisemblance—much, indeed, like Charles Dickens in literature—but who did not penetrate beneath the surface, or read the inner man very subtly. One may fully grant that Frans Hals was not a thinker in the sense in which Rembrandt, Velasquez, and even Van Dyck, were thinkers; and there are, I dare say, very few of us who have not at some time or other, in standing before one of Hals's brilliant, dashing bits of rapid character-catching, found ourselves expressing the inward doubt whether Hals realized that his sitters had souls at all. The injustice is due, I am persuaded, to the fact that few people have ever taken the trouble to view Hals as a whole. For some reason, there has been an unconscious conspiracy, both among picture-lovers and writers, to think of him through one or two of his most astonishing, and, indeed, incomparable achievements as a rapid setter-down of facial

expression. But anyone who has stood long before the gentleman and his wife of the Cassel Gallery; the *Jacob Olycan* and Aletta Hanemans of the Hague; the *Albert Van der Meer* and his wife of Haarlem; the Beresteyn pair of the Louvre; the old housewife of the same gallery, and, above all, the consummate portrait of *Maria Voogt*, 1639, at Amsterdam, not to speak of many others, will have to reconsider his verdict. Hals has shown himself in these to be as perfectly capable of handling a worthy face with quiet dignity and full insight—remember that his sitters were Dutch, who do not carry their souls upon their faces, nor their hearts upon their sleeves—as he was capable of setting down the rapidly-passing expression of his *Laughing Cavalier*, his *Jester* at Amsterdam, his *Gipsy Girl* of the Louvre, and his *Hille Bobbe* of Berlin. The fact that he painted these latter, and more like them, has no business to rob him of his great reputation as a great translator of the more worthy moods of man, which is due to him on the evidence of a far larger body of witnesses. For if the list of his portraits be perused, it will be found that these laughing drinkers and jesters, by which the world has insisted on judging him, are in quite a small minority. The minority would be probably far more strikingly small, if anything like the tale of his output had survived to us.

And I shall make no separate classification for one kind of portrait and the other. As I have already said, his jesters, his gipsies, his mountebanks, his fisher-boys or his fishwives, are just as much portraits as the others. The fact that he very likely picked some of his models up in his

pothouse, and others in the street, and others by the road-side, or by Zandvoort dunes, or in the Haarlem fish-market, and carried them off in triumph to his studio, does not make them a whit less portraits. These were the only kind of sitters who would consent to have their portraits painted to go down to posterity with a face convulsed with laughter, or contorted with some passing expression. He must either use that kind of sitter—not but what I quite admit that Hals probably got great amusement from their company—or abandon that field of art—facial expression under rapid change, which was the problem he was mastering. They are not an edifying set of sitters; far from it; but the artist who wants to get a model who will sit to him with a broad grin on his face will not find his man among the high-bred, the serious, the refined. The man who will sit in a studio with a stoup of ale on his knee and laugh boisterously at little or nothing at all, between the drains, is not a refined person. But he gets the lines of his face into the shapes which express laughter more frequently than the doctor of laws or the professor of mathematics, and Hals can get what he wants from him, and perhaps a rough joke or two into the bargain.

One year before Hals had completed the Olycan pair,[1] he had painted his *Portrait of an Officer*—known as *The Laughing Cavalier*—of the Wallace Collection, 1624. Of Hals's work accessible in public galleries of England, no more striking specimen exists. Here, indeed, we have the painter rejoicing in the interpretation of a phase of charac-

[1] Jacob Olycan and his wife, 1625, both at *The Hague*.

ter which had particular attractions for him. The cavalier is a young, well-fed, well-kept soldier, quite satisfied with himself, and evidently quite untroubled by any of those deeper searchings of the mind which are apt to leave their print upon the face. The smile upon his face is certainly one of the most irresistible things that ever was painted. It is not a laugh, nor a leer, nor a grin, but a smile which seems ready to burst into a laugh, and, as you watch the face, it takes slight and rapid variations of expression, so that you seem to see the look which has just passed and that which is just to come. No doubt there is a certain air of swagger,—a characteristic which Hals always enjoyed the rendering of. But this is no mere swaggerer or swashbuckler. On the contrary, there is a force and even a fineness about the handsome brows that tell you this would be a bad man to have to meet in an encounter, and a good man to have to follow to one. Stand before this man's portrait, and you can weave for him a history. There is something more than mere swagger in that self-assertive smile. He looks out at you with an air of supreme contempt at one moment, of supreme good-nature at another; but the expression is full of changefulness, full of that electric current which plays over the human face and tells you while you look at it at one moment, what to expect from the next.

This was not a reader or a thinker, but he was not a mere vapourer or a mere braggart, like the *Merry Toper* of the Amsterdam Gallery. A fighter you may make oath upon that, and a man of action when he is wanted.

Technically it is the highest merit, and is nearly, if not

quite, as it left the painter's hands. Even as it hangs on that wall in the company of Rembrandt, of Van Dyck, of Velasquez, it yields to none in that particular. It is for a man's portrait more highly wrought than is his wont. The handling is not so fierce, if one may use the expression, as, for example, in his Doelen pictures. It represents the half-way between the *St. Joris* of 1616 and the *St. Joris* of 1627. Viewed close, the detail is somewhat more exact and less the production of summarized knowledge than is often the case. Even the lace collar is, for a man's portrait by him, highly wrought.

There is no strong colour in the picture. The elaborate broidery is all in low-tone orange-yellow on a cloth of blue gray. There is not a bit of pure vermilion, or crimson, or blue in the picture. And yet the impression left by the picture certainly is that its scale is somewhat higher than many of Hals's individual portraits. The explanation lies doubtless in the fact that the picture is slightly wanting in atmosphere, and does not go behind its frame.

THE TRAGIC MUSE

(*Sir Joshua Reynolds*)

CLAUDE PHILLIPS

IT was in this year (1783) that Sir Joshua first came into a closer intimacy with Mrs. Siddons, and painted that famous portrait of the actress as the *Tragic Muse*, which, if possible, enhanced his own reputation with his contemporaries, and certainly conferred a new immortality on the great performer whose features and aspect it perpetuated.

As far back as 1775, she had appeared in London, in Garrick's last season, as Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, and as Lady Anne to his Richard III., but made then no particular mark, either because she was overpowered by the sunset radiance of the sinking luminary of tragedy, or more probably, because her powers were not yet mature. Returning to town in 1782, when there was none to divide the public favours with her, she carried all before her in such parts as Almeria in Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, Jane Shore, Calista, Belvedera, and Mrs. Beverley; and, a little later on, in those mightier ones of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*, and Constance in *King John*. Not yet, undisputed queen of tragedy as she was, had she ventured upon parts so tremendous as that of Lady Macbeth—then sacred to the memory of her predecessor, Mrs. Yates, whom, it may be remembered, Romney had already, some ten years



THE TRAGIC MUSE

previously, painted as the *Tragic Muse*. Under this title, too, Russell, the author of a *History of Modern Europe*, had sung Mrs. Siddons in verse; and his panegyric may very probably have suggested to Reynolds the subject, or, at any rate, the name of his picture. There is some doubt as to the exact time in 1783 when the great actress began her sittings, but, on the whole, the most probable period would appear to be the autumn of that year. The history of the picture is given by Mrs. Jameson, on the authority of Mrs. Siddons herself. We can imagine Sir Joshua, in his courtly fashion, taking the stately woman by the hand, and leading her to the sitter's chair, with the sonorous Johnsonian compliment: "Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse." "Upon which," she added, "I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears." There is little reason to doubt the authenticity of the anecdote, and the less when we reflect that Melpomene, somewhat staid and stolid in private life, was not inventive enough to have devised or elaborated the compliment just quoted, or that further and still more splendid one which he laid at her feet when he was putting the last finishing touches to the work. "I cannot," he said, "resist the opportunity for going down to posterity on the edge of your garment." Whereupon he then and there painted his name in ornate letters, together with the date 1784, along the Muse's skirt, so that it did duty as a decorative adornment —much as he had done in the case of *The Lady Cockburn with her Children*.

With regard to the influence that the beautiful sitter herself exercised, or deemed that she exercised on the evolution of the design—one of the most carefully elaborated of all Sir Joshua's—there seems to have been some unconscious exaggeration on her part, such as is often generated by successive repetitions of a story at a certain distance of time. Thus, she said to Mrs. Jameson that she at once seated herself in the attitude in which the Muse now appears. But she told Thomas Phillips, R. A., "that it was the production of pure accident; Sir Joshua had begun the head and figure in a different view; but while he was occupied in the preparation of some colour, she changed her position to look at a picture hanging on the wall of the room. When he again looked at her and saw the action she had assumed, he requested her not to move; and thus arose the beautiful and expressive figure we now see in the picture." And again she told Martin Arthur Shee that "Sir Joshua would have tricked her out in all the colours of the rainbow had she not prevented him." No doubt the great *tragédienne* was unfamiliar with the first states of an oil picture, and the courtly Sir Joshua may have allowed her to run on uncontradicted, content to receive her reclamations with a seeming acquiescence.

It must be pointed out, however, that the master's Twelfth Discourse, delivered only a few months after the completion of the picture, contains in the following passage, a striking though indirect corroboration of Mrs. Siddons's statement that she had suggested the attitude of the Muse:—"And here I cannot avoid mentioning a circum-

stance in placing the model, though to some it may appear trifling. It is better to possess the model with the attitude you require, than to place him with your own hands: by this means it often happens that the model puts himself in an action superior to your own imagination. It is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it: besides, when you fix the position of a model there is danger of putting him in an attitude into which no man would naturally fall."

It may be alleged that Mrs. Siddons's story in its entirety cannot altogether be reconciled with the undoubted fact that the general conception of the *Tragic Muse* is coloured with a strong reminiscence of Michelangelo's *Isaiah*, in the ceiling of the Sixtine Chapel—a fact the less difficult to accept when it is remembered how Sir Joshua had saturated himself with the master in the contemplation of the frescoes in the Cappella Sistina, and had throughout his career maintained his enthusiasm for him at its original high level.

Still, the two versions of the genesis of the picture are by no means radically irreconcilable.

It is not in the least likely that so great an artist, and one so various in portraiture as Sir Joshua, would have hampered himself, and handicapped his sitter, by a premeditated adherence to all the lines of a figure of which the guiding motive was one essentially different from that of his idealized portrait. There is little doubt that he had generally in view Buonarroti's great invention; yet, to obtain a pose correct and natural in all particulars, and, above all, to infuse true significance and true dramatic charac-

terization into the outlines of the composition as conceived by him, it is easy to believe that he may have relied to a great extent, on the heroic instincts of the greatest tragic actress of her time. He may—as we know that he did in many cases—have even taken inspiration from her changes of posture, and revised his conception accordingly.

A detailed description of the composition is rendered unnecessary by the reproduction here given. It is in fine preservation, the sombre magnificence of the colouring being much less due to darkening in this instance than to premeditation on the part of the painter. There can be little doubt that the unity of tone obtained by the deep purple and the tawny brownish-yellow of Melpomene's robes gives a greater ideality, a more unbroken repose to the general aspect of the work than could have been obtained by a higher key, a more varied splendour in the hues of the draperies. For once Sir Joshua attains to his ideal and achieves what all through his life he has sighed for and written about—high, or shall we not rather say great, art. As great art, and to say the least, on a level with the work now discussed, must rank several of the finest male portraits. But those were great in virtue of a certain heroic realism, of a certain informing enthusiasm, while greatness is here attained in the more accepted fashion, by splendid dignity of conception, by majesty and rhythmical grace of outward aspect, by impressiveness and significance of colouring.

The least touch of bathos would have brought the picture down from its high level, and placed it on that of the *Gar-*

rick between Tragedy and Comedy and the numerous portraits of some one irrelevantly masquerading as some one else, which cannot be unreservedly accepted, even by the master's most fervent admirers. But even the attendant figures variously described as "Pity and Terror," "Pity and Remorse," and with more probability as "Crime and Remorse," are sufficiently impressive, especially the one which the master studied from his own features. The figure of Mrs. Siddons herself is unique in the life-work of the master, as combining a more portrait-like fidelity than Reynolds often achieved in female portraiture with a genuinely tragic ideality of mien and gesture, due, it must be owned, as much to the natural personality of the sitter as to the conceiving power of the artist.

The original work was bought by the noted amateur, M. de Calonne, for the then very considerable sum of 800 guineas, and, after some intermediate sales, was finally acquired by the first Marquis of Westminster for 1,760 guineas. It remains one of the chief ornaments of the Duke of Westminster's rich collection, and has by him been lent on several occasions to public exhibitions—to the Old Masters in 1870; then for a considerable space of time to the South Kensington Museum; then to the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery; and lastly to the Guelph Exhibition. The inferior replica at the Dulwich Gallery was painted by Score, one of Sir Joshua's assistants, in 1789, and sold to M. Desenfans for 700 guineas; but, for all its inferiority, it had, as Sir Joshua's own note and the price show, the *imprimatur* of the

Reynolds studio. The best replica would appear to be that at Langley Park, Stowe, given by Sir Joshua to Mr. Harvey, in exchange for a boar-hunt by Snyders which the painter much admired. Another repetition, of the upper part of the figure only, is, or was, in the possession of Mrs. Combe of Edinburgh; and yet another one—of the complete picture—in the gallery of Lord Normanton.

As by Sir Joshua was exhibited at the Guelph Exhibition an imposing full-length, belonging to the Earl of Warwick, showing Mrs. Siddons in a black satin gown, with a white scarf wrapped turban-wise round her head, holding in one hand a mask, in the other a dagger. This, however, has, on the high authority of Mr. George Scharf, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, been restored to Sir William Beechy.

It was in 1784 that Gainsborough painted his famous *Mrs. Siddons, en toilette de ville*, now in the National Gallery, and, though the conditions of the two pictures are as absolutely different as they could possibly be, the same serious and a little ponderous personality makes itself felt, even as interpreted by Gainsborough's sprightly brush.

No better description has been left us of the Tragic Muse, as she appeared in private life, preserving, in a lower, quieter key, all the idiosyncrasies of her stage individuality, than that one of Miss Burney's which so perfectly comments and explains the painted portraits as to deserve quotation in its entirety :—

"I found her, the Heroine of a Tragedy—sublime, ele-

vated, and solemn. In face and person, truly noble and commanding; in manners, quiet and stiff; in voice, deep and dragging; and in conversation, formal, sententious, calm, and dry. I expected her to have been all that is interesting; the delicacy and sweetness with which she seizes every opportunity to strike and to captivate upon the stage had persuaded me that her mind was formed with that peculiar susceptibility which, in different modes, must give equal powers to attract and to delight in common life. But I was very much mistaken. As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with her promise; and as a celebrated actress I had still only to do the same. Whether fame and success have spoiled her, or whether she only possesses the skill of representing and embellishing materials with which she is furnished by others, I know not; but still I remain disappointed."

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

THE Portrait of a Young Man carries us to the Rome of Julius II., about the year 1510, at the moment when Raphael, in the full ebullition of his genius is about to take possession of the Vatican. This was perhaps the most fortunate moment of his life. He had that view of a happy and productive life to which nothing is any longer refused. For him the years were to succeed one another ever fuller of activity and ever fuller of glory, full of works and full of happiness. In thirty months he was to compose and paint the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*, the *School of Athens*, the *Parnassus*, the *Jurisprudence*, the *Pandectes*, the *Decretals*, the allegorical figures of the vault, all the complementary figures of that admirable decoration, and he even found time to paint another portrait which alone would suffice to place him in the first rank of the great masters. This portrait represents a young man, almost a youth, handsome of countenance, of natural charm and grace, and richly exhaling the springtide perfume of life. What is his age? About sixteen years. What was his name? We do not know. What was his condition of life? That is also unknown. He leans his elbow familiarly upon a stone balustrade, his head supported by his right hand, his left arm lies horizontally along the sup-



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

porting bar. His long hair, of a bright blonde, is covered with a black baretta, and is parted in the middle, falling down over his cheeks and flowing over his shoulders. One of his locks, raised by the hand that supports the head, covers the right cheek and caresses it, giving him a somewhat mischievous expression. The broad open brow is of medium height. The eyes of a bluish gray, look towards the left with a bright glance. The nose is delicately formed. The lines of the mouth reveal amiability and humour. The chin is finely accentuated. The cheeks are in the full blossoming of youth. As for the costume, it is summarily dismissed: a white shirt leaving the throat bare so as to show it in all its lightness; a blackish blue tunic, the right sleeve only of which is visible; and a cloak of sombre green negligently thrown over the left shoulder. Finally, the right hand is merely indicated. Everything shows to what a degree this painting was improvised; but this does not interfere with its enchantment. The shade and chiaroscuro are distributed with an art that is so much the greater on account of its dissimulation. There can be nothing in which we feel less effort, nothing can be less natural nor more spontaneous; nothing can seem less calculated nor reaching after effect; nevertheless, everything here is ordered by a master as sure of his hand as of his thought. This handsome face, set between the black baretta and the dark tones of his vestments, is like the brightness of a beautiful day. It is youth personified, without make-up or adjustment, in all the charm of its reality and all the poetry of its dreaming. Moreover, it would be vain to analyze

such a portrait, or to seek whence arises its enchantment. We cannot tell. The poet says: "Ask of the nightingale its secret for making itself beloved."

This painting came to us from the gallery of Louis XIV.; and Bailly in his inventory thus describes it in 1709: "Picture attributed to Raphael representing his own portrait." At that period, therefore, people regarded this as the portrait of Raphael at the age of fifteen or sixteen, without asking themselves if it were possible whether so strong a work could be produced by a painter as young as that. Twenty years later, Mariette, with greater insight, considered this impossibility. He says: "This portrait is worthy of deep consideration on account of its beautiful brush-work and its masterly mingling of colours. The head looks alive; the character of the design is great and finely felt with much firmness and precision. One would say that Raphael painted it rapidly at the first attempt. On that account, it is more piquant than any other that we possess by this great man. Some people regard it as the portrait of this painter; but it is hard for us to persuade ourselves that at so tender an age as that of the youth represented in this picture, Raphael had so far departed from his first manner as appears in the picture of which we are speaking." In 1752, Lépicié, taking Mariette's opinion into account, wrote below this painting simply: "Portrait of a Young Man." This however did not prevent Émeric David, whose opinion was authoritative fifty years ago, from holding to Bailly's version. It was easy however to make sure of two things: first, that there is

not the least resemblance between the authentic portraits of Raphael and this "Portrait of a Young Man"; and next, that Raphael at sixteen years of age was painting after Perugino under the very eyes of Perugino, keeping with docility within the shadow of his master; and that, even at twenty years of age, it was still Perugino whom he was striving to copy, witness the *Sposalizio*, and the *Christ in the Garden of Olives*. In 1499, a portrait such as the *Portrait of a Young Man* would have been considered an act of rebellion in the School of Perugi. Moreover, this portrait exhibits all the qualities of a past master in painting. If there are one or two things in it that are not quite correct, they are matters not of inexperience but of improvisation. In order to paint a picture of such apparent carelessness, to produce such a work with such lavishness, to adorn what is familiar with such delicacies, a man must have long submitted to the respect for style, to the devotion to form and reason. As Boileau says, he must have learned "with difficulty to make easy verses." Nevertheless the error endorsed by Émeric David persisted, and Forster, when he engraved this portrait in 1843, wrote under his engraving: *Raphael Sanzio at fifteen years of age.*

As a reaction from this point of view, people now want to refer this *Portrait of a Young Man* to the closing years of Raphael's life. "This picture must have been painted between 1515 and 1520," says M. Villot; and M. Both de Tauzia repeats the same date. In our opinion, this is another error. After having gone too high up, people come too low down. Why not stop half way, between 1509 and

1511? This portrait, although of masterly execution, does not show the character of Raphael's last productions. On the contrary, everything in it recalls the first works that he painted in Rome. If we compare this *Portrait of a Young Man* with the frescoes of the *Segnatura*, we shall see that they are painted in the same manner, and have the same youth, the same freshness and the same style of beauty,—in a word, that they belong to the same date. The drawing throughout has the same incomparable grace, and the colour, in spite of the difference in the material processes, produces the same impression. Has not the colouring of the *Portrait of a Young Man*, blonde, fluid and diaphanous, something of the limpidity of fresco, and particularly of the frescoes of the first of the *Vatican Chambers?* Moreover can we not see remarkable analogies between this charming countenance and the no less charming faces of the disciples gathered around Archimedes in the *School of Athens?* Archimedes being no other than Bramante, is it not probable that his disciples are also some of the painter's contemporaries? Before executing his fresco, might not Raphael have painted rapidly and in the sense of studies some portraits among which was this *Portrait of a Young Man?* (It was thus that he painted the portrait of the Duke of Urbino which also figures in the *School of Athens.*) Are not the enthusiasm of the idea, the spontaneity of the execution and the inspired spirit of the artist in the presence of the living model so many proofs in favour of this hypothesis? We therefore think that this portrait was painted between the years 1509 and 1511. Place it in the

chamber of the *Segnatura* and it is at home, it seems to be with its own family. Place it aside in the *Heliodorus* room which was painted from 1512 to 1514, and it already looks almost exiled. Why? Because from 1512 on, Raphael was influenced by the paintings of Giorgione and Sebastiano del Piombo, and he preserved in his own works something of the impression caused by those warm colourists. However this may be, let us hail a masterpiece in this portrait.

SOPHIE ARNOULD

(*Greuze*)

M. H. SPIELMANN

THE extraordinary popularity of Greuze is based, not upon the excellence of his painting, but upon his pretty faces; for not only are his best pictures the least liked by the public, but among those which are most enjoyed are the most insincere, the most affected, and, in intention, the most "suggestive." Some of his best work is naturally that which makes the least appeal to the sentimentality of the spectator: that is to say, he is strongest in genuine portraiture.

In the portrait of *Mlle. Sophie Arnould*, there is, no doubt, a touch of the *poseuse*—there is the affectation of the pretty woman, who, with all her consummate wit and self-command, could not quite lose her self-consciousness when standing before the easel of the painter. Greuze shows her for what she is. The jaunty pose of the hat, the quiet confidence of the sitter, the grace, half-studied, half-natural, the lack of "*that*," as the French say, which gives the perfect grace of the well-bred woman, all proclaim the attributes of the actress who sprang into the dazzling light of the joyous world in Eighteenth Century France, and fizzled out at the end of it.

That Sophie Arnould was a great artist none will deny. Garrick himself showered his approval upon her, and yet it



SOPHIE ARNOULD

was not as an actress merely that she gained universal celebrity, but as an opera-singer. She was singularly gifted by nature, graceful in presence, perfect in figure, admirable alike as actress and singer; she dominated her world of art for heaven knows how many years, and Carlyle somewhere says that she was the greatest lyric and dramatic artist of her day: that is to say, for twenty years from 1757. As Thélaïre in *Castor and Pollux*, as Éphise in *Dardanus*, as Iphigénie in *Aulide*, and in a score of other parts, Sophie enchanted all Paris year after year, and Dorat celebrated her in his poem *La Déclamation*, and she triumphed in the world, on the stage, and at Court.

Mlle. Arnould, herself, held not the public in such high esteem as that with which they honoured her. She had little belief in either their taste or their sense. She knew that, as to-day, not the love of art, but of vogue, attracts the public to the playhouse, and cuttingly remarked: "The best way to support the opera is to lengthen the ballets and shorten the skirts." Indeed, of all her gifts that of extempore wit was, perhaps, the most remarkable for she would say the cleverest and bitterest things without giving offence. There, indeed, is the wonder of wonders—a pretty woman, an actress, "the idol of the opera-goers," and queen of the stage, witty, cynical, even biting—and yet without an enemy! And when she retired, it was amidst a chorus of praises and regrets among which was heard no discordant cry. Perhaps she was so successful in flavouring her wormwood with sugar that the taste of bitterness was unnoticed. Thus, when a pretty but very stupid woman was

complaining that she was pestered with the attentions of men whom she could not escape, Sophie sweetly replied: "But, surely, my dear, you need but speak to them!" It was so natural. And again, on being told that a certain popular singer, now grown old and husky and raucous, had been received with hisses, she said: "But she possesses the voice of the people!" Some of the inventions of her subtle wit are used to this day in the press of Paris.

Such was the woman whom Greuze has painted here, making as a painter should, the best of a not very beautiful face—for her large mouth, her bad teeth, her dark skin have been commented on by contemporaries. But these, perhaps, are not free from suspicion of entertaining ill-will towards her. Her life is full of interest, a curious commentary on French Society of the Eighteenth Century. She has been fortunate in her biographers, the de Goncourts and Mr. Douglas: but above all she has been fortunate in her painter, Greuze, whose picture, more favourably than the portraits of others, will keep alive for all time the memory of her attractive personality.

DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS
(*Velasquez*)

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

THE equestrian portrait of the young prince is one of the finest things painted by the master for Buen Retiro. The boy rides an Andalusian pony and flourishes his bâton with an engaging mimicry of his father. In decorative brilliancy of colour Velasquez never excelled this picture. A positively dazzling effect is produced by the richly-dressed little horseman, in his green velvet doublet, white sleeves, and red scarf against the iridescent landscape. Don Balthazar is said to have delighted his father by his skill and courage in the riding-school; the King makes frequent allusions to his progress in letters to Don Fernando, who encouraged his little nephew by presents of armour, dogs, and a pony described as a "little devil," but warranted to go like "a little dog" if treated to some half-dozen lashes before being mounted. The prince's horsemanship was probably acquired under the direction of Olivares, one of the best horsemen in Spain, who appears in one of two sketches ascribed to Velasquez, showing the child preparing for a lesson with the lance. Both are in English collections. The Duke of Westminster owns that with Olivares in the arena, and the king and queen looking on from the balcony of the building which is now the

Royal Armoury; the other, a composition with more figures, is at Hertford House.

Never in his whole career did Velasquez equal this picture in spontaneous vitality or in splendour of colour. The design, too, has a freshness and felicity which we miss from the Olivares, and, to a less extent, from the *Philip* and *Isabella*. Intellectually the motive is absolutely simple. The boy gallops past at an angle which brings him into the happiest proportion with his mount. His attitude is the natural one for a pupil of Philip and Olivares, two of the best horsemen in Europe; his look and gesture express just the degree of pride, delight and desire for approval which charm in a child. Through all this Velasquez has worked for simplicity. He has been governed by the sincere desire to paint the boy as he was, with no parade or affectation. That done, he has turned his attention to æsthetic effect. The mane and tail of the Andalusian pony, the boy's rich costume and his flying scarf, and the splendid browns, blues and greens of the landscape background make up a decorative whole as rich and musical as any Titian. Not that it is in the least Titianesque. Its colour is, in a way, a better answer to the famous dictum of Sir Joshua than the *Blue Boy* itself, for although the tints are all warm and transparent, the general effect produced is cool and blue. Velasquez was afterwards to paint many pictures in which the more subtle resources of his art were to be more fully displayed than here, but he was never again to equal this *Don Balthazar Carlos* in the felicity with which directness and truth are clothed in the splendours of decorative colour, and



DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

that without drawing upon the more sonorous notes of the palette. Only once in after-life does he seem to have let himself go in the matter of colour and to have tried what he could do, so to speak, with the trumpet. The extraordinary portrait of the Infante Margarita in rose-colour against red was the result, but wonderful as it is, it leaves us cold beside the delicious tones, like those of a silver flute, of this *Balthazar Carlos*.

Don Balthazar was born during the absence of Velasquez in Rome. The master painted him first at the age of two, as we learn from a reference to such a portrait in a document of 1634. The picture at Castle Howard (once ascribed to Correggio!) shows him at about the same age, or a little older. He stands somewhat insecurely, supporting himself by means of a bâton, while a dwarf rather more in the foreground seems to encourage him to walk by holding out a silver rattle and an apple. This is, perhaps, the earliest of a fine series of portraits which chronicle the various stages of the prince's short career. Several were sent to foreign courts as preliminaries to demand for the hand of this or that princess, the prince's marriage having been a subject of anxious consideration almost from his birth. A portrait in Buckingham Palace, representing him in armour, with golden spurs, lace collar and crimson scarf, is supposed to be the picture spoken of by the Tuscan envoy in 1639. "A portrait of the Crown Prince has been sent to England, as if His Highness's marriage with that Princess were close at hand." Such a picture figures in the

catalogue of one of the sales under the Commonwealth as "The Prince of Spain."

A more important example of this class is a full-length at Vienna in a black velvet dress embroidered with silver, sent to the Austrian Court when a betrothal with the Emperor Ferdinand's daughter, Mariana, was under discussion. In 1645, the Infante went with his father to receive the homage of the provinces of Aragon and Navarre, an event commemorated by Juan Bautista del Mazo-Martiñez, commonly known as Mazo, in his fine *View of Saragossa* (No. 788 in the Prado); the figures in which, representing the royal party, have been ascribed to Velasquez himself. In June of the following year, the prince's betrothal to Mariana was officially announced, and shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to the seat of war in Aragon, where his beauty and spirit excited great enthusiasm. A chill taken at Saragossa cut short the young life on which such high hopes had been built, on October 6, 1646. With characteristic self-control, Philip to whom policy and affection alike made this loss the most cruel of disasters, announced the boy's death to the Marquis of Legañes in the following letter:—

"Marquis ——— We must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased Him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is such grief as you can conceive at such a loss, but also full of resignation in the hand of God, and courage and resolution to provide for the defence of my lands, for they also are my children. . . . And so I beseech you not to relax

in the operations of this campaign until Lerida is relieved."

The latest portrait of the prince ascribed to Velasquez is probably the full-length numbered 1,083 in the Prado, representing him at about the age of fifteen, in a black court suit.

MRS. SHERIDAN

(*Gainsborough*)

LORD RONALD GOWER

IT is inevitable to compare Gainsborough with Reynolds, but the comparison is unprofitable, since, although both painted the portraits of the same generation, they were distinctly different in style and feeling. When compared with the output of Reynolds, who for some years painted over a hundred portraits a year, Gainsborough's total of not many over three hundred seems small. But whilst Reynolds had many pupils and assistants, Gainsborough had no assistants, and only a very few pupils. At no period of his life did Gainsborough emulate the industry which enabled the President to create a world of portraits. Gainsborough also lacked Reynolds's confidence of touch, his psychological grip and marvellous variety. Sir Joshua's portraits of Lord Heathfield, of Laurence Sterne, and of Mrs. Siddons as the Muse of Tragedy, are the very greatest portraits any English painter has created; unapproachable in dignity, intellect and force. But in delineating the grace and sweetness of womanhood Gainsborough claims an equal place with his great rival, and as a painter of landscape he stands on a far higher level.

It is to Gainsborough's credit that he never attempted the so-called "grand style" in painting as did Romney with such doubtful success; in that province Reynolds holds the



MRS. SHERIDAN AND MRS. TICKELL

highest rank of the artists of his day. Gainsborough in some respects was like a child; and this gives his character a certain attraction. He probably never opened a book for the sake of study or information, I doubt whether he ever read a play of Shakespeare's, or a dozen lines of Milton. When not at work he would pass hours with his friends, playing some musical instrument or listening to their performances. A man is judged by his friends, and whilst Reynolds loved to be in the society of Burke or Johnson, Gainsborough liked those better who could play upon the fiddle or the flute; to hear music pleased him more than to hear great minds discuss great subjects.

It has been truly said by the German art critic, Richard Muther, that, what with Reynolds was sought out and understood, was felt by Gainsborough; whence the former is always good and correct, where Gainsborough is unfortunate and often faulty, but in his best pictures with a charm to which those of the President of the Academy never attained . . . but what distinguishes him from Reynolds, and gives him a character of greater originality, is just his naïve independence of the ancients, to which he was led by the difference in his method of study.

During the fourteen years Gainsborough had passed at Bath, he had become known throughout England as one of the greatest artists of the day; when he had arrived there his name had not been heard outside his native country. His portraits were now as eagerly awaited on the walls of the Academy as those of the President, and together with his beautiful landscapes always called forth the

keenest interest and admiration, so that he was sure of a warm welcome in London, and a position in the world of art only second to that of Sir Joshua.

But before we take leave of our painter at Bath, there are some of the portraits he painted there which must not be overlooked. Among the many beautiful women he painted there was not one more refined, more purely featured than Elizabeth Linley, the eldest daughter of the musician, Thomas Linley, born in 1754 at Bath. Gainsborough must have often seen her as a child of nine standing with her little brother at the entrance to the Pump Room selling tickets for her father's benefit concerts; and later also, when she had become the acknowledged beauty of the town—"The Fair Maid of Bath," as she was called, and from whom Foote took the title of one of his plays, *The Maid of Bath*—surrounded by admirers and courted by the rich and titled. The old miser, Walter Long, offered to lay his thousands at her feet, regardless of the expense of a prospective wedding; when she sang at Oxford the whole University went wild over her, and later when she sang in one of Handel's oratorios at Covent Garden in the Lent of 1773, even that most virtuous of sovereigns, George the Third, is said to have publicly expressed his admiration, and, if Horace Walpole is to be believed, "ogl'd her as much as he dares do in so holy a place as an oratorio." Her fate was to marry, when eighteen, the most brilliant, if not the most reputable man of the day, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who had proved his devotion to Miss Linley by fighting two duels, of which

she, like Helen of Troy, was the cause of battle. Their married life, although it commenced with a runaway wedding and was short, was a happy one.

Gainsborough painted several portraits of this beautiful woman, the most beautiful of them all being the one at Knole, where she appears as a child of thirteen or fourteen with her little brother Tom peering over her shoulder. This portrait is but a sketch, and was probably painted at one or two sittings, but nothing more beautiful can be imagined than these two heads of the girl and boy. She has that pathetic expression so strongly marked in all her portraits, and a look of subdued awe is on the boy's face which reminds one of the head of the Infant Saviour in Raphael's great picture of the Madonna at Dresden. There is a life-size group of Elizabeth Linley with her sister, who afterwards became Mrs. Tickell, in the Dulwich Gallery, but it is a less beautiful likeness than her head at Knole, or the full length, portrait of her seated on a bank, belonging to Lord Rothschild, which was painted by Gainsborough in 1783, and was formerly at Delapré Abbey.

Even ladies admired Mrs. Sheridan, which is an uncommon thing for ladies to do; and they said so, which is more uncommon still. Madame d' Arblay writes in 1779 that "the elegance of Mrs. Sheridan's beauty is unequalled by any I ever saw, except Mrs. Crewe." Macaulay has called her "the beautiful mother of a beautiful race"; her grandchildren were famous for their beauty, and three of her granddaughters were the famous trio of sisters—all

gifted with brains as well as good looks—the Duchess of Somerset, Mrs. Norton, and Lady Dufferin, the mother of the well-known statesman and diplomat, Lord Dufferin, who wrote thus of his great-grandmother. "For Miss Linley I have not words to express my admiration. It is evident, from the universal testimony of all who knew her, that there has seldom lived a sweeter, gentler, more tender or lovable human being." Wilkes said of her: "She is superior to all I have heard of her, and is the most modest, pleasing and delicate flower I have seen for a long time." Dr. Parr said she was "quite celestial." A friend of Rogers, the poet, wrote "Miss Linley had a voice as of the cherub choir. She took my daughter on her lap and sang a number of childish songs, with such a playfulness of manner and such a sweetness of look and voice as was quite enchanting." Garrick always alluded to her as "the saint"; one bishop called her "the connecting link between a woman and an angel"; and another said, "to look at her when singing was like looking into the face of a seraph." Evidently kings and bishops were great admirers of the peerless Eliza of Bath.

Sheridan must have had some good in him to have been so loved by this saint-like woman. In a letter to a friend she writes: "Poor Dick and I have always been struggling against the stream, and shall probably continue to do so until the end of our lives; yet we would not change sentiments and sensations with ——— for all his estates."

Gainsborough not only painted Miss Linley, but he also modelled a bust of her beautiful head and shoulders.

He had been to one of the concerts at which she sang—he never missed one where her beautiful voice was to be heard—and on his return to the Circus he got some clay out of a beer-barrel and in a few minutes had made a little bust, which, when dry, he coloured. Thicknesse declared that it was better than any portrait he had ever painted of her; but the next day the bust disappeared; no doubt it had been "dusted" by the maid, and had come to pieces in the process, as so many fragile objects do in similar circumstances. Leslie is said to have had a cast taken from another bust Gainsborough made of Miss Linley, but that also perished, probably in the same way as the first one.

Mrs. Sheridan died when eight-and-thirty; her brother Tom, the beautiful bright-eyed lad who appears on the same canvass with her at Knole, was drowned whilst still a youth when on a visit with his sisters to the Duke of Ancaster at Grimsthorpe. Another of her three brothers, who was in the Navy, was lost at sea; all were remarkably handsome, as one can see by the portraits by Gainsborough at Dulwich.

CHARLES I
(*Van Dyck*)

H. KNACKFUSS

HOWEVER highly one may value many of the so-called historical pictures, particularly those of religious subjects, which Van Dyck produced in the years 1626 to 1632, his best works even in this period of his life, which must be regarded as his prime, lay in the field of portrait-painting. He had an extraordinary talent for portraying people with convincing resemblance to life and at the same time in a most attractive pose, and turning such portraits into real works of art, perfect both in form and colour, true pictures, as artists use the word. This talent was generally appreciated, and hardly a person of any consequence who lived at Antwerp, or stayed there on a passing visit, omitted to have himself painted by Van Dyck. The French Queen Marie de Medicis visited him at his studio when she travelled through Antwerp in 1631, and sat to him for a portrait. Van Dyck had a skilful hand in painting the likenesses of illustrious people, but he was almost more successful in recording the appearance of artists. The number of masterly portraits which he painted before his thirty-third year expired, in addition to the very considerable quantity of other works, proclaim a rapidity of production not inferior to that of Rubens.

In the course of 1631 negotiations were carried on with



CHARLES I

Van Dyck from England in order to induce him to settle in London. King Charles I. had received the picture of Rinaldo and Armida by the agency of his gentleman-in-waiting, Endymion Porter, in the spring of the previous year. What induced him, however, to attach the Flemish master to his court, according to the statement of an English historian, was not this charming composition, but a portrait. A gentleman of the King's court, the painter and musician, Nicholas Lanier, had had himself painted by Van Dyck. He had sat for the portrait, as is particularly mentioned, morning and afternoon for seven days in succession, without being allowed by the painter to see the picture. All the greater was his joy and satisfaction at the sight of the finished work. This was the portrait which was shown to Charles I., and occasioned Van Dyck's journey to England.

At the beginning of April, 1632, Van Dyck was in London, and he was immediately taken into the service of Charles I. The King furnished the painter with the means of living in a very handsome style. He assigned to him a town-house in Blackfriars and a country-house at Eltham in Kent, and gave him a very considerable income, which was counted at first by the day and afterwards as a yearly salary, quite independently of the payments for each separate picture. A few months later, on the 5th of July, 1632, he conferred on him the highest mark of appreciation by making him a knight, presenting him on this occasion, as a special mark of favour, with a golden chain and his portrait set in diamonds. Van Dyck's chief task at the English

court was to paint the King himself and his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France. His portraits of the English royal pair are numerous; besides those in England there are several specimens also in continental collections. Van Dyck, not only an admirable painter but a charming man, enjoyed the highest personal favour of the King from the commencement of his residence in England. When Charles I. wanted to escape from the burden of affairs of state, he would often take boat on the Thames from his Palace of Whitehall to Blackfriars, to seek refreshment in unconstrained and animated conversation with his painter.

There was bound to be a keen competition among the nobility who frequented the court, to show favour to the artist whom the King valued so highly.

There was, probably, never a painter anywhere who had such numerous commission for portraits as Van Dyck in England. He sometimes had to paint a number of portraits of the same people. For instance there are said to be nine portraits by his hand of the Earl of Strafford, the King's most influential adviser at that time, who went to Ireland in that year, 1632, as Lord Lieutenant, and laid his head on the block nine years later as the first victim of the incipient revolution. Among the first portraits which Van Dyck painted, next to those of the royal couple, were, probably those of his special patrons, the enthusiastic lovers of art who had brought about his invitation to England. The Earl of Arundel, whom he painted seven times, holds the most distinguished position among these. Endymion Porter, to whom he owed his first connection with Charles I., was

painted in one picture together with Van Dyck himself. This joint portrait is now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid. In the spring of 1634 Van Dyck obtained leave of absence to visit the Netherlands, where he remained till some way into the following year.

In all probability it was only in the year 1635 that Van Dyck returned to England. Charles I. had himself and his family painted over and over again by the master. The most celebrated portrait of the King is that in the Louvre which displays him in riding costume, standing at the edge of a wood, as if he had just dismounted from the hunter, impatiently pawing the ground, which a groom holds behind him. It is a splendid piece of colouring. The King, in a white satin jacket, red hose and light yellow jack-boots, with a wide-brimmed black hat on his long, brown hair, stands out against a piece of wooded country, sloping away to the seacoast, with a distant view of the sea and a sunny sky with white clouds. The horse, a grey, is relieved effectively by the deep brownish-green of the forest trees and the dull red of the groom's dress. By the side of the groom, and partly hidden by his figure, we also perceive a page who carries the King's short cloak of light silk. A number of stately equestrian portraits show the King in armour, but bare-headed, with a master of the horse by his side, who carries his gilt helmet for him. Then he appears, in full face, riding through a gateway which looks like a triumphal arch, in a majestic picture at Windsor. We see him in profile in a small picture at Buckingham Palace, which seems to be the sketch for a large picture formerly

at Blenheim Palace and now in the National Gallery. Here the King rides a cream-coloured horse; in the Windsor picture it is grey. In another picture, also at Windsor, the King is represented in his royal robes of ceremony. Another portrait in the same collection shows him as the head of a family group, with the Queen and their two sons.

There are said to be altogether about three hundred portraits by Van Dyck in England, the majority of which are in the mansions of the nobility, still in possession of descendants of the persons represented.

Van Dyck could not possibly have contrived to grapple with the multitude of orders which reached him, had he not employed several gifted pupils whom he trained as assistants: Jan de Reyn of Dunkirk, whom he had brought with him from Antwerp; David Beeck of Arnhem whose rapidity in painting excited amazement, and James Gandy, who was also highly esteemed as an independent portrait-painter and lived afterwards in Ireland, are especially mentioned. The master must have called in the help of pupils extensively in the numerous cases in which replicas were required; that was frequently done, for the sake of making valuable presents at weddings or other festal occasions among the circle of relatives and acquaintances of the person in question. We have detailed information about Van Dyck's method of working, from quite a trustworthy source; it rests on the declaration of a man who stood in close personal relations with the artist. The writer De Piles relates in his treatise on painting, which appeared at Paris

in 1708: "the celebrated Jabach (of Cologne), well-known to all lovers of the fine arts, who was on friendly terms with Van Dyck and had had his portrait painted by him three times, informed me that he spoke to that painter one day of the short time which the latter spent on his portraits, whereupon the painter replied that at first he used to exert himself severely, and take very great pains with his portraits for the sake of his reputation, and in order to do them quickly, at a time when he was working for his daily bread. Then he gave me the following particulars of Van Dyck's customary procedure. He appointed a day and hour for the person whom he was to paint, and did not work longer than one hour at a time on each portrait, whether at the commencement or at the finish; as soon as his clock pointed to the hour, he rose and made a reverence to his sitter, as much as to say that this was enough for the day, and then he made an appointment for another day and hour; thereupon his serving-man would come to clean his brushes and prepare a fresh palette, while he received another person who had made an appointment for this hour. Thus he worked at several portraits on the same day, and worked, too, with an astonishing rapidity. After he had just begun a portrait and grounded it, he made the sitter assume the pose which he had determined for himself beforehand, and made a sketch of the figure and costume on grey paper with black and white chalk, arranging the drapery in a grand style and with the finest taste. He gave this drawing afterwards to skilled assistants whom he kept employed, in order to transfer it to the picture, working from the actual

clothes which were sent to Van Dyck at his request for this purpose. When the pupils had carried out the drapery, as far as they could, from nature, he went over it lightly and introduced into it by his skill in a very short time the art and truth which we admire. For the hands he employed hired models of both sexes." It is clear that this account refers to the later period of this busy portrait-painter. In his earlier portraits Van Dyck unmistakably carried out not only the nude, but also all the drapery and all accessories with his own hand entirely. As for the hands it is true that they show, even in the earlier portraits at Genoa, a uniform delicacy which does not correspond with the speaking and individual characterization of the faces. Still there are many portraits by him, too, in which the character of the hands is just as ably and closely studied as that of the face; this is always the case, in particular, with the portraits of artists.

We are further informed that Van Dyck was fond, at the end of his day's work, of inviting the persons whom he was painting to dine with him, and that at these repasts the style of entertainment was no less sumptuous than that adopted by the highest classes of society in England. After his work was done, Van Dyck lived like a prince. His earnings were immense, and he spent them freely.

It is thought that a certain decline of artistic power is observable in the portraits which Van Dyck painted after 1635. It is certainly possible that in many of them the great haste of production and the collaboration of pupils are all too visible. In any case, however, the master pre-

served to the end one peculiarity of his portraits which he had displayed even in those painted at Genoa in his youth; that is, the incomparable nobility of treatment which appears in every face and every form and in the whole character of the pictures. It is impossible that all the persons of rank whom Van Dyck painted should have possessed that distinction of character and that aristocratic grace which makes them appear so attractive in their likenesses.

But Van Dyck saw in the souls of his models, as reflected in their features, nothing but the winning qualities of a noble nature; not only everything common, but everything which bore the stamp of passion, lay outside the range of his artistic vision. Thus he filled the figures which he portrayed with an aristocratic and harmonious tranquillity of soul, of which the noble and peaceful beauty of the colouring—a marvel of art in itself—seems merely the natural expression in painting. These figures stand before us in so strikingly natural and almost lifelike a shape, that the qualities aforesaid tell all the more effectively in the result. There is a quite peculiar charm in a portrait by Van Dyck. It always gives one the feeling of being in very good society, and makes one think that it would have been a treat to converse with the original of the portrait. That is why one is never tired of looking at such a portrait, even though the person represented may be entirely unknown.

It is curious—though there are many parallel cases—that Van Dyck never felt permanently satisfied with his occupation as a portrait-painter, by which he earned such imperishable fame, but fancied that he saw his true voca-

tion, spoilt by the force of circumstances, in the production of grand historical pictures. The more completely the multitude of portraits to be painted occupied his time, the more intensely did he crave to be doing something great in another sphere of work.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL
(*Boucher*)

CH. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

A PORTRAIT of an unknown female is always illuminated with a halo of mystery and intrigue. We make research into the life of the painter, we delve among his years of youth and adventure; we consult his friendships, relationships and connexions; we are guilty of many indiscretions, and often of many bold judgments. We are determined to find out something.

But when we find ourselves obliged to give up all hope of discovering anything, when the veil remains impenetrable, the charm becomes transformed and is enhanced. When the ties binding us with elapsed centuries are once broken, when the past is once dead, the phantom of colours that dreams upon the canvas glows with a new life. We have the illusion that it sees us, that it is looking at us, and that in its eyes are gleaming replies to our thoughts. And an enthralling friendship comes into existence between the masterpiece and its admirer. Perchance such attachments are the happiest as well as the purest of all. In any case, they are not to be laughed at: who can tell us that our sympathy is the dupe of our imagination? or who can say that the soul does not love to hover around images that represent its old dwelling-places?

It may be that this delightful unknown is the amiable

Murphy, who was the favourite model of the master during his youth, and was represented in a picture ordered by Louis XV., and had the honour of attracting the attention and even the interest of the King.

We cannot admit the belief that a canvas of this kind, in which the execution demands more truth than fancy, could have been executed without a model, as was Boucher's custom towards the end of his life. Reynolds tells us that during his travels in France he went to pay a visit to the master and found him occupied in painting a picture of great importance without the aid of a model or other material suggestion of any kind. And when the English painter expressed his astonishment, Boucher replied that he had paid sufficient attention to models in his youth to be able to do without them henceforth. The little Murphy, having taken flight in the direction of the gallant horizons of Watteau's *Departure for Cythera*, had, as we see, left the master without either embarrassment or regret.

This procedure, though one of the most dangerous in art, did not hinder Boucher from producing such works as the *Rising* and the *Setting of the Sun* (Wallace Collection), *Rinaldo and Armida* (Louvre), *Venus asking Vulcan for arms for Æneas* (Louvre), the pictorial effect and the tender and unctuous brushwork of which are very charming. Diderot himself, a severe judge, who criticised him vigorously, sometimes could not prevent himself from admiring his talent, although with an amusing rage at finding himself conquered in spite of himself: "He attaches you to himself; you have to go back to him. He was born to turn



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

the heads of the two kinds of persons, society people and artists. The artists who can understand to what degree this man has surmounted the difficulties of painting, a merit that is known to scarcely any one but themselves, bow the knee before him, he is their god."

Théophile Gautier says: "He possessed the true painter's temperament, an inexhaustible invention, a prodigious facility, and an execution which is always that of an artist even in his most careless works. Without doubt he abused these precious gifts, but prodigality is permitted only to the rich, and in order to throw gold out of the windows we must first possess it."

David was the head of the reaction against the facile exuberance of this style of painting.

Protected by Madame de Pompadour, who appreciated his delightful, picturesque and graceful talent, which was altogether to the taste of the period, Boucher enjoyed a career as happy as it was fruitful, and left to his admirers the rich heritage of more than a thousand pictures and ten thousand drawings.

THE DONNA VELATA
(*Raphael*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

ONE more portrait belongs to this period (1516) the *Donna Velata* of the Pitti, which, long labelled as a copy by a Bolognese artist, is now universally admitted to be a masterpiece of Raphael's art. The picture is of rare interest. It is the only woman portrait of his Roman days, and represents, there can be little doubt, the face of his beloved. The fables of the painter's love for the baker's daughter have long been rejected as a modern invention, and the portraits that formerly went by the name of the Fornarina, are now known to have no connection with Raphael. The *Improvisatrice* of the Tribune and the *Doretea* of Berlin are the work of Sebastian del Piombo, and the *Fornarina* of the Barberini Palace was painted by Giulio Romano. This half-naked woman, with the bold, black eyes, is plainly some handsome model who sat to Raphael's scholars. There is no reason whatever to assume that she was the painter's mistress, and as careful inspection will show, the bracelet bearing the words, "Raphael Urbinas," which is commonly supposed to be a proof of this theory, was added by another hand and formed no part of the original work. This picture is a coarse and vulgar one, with none of the peculiar characteristics of Raphael's drawing, and utterly lacking the distinction that is the su-



THE DONNA VELATA

preme quality of his art. Again, Vasari's stories of the master's excesses may be dismissed as idle calumnies, of which no evidence is to be found in contemporary records, and which are not even mentioned in Sebastian del Piombo's malicious letters.

Raphael, judged by the standard of his own times, led a blameless life, wholly devoted to his art, and too much absorbed in the work of creation to be eager to form new ties. Maria Bibbiena, the wife whom his friend the Cardinal wished to give him, died before the wedding-day, and lies buried by his side in the Pantheon. But the story of the woman whom he loved remains wrapt in obscurity. In two sonnets which he wrote on the back of his studies for the *Disputa*, now in the British Museum, he addresses the lady of his love as one far above him, and vows that he will never reveal her name. And Vasari tells us that he loved one woman to his dying day, and made a beautiful and living portrait of her, which Matteo Botti, of Florence, kept as a sacred relic. Cinelli, writing in 1677, mentions this portrait as still in the house of the Botti, but soon afterwards it must have passed with the Medici Collection, where it remained, at the Grand Duke's villa of Poggio Reale, until 1824. It is painted on canvas, like the portraits of Castiglione and the two Venetians in the Doria Palace, with the same pearly shadows and the same warm golden glow. The maiden is of noble Roman type, her features are regular, her eyes dark and radiant. The white bodice that she wears is embroidered with gold, and the sleeves are of striped yellow damask. A veil rests on her

smoothly parted hair and a string of shining black beads sets off the whiteness of her finely modelled neck. Here, then, we have the woman whom Raphael loved to the end. Whether she was the lady of the sonnets, and his verses are written in the book that she clasps to her heart, or the *Mamola bella* whom he mentions in the letter to his uncle we cannot tell. But we know that the same beautiful face meets us again in the royal-looking Magdalen, who stands at St. Cecilia's side in the Bologna altar-piece, and in that most divine of all his Virgins, the *Madonna di San Sisto.*

Both of these were painted at this period. The first was ordered, towards the end of 1513, by Cardinal de' Pucci, for his kinswoman, Elena Duglioli, but only finished in 1515. This noble Bolognese lady had heard a voice from heaven, bidding her raise a chapel to St. Cecilia, and it is this incident which is recorded in Raphael's picture. He has painted the Virgin-martyr holding an organ in her hand and standing in a woodland landscape with four other saints. On the right, the Magdalen holds her vase of precious ointment. Behind them, St. Augustine and a youthful St. John listen for the organ melodies that will soon fill the air, but St. Cecilia herself has caught the sound of other voices, and her own instrument drops from her hand, as, lifting her rapt face to heaven, she sees the golden light breaking in the sky and hears the angel-song. Unfortunately, this fine picture was taken to Paris in 1798, and there transferred to canvas and entirely re-painted, so that the design is now the only part of Raphael's work remaining.

The Madonna di San Sisto was painted entirely by Raphael's hand, in the same transparent colour, with the same light and rapid touch as the portraits of this period. We notice the same silvery tones, the same absence of dark shadows, as in the *Castiglione* and the *Donna Velata*. No studies for this picture are known to exist, and the red chalk outline on the canvas itself was probably the artist's sole preparation for the work. It was painted for the friars of San Sisto of Piacenza, possibly at the request of Antonio de' Monti, Cardinal of S. Sisto, and sold by the same community, in 1753, to Augustus III. of Saxony for £9,000.

The surface has been damaged by the restorer's hand, the colour has peeled off in places and St. Barbara's face has been badly injured, but still the picture retains a certain sublime beauty which makes it unlike all other Madonnas. The Child cradled in His mother's arms and looking out with grave wonder on the world, has less of innocent mirth than Raphael's other babies and more of the majesty of the Incarnate God. This Virgin's face, with the calm broad forehead and the mystery about the eyes, is that of the unknown maiden whose features sank so deeply into Raphael's heart, but raised and glorified above all earthly thoughts. And, as before, old memories are mingled with the new. The pure line and flowing drapery, the perfect rhythm of the whole, recalls the Madonna of the Gran Duca, and recollections of the earliest and fairest of his Florentine Virgins come to blend with this immortal dream of his last Roman years.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
(*Andrea del Sarto*)

COSMO MONKHOUSE

ANDREA DEL SARTO, who painted the beautiful portrait, No. 690, once supposed to be his own, was the pupil of Piero, but went far beyond his master in grace and technical skill. The cool, sweet colour of the picture, and its silvery tone, distinguish it from all its surroundings, and the contrast is increased by its free but sure handling, the soft modulations of the flesh, and the broad scheme of chiaroscuro, which now begins to take its place as a prominent element in the composition of a picture. It was from Leonardo da Vinci that he learnt, perhaps, so to merge the lights into the shadows by subtle gradations, that the point of fusion is imperceptible, and outlines are lost without destroying either shape or substance; but it is doubtful whether Leonardo himself ever succeeded so well in rendering the shadowed softness of nature as Andrea does in this picture. It is not fair to compare it in this respect with Leonardo's exquisite *Madonna of the Rocks*, where the lighting is evidently arbitrary and artificial; for the bent of Leonardo's mind was more experimental than impulsive, his aim rather the definition of form than truth of illumination. He had more of the sculptor in his composition than Andrea del Sarto, but less of the painter. Both of them, however, attempted to resolve the same physical difficulties of their



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

art; both, in their portraits, were interested, not only in the bodies, but in the minds of their sitters.

Whoever this handsome, melancholy man may have been, he, in Andrea's portrait, at once engages our interest in him, and his character, and his lot in the world. It is a face with a history. It is, moreover, a face which fits in so well with the traditions of Andrea del Sarto, the weak man with the beautiful, wilful wife, the perfect artistic temperament, the man of finest impulses, cursed by fate, the being, indeed, as drawn for us in Browning's famous poem, that it is not without a struggle that one gives up the cherished notion that this is not his own presentation of himself.

At all events it is an exquisite picture, and thoroughly characteristic of the master. It is conjectured that it may be a portrait of a sculptor, and that the curious block which he holds in his sensitive hands is a brick of modelling clay.

We may now be said to have reached the highest point of Florentine art, for Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531) was the last of the great painters of Florence, younger by thirty-four years than Leonardo da Vinci, eleven years the junior of Michaelangelo, both of whom greatly advanced the development of his genius. Like both these artists his precocity was extraordinary; for he was scarcely twenty when he commenced the famous frescoes in the court of S. Annunziata at Florence, which would alone suffice to raise his fame, if not to the level of these artists, at least above nearly all the rest of his generation. Those who have the greatest claims to dispute his place are Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli. Of the former the National Gallery pos-

sesses no example, of the latter it has only one very small work, *The Virgin and Child.* Fortunately these deficiencies are not of great importance in connection with Andrea del Sarto, who gained his inspiration from greater men, and whose perfect perception of the natural graces and unaffected charms of human beauty, whose fine but simple style and personal feeling for colour, were born in himself. Though his genius, despite our beautiful portrait, is scarcely felt in our Gallery, yet this work distinguishes him by perhaps his most essential characteristics, as the most purely artistic and the most simply human of the great painters of Florence. He was neither a philosopher nor a devotee, a scientist nor a scholar, but only a painter and a man. If we add that he was a great painter but not a great man, we shall get a rough approximation to a true estimate of him. There are, however, few personalities more fascinating than his, and there are few greater pleasures in the National Gallery than to trace the links which attach him more or less remotely to other artists.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROBERTO STROZZI
(*Titian*)

J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE

FILIPPO STROZZI is remembered in Florentine history as the great party chieftain who went into exile with those of his countrymen who refused to acknowledge Alessandro de' Medici. He led the gallant but ill-fated band of patriots which strove in 1537, to prevent the accession of Duke Cosimo. He took his own life in prison when informed that Charles the Fifth had given him up to the vengeance of the Medici. His sons Piero and Leo fought with the French for Italian supremacy, whilst Roberto spent his life partly at Venice, partly in France and at Rome, consuming some of the wealth of "the richest family" in Italy in patronizing painters and men of letters.[1] His daughter was a mere child when she sat to Titian; but the picture which he produced is one of the most sparkling displays of youth that was ever executed by any artist, not excepting those which came from the hands of such portraitists as Rubens or Van Dyck. The child is ten years old, and stands at the edge of a console, on which her faithful lap-dog rests. Her left hand is on

[1] Francesco Sansovino dedicated to Roberto Strozzi his translation of Berosus, for which Roberto made him a present of a gold cup, which he left by will to his widow. Strozzi was also well known to Michelangelo, and negotiated with him for an equestrian statue of Henry II., of France, in the name of Catherine de' Medici.

the silken back of the favourite. Her right holds a fragment of the cake which both have been munching. Both, as if they had been interrupted, turn their heads to look straightway out of the picture—a movement seized on the instant from nature. It is a handsome child, with a chubby face and arms, and a profusion of short curly, auburn hair;—a child dressed with all the richness becoming an heiress of the Strozzi, in a frock and slippers of white satin, girdled with a jewelled belt, the end of which is a jewelled tassel, the neck clasped by a necklace of pearls supporting a pendant. The whole of the resplendent little apparition relieved in light against the russet sides of the room, and in silver grey against the casement, through which we see a stretch of landscape, a lake and swans, a billowy range of hills covering the bases of more distant mountains, and a clear sky bedecked with spare cloud. The panelled console against which she leans is carved at the side with two little figures of dancing Cupids, and the rich brown of the wood is made richer by a fall of red damask hanging. One can see that Titian had leisure to watch the girl, and seized her characteristic features, which he gave back with wonderful breadth of handling, yet depicted with delicacy and roundness equally marvellous. The flesh is solid and pulpy, the balance of light and shadow as true as it is surprising in the subtlety of its shades and tonic values, its harmonies of tints rich, sweet, and ringing; and over all is a sheen of the utmost brilliance. Well might Aretino, as he saw this wondrous piece of brightness exclaim: "If I were a painter, I



THE DAUGHTER OF R. STROZZI

should die of despair . . . but certain it is that Titian's pencil has waited on Titian's old age to perform its miracles."

The picture is on canvas; the figure of life-size. On a tablet high up on the wall to the left we read ANNOR X. MDXLII., and on the edge of the console to the right, TITIANVS F. Old varnish covers and partly conceals the beauty of this picture, which is retouched on the girl's forehead and elsewhere; but the surface generally is well preserved. At the beginning of the present century the portrait was in the palace of Duke Strozzi at Rome.

THE AMBASSADORS
(*Hans Holbein*)

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

THE Ambassadors is the most important of all Holbein's existing portraits. Even when his *œuvre* was still intact, it can only have been excelled by the group of kings and queens who perished with old Whitehall. In charm it may yield to the Darmstadt *Madonna* or to the *Duchess of Milan*, in perfection of artistic unity to such things as the Morette at Dresden, the *Gisze* at Berlin, or even the *Duke of Norfolk* at Windsor; but in colour—so far as its colour is visible through the perished varnish—and in that extraordinary instinct which enabled Holbein to give his work a look of subordination when in fact it has none, it yields to nothing he ever did.

Of the two "Ambassadors," one is vastly more important than the other. His costume of crimson silk, white fur, and some black stuff, the exact texture of which cannot be determined in the present condition of the surface, makes a brave show, and overwhelms the modest richness of the younger man's robe of greenish-brown brocade. His cap is the flat beret, of which traces remain in the hats of our Yeomen of the Guard, and in those which should be worn by an Oxford D. C. L. The badge dependent from his neck is said to be that of the French Order of St. Michael; it should be remembered,



THE AMBASSADORS

however, that the *St. Michel* had an elaborate collar, the omission of which is not in accordance with Holbein's usual habit. On the sheath of his dagger appears the inscription, "ÆT. SVÆ 29." The accessories arranged on his left include a terrestrial and a celestial globe, and various instruments used in astronomy. The younger man wears a doctor's cap, but the rest of his costume does not seem to belong to any particular office or degree. The attributes of this second figure seems to proclaim him a musician. A lute, a joined flute, an open book with the words and music of a popular German chorale, lie upon the lower shelf of the what-not. The words of this chorale, and those legible in the other open book, are given in Woltmann's *Holbein*, p. 360 (English edition).

On the upper shelf the only thing that belongs to him is the book on which his right elbow rests. This bears on its edges the words "ÆTATIS SVÆ 25." Low down, behind the principal figure, appears the inscription "JOANNES HOLBEIN, PINGEBAT, 1533." The background is a curtain of green silk brocade. After the old varnish is removed this ought to turn out as fine as the similar background to the Dresden Morette. With the deep blue-green of the celestial globe and the crimson sleeve beside it, it makes up the finest colour passage in the picture.

The history of the panel is obscure. It is known to have belonged in the last century to Jean Baptiste Pierre Lebrun, the husband of the lady we know as Madame Vigée-Lebrun. From him it seems to have come into the hands of Buchanan, the Napoleon of picture-dealers,

who sold it to the Lord Radnor of the day for a thousand guineas. In his *Gallerie des Peintres Flamands, Hollandais, et Allemands* (1792), Lebrun declares Holbein's sitters to have been two French diplomats, MM. de Selve and d'Avaux, who were in the service of Francis I. As Mr. J. Gough Nicholls (*Archæologia*, 1873), has pointed out, this identification is spoilt by dates. In England the two portraits have passed for those of Sir Thomas Wyat and his friend John Leland, the antiquary. Wyat was born in 1503, so that his age would do at a pinch. The year of Leland's birth is unknown. Unfortunately, the heads do not in the least correspond with more authentic portraits of these two worthies, while neither the one nor the other is suited by the attributes Holbein has so carefully piled up.

In the *Times* of September the eleventh (1900), Mr. Sidney Colvin started a theory which fits in exactly with some of the facts. He suggests that the chief ambassador is Jean de Dinteville, who was in London as the representative of Francis in 1533. This conjecture is supported by the traditional title of the picture, by the absence of any English records connected with it, and by dates, for Dinteville was born on September 21st, 1504, while it meets with little that has to be explained away. Since he wrote his letters to the *Times*, Mr. Colvin, as I gather from a private communication he has been kind enough to send me, has discovered evidence to connect the second figure with Nicholas Bourbon. Bourbon was a friend of Dinteville, and what we know of his character agrees with the picture. He was born, however, in 1503, which seems a difficulty.

Mr. Colvin lays stress upon the similarity of the chief ambassador's costume to that worn by the Dresden Morette (whose identity with a Piedmontese noble sent to England as a hostage by Francis I. seems now to be placed beyond dispute), as a proof that our ambassador was also French. His argument loses some of its force, however, when we recollect that similarities just as significant occur between both of these portraits and the cartoon, for instance, at Chatsworth, for the Whitehall *Henry VIII.* The family likeness between Morette's poignard and tassel and those of our "ambassador," also finds its explanation in the more than probability that both were invented by the painter himself.

In some ways the solution sent by "C. L. E.,"—transparent initials—to the *Times* of October the seventh (1900), fits the problem better. In the more imposing figure he sees George Boleyn, Viscount Rocheford, the brother of Anne Boleyn, who was sent both in 1529 and in 1533 on missions to the French Court; and, in his companion, the humbly-born William Paget, who afterwards became such an important person and was raised to the peerage as Lord Paget. All that is known of Rocheford's age is that he was born before 1507. Of Paget's nothing positive can be said, but the two men may easily have been twenty-nine and twenty-five respectively in 1533. Many things seem to confirm this theory. Paget was a *protégé* of the Boleyn family. Both he and Rocheford were sent on missions to the Continent in 1533. Paget was strongly attracted by the doctrines of the German reformers. Rocheford may very

probably have received the Order of St. Michael from the French king. The disgrace into which he fell, and his tragic end, would explain the disappearance of his picture from England, while the fact that he and his companion were only known beyond the seas as English envoys would account for its traditional title. The skull may have been inserted afterwards by Holbein in allusion to Rocheford's death, or it may be a rebus on the painter's own name—Ho(h)l-bein. This latter theory seems to me infinitely more probable. That it is no after-thought seems, indeed, to be proved by the fact that the strong lines of the mosaic floor do not show through it, as they certainly would by this time had it been painted above them even so late as the last century.

NELLY O'BRIEN

(Sir Joshua Reynolds)

M. H. SPIELMANN

ALTHOUGH this portrait of Nelly O'Brien is not, perhaps, the prettiest of Reynolds's several (at least four) versions of the famous actress, it is one of the most perfect examples of his art remaining perfect for us at the present day. It is, indeed, extremely fine alike as to quality and colour, and has probably not much changed since it was painted in 1763. Yet this picture, which some believe to be the very finest of all his masterpieces, was sold by auction in the lifetime of the painter for ten guineas (Mr. Taylor said three); and in 1793 it had risen to twenty-one pounds at the Hunter sale, when it was knocked down to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. In 1810, it was acquired by the Marquess of Hertford for sixty-four pounds. The picture was exhibited for the first time at the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1872, when its brilliant condition created a good deal of sensation.

Seated full face in a landscape, with a white poodle (or is it a spaniel?) in her lap, the famous courtesan, her face in delicate shadow, wears what was called a Woffington hat upon her head. The quilted petticoat beneath the muslin dress, the black lace mantilla, and the pearl necklace are all painted with extraordinary brilliancy, yet with perfect

realism. The picture was not engraved during her lifetime. The lady died in 1768, in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, and two years later appeared Charles Phillips's mezzotint, with (in the second state), some verses by Dryden beneath the title. J. Wilson, J. Watson, and C. Spooner also immortalized the lady in their plates.

It is remarkable that, in spite of her notoriety, Nelly O'Brien has received little notice of the biographers and the writers on the by-ways of the life of the town. She has been described as "a young lady of the Kitty Fisher School." A writer in *Blackwood* exclaimed when the picture was exhibited at Bethnal Green: "Bless her! how friendly her eyes look as she sits there bending forward!—listening is she? with arch half-smile, slightly amused at the long stories we are telling her, but all in the most genial neighbourly way. By-and-by surely a mellow Irish laugh will burst into the silence. Who was she, this sweet Nelly? We do not know, nor what became of her, nor whom she made happy with those smiles of hers." In his *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, Mr. Claude Phillips refers to the frequency of the visits of Nelly O'Brien to the studio, from which has been supposed that she sat to the cold-hearted Reynolds for the figures of his portraits of ladies, and he quotes from his pocketbook for 1762, an entry: "With Miss Nelly O'Brien in Pall Mall, next door to this side the *Star and Garter*." What she was is hinted at in Leslie and Taylor's *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds:* "She was the *chère amie* of Lord Bolingbroke, as well as everybody else (see Walpole's letter to George Montague,



NELLY O'BRIEN

March 29, 1766)." She was indeed one of the most fascinating women of the day, and entangled a great number of high-born persons in her net at the same time.

THE MAN WITH THE PINKS
(*John van Eyck*)

FRANCES C. WEALE

THE Berlin Gallery possesses a portrait known as *The Man with the Pinks*, which was probably painted about the year 1436, and represents an elderly individual of by no means prepossessing appearance. His face is deeply wrinkled, his eyes have a puffy line of flesh beneath them, his mouth droops at the corners and is of a hard, somewhat coarse type, while his ears are specially hideous, being large and prominent: altogether he has a very unpleasant cast of countenance. But John van Eyck has been faithful to his love of veracity—not a feature is softened down—he has portrayed the man as he was in the most lifelike manner conceivable. He wears a dark grey coat with fur collar and cuffs, which is sufficiently low in the neck to allow the brocaded tunic beneath to appear, and a large broad-brimmed beaver hat. Around his neck is a silver chain from which hangs a tau cross with the bell of Saint Anthony attached thereto. In his right hand, on the third finger of which he carries a fine ring, he holds three wild pinks. The picture is unsigned, and so far it has not been discovered who this person was.

It is as a painter of portraits that John van Eyck has given us the greatest proofs of his genius, and undoubtedly he merits to be considered one of the foremost in this re-



THE MAN WITH THE PINKS

spect that the world has ever seen. His men and women seem to be living realities, so strongly does the personality of each appeal to us, for Van Eyck not only correctly delineated the features of his patrons, but studied them until he grasped and could transfer to his panel the characteristics of each one. Flattery was beneath him; we see each as he or she was in life, plain or well-featured as the case might be—every wrinkle, every mole or hair has been carefully noted—but more than this John van Eyck strove faithfully to convey the imprint of the mind upon the countenance as far as it had been indelibly traced by the hand of time. Faults as well as virtues are set down with perfect frankness. We can see that *The Man with the Pinks* was unamiable in disposition as well as unattractive in feature; Arnolfini, in the National Gallery picture, is too sanctimonious for our English taste, and his wife is a somewhat insipid creature; nevertheless there is an unmistakable stamp of genuineness about the quaintness of this couple; while, on the other hand, the painter's wife is decidedly a woman of strong character, intelligent and sympathetic; and the other two portraits in the National Gallery and that of Jan De Leeuw in the Vienna Gallery show us men of intellect, differing widely in many respects, but all straightforward and manly.

In all his pictures of religious subjects regarded from the point of view of the ideal, John van Eyck is disappointing. He never rose above material things—he painted what was before him with exquisite skill, rendering even the most minute details in a marvellous manner, but beyond that he

could not go. He seems to have been devoid of the imaginative faculties, the deep reverence and contemplative spirit essential to the production of works of a true devotional type. Therefore it is not surprising that his Madonnas are excellent portraits of the homely Flemish women whom he chose as his models, comely at least according to his idea if not according to ours, but utterly lacking the dignity, the refinement, purity and intense spirituality which belong to the Mother of Our Lord. With his saints it is the same—there is nothing in his representation of them to raise the mind above the things of earth; in fact in some instances they have the contrary tendency, and are rendered ridiculous by the sharp contrast which they present to our ideals.

John did not succeed in harmonizing his colour as well as his brother did, nor yet in producing such rich mellow tints; where he excelled was in the accuracy and minuteness with which he rendered detail, and in the marvellous finish which he gave to his paintings—a finish so carefully manipulated that sometimes not a stroke of the brush is visible. Perhaps the best examples of his skill in this respect are the portraits of Timothy, and of John Arnolfini and his wife in the National Gallery, which one may examine with a strong magnifying-glass, and yet only reveal with greater distinctness the tiniest details therein depicted. At times his colour is so faulty in tone as to be even unpleasant—take, for instance, the Van der Paele picture in the Bruges Academy, in which the flesh tints are hard and red. His drawing of the hand is another noticeable point:

often, though not always, it is too small and weak, with fingers that taper unduly; his draperies, too, are voluminous, angular, and stiff, contrasting unfavourably with the graceful flowing lines to be seen in Hubert's work.

The date of John van Eyck's birth is unknown. He was several years younger than Hubert; Van Mander asserts this and the portraits in the Ghent altar-piece, traditionally known as Hubert and John, show a great difference in their age. It is generally assumed that John was born about the year 1382, but it is probable that his birth took place some years earlier. He was no doubt educated and instructed in the art of painting by Hubert. The great improvements made about the commencement of the Fifteenth Century in the method of painting have been attributed to discoveries made by John, but it is far more likely that they were the joint work of the two brothers, though no doubt John in later years carried his technical skill to greater perfection. The change thus brought about has erroneously been described as the "discovery of painting in oil." Now it is well-known that oil was used in the process of painting sculpture even in much earlier times; and that in the Fourteenth Century tempera paintings were often coated with an oily varnish in order to preserve them and to give depth and vigour to the colour, especially to that of the draperies. Once, so the story runs, John van Eyck, after having expended much time and labour on a certain picture, placed it when it had been varnished, to dry in the sun, and, either owing to some defect in the panel or to the excessive heat, it warped and was of course,

ruined. He therefore set to work to find a varnish that would dry in the shade and thus obviate such mishaps; his experiments must first have been directed towards discovering which oils possessed the most drying properties; having decided that they were linseed and nut oils, he aimed at rendering these more siccative by mixing with them certain resinous substances, and thus he obtained a varnish that dried easily. Next he found that by mixing his colours with these oils he greatly increased their vigour, gave them a lustre of their own independent of varnish, and what was of still greater importance, caused them to mingle far better than tempera. His final effects must have been directed towards rendering his medium as colourless and liquid as possible.

This wonderful improvement must have cost both brothers much patient labour. Of the various steps by which they arrived at perfection, of the repeated failures which probably they had to put up with ere success crowned their efforts, of the exact materials used by them in the process, we know nothing. What is so vexatious to the student and to all interested in the subject, is that none of the earlier works of Hubert and John, none of those belonging to the period when the change was actually taking place, remain or at least are known to us. We cannot trace the gradual improvement, but must needs be content with examples of their skill after they had brought their new method to a fairly finished stage of perfection. It is an event which stands unparalleled in the history of art, that suddenly, from the inferior tempera panels of the earlier

schools, we pass to such a masterpiece as the *Adoration of the Lamb*. The inscription on this picture tells us that it was undertaken by Hubert at the desire of Jodoc Vydt.

Hubert died on the 18th of September, 1426, and was buried in the Vydts's chapel in Saint Bavon, Ghent. Concerning John van Eyck we possess far more information. He entered the service of John of Bavaria at the Hague on October 22nd, 1422, and from that day until his death in 1440, we have a fairly complete account of his movements. He was employed by John of Bavaria at the Hague until the 11th of September, 1424. At Bruges on the 19th of May in the following year he was appointed official painter to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, a patron and lover of art, who treated him with much kindness and confidence, even intrusting to him secret and important missions in foreign countries. He remained at Bruges for three months after this appointment and then by order of the Duke removed to Lille, where he resided until 1428, though in the interval he was sent on his first secret journey. From October, 1428, till January, 1430, he was again absent, having accompanied John de Roubaix and Baldwin de Lannoy, on an embassy to the Portuguese court, their object being to treat for the hand of the Infanta Isabella, whose portrait John painted and sent to Philip.

In 1431, John van Eyck bought a house at Bruges, married and settled there. From this time until his death he went on producing fresh works every year, save in 1435, when he was again sent by Philip on a journey, the object of which, as usual, was secret; so tnat we have a complete

series of paintings, signed and dated, by which to judge the progress of his talent. He died on the 9th of July, 1440, and was buried in the churchyard of Saint Donatian's Church at Bruges; but on March 21st, 1441, at the request of his brother Lambert, his body was removed into the church and placed in a vault near the font.

THE THREE SISTERS
(*Palma Vecchio*)

CH. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

THE ideal of beauty in woman is submissive to the influence of the prevailing fashion. The Gothic masters and the early Italians were fond of the frail silhouettes that bespoke ardent natures; the Renaissance on the contrary, appreciated ample forms in which shone all the attractions of carnal loveliness.

Certain words reach us through the centuries like a faint echo of extinct manners. The name *virago*, taken in a bad sense in our pacific days, in old times was uttered in vows of passionate admiration, and young ladies of massive form and stature, such as our heroines, accepted this merited incense with great satisfaction. Since the manners and customs of the period were still marked with violence, it was necessary that woman should know how on occasion to raise her weakness to the level of manly virtues, and, following the example of Catherine Sforza, who was proclaimed "Prima Donna d'Italia," should show herself capable of successfully defending a stronghold. Nevertheless, that epoch of transition so fertile in contrasts, the Italian Renaissance, enervated itself with literature, art and science, and demanded that woman should receive an education that would enable her to taste the delights of learned conversation. Elegant and refined circles formed in high

society, and in them letters reigned even more authoritatively than the great ladies themselves.

Painting could not help reflecting to some extent the dilettanteism of these fashionable gatherings. Palma Vecchio has the reputation of being the first to put into his pictures personages represented in their natural size and figure. In a world that glitters with lavish intellectual talk, the head is interesting above everything else; it is useless to figure the rest of the body. These pictures called "Conversations" enjoyed an enormous vogue. The pious world of religious pictures even had to bow to this craze, and, after his profane "Conversations" Palma produced his "Holy Conversations," like the *Madonna with St. Peter* (Colonna Palace), and the *Madonna with Saints* (Naples Museum).

It is probable that a single person, the painter's daughter, served as the model for these three young women. We are assured that she was very beautiful, and frequently posed as a model for her father's pictures; and the reports we possess of her great beauty, her full cheeks and large eyes fully agree with the type of the *Three Sisters*. Titian, Palma's friend, who had a most lively admiration for his colleague's daughter, was in the habit of calling her Violante, in memory of a woman whom she resembled, and with whom he had been in love. Legend has even been guilty of the indiscretion of adventuring into romantic suppositions, with absolutely insufficient justification, whither we decline to follow.

Palma's talent, characteristically Venetian, that is to say



THE THREE SISTERS

seeking after splendour rather than style, insists on warmth of flesh tints and richness of vestment, with a strength of tone which without equalling Titian yet often recalls the latter's splendour; and this to such a degree that a certain canvas by Palma called *Titian's Beauty* has been attributed to Titian. The taste of the painters for magnificent stuffs was favoured by the usages of the day. The liberty allowed in matters of the toilette permitted of fancies that were often of happy effect, but in which we should be wrong to seek examples of general styles similar to those of our own day. In our life of activity, equality and practicality, we prefer to adopt uniform costumes, quite as much on account of economy of time as of dread of seeming singular. The great lords and great ladies of the Renaissance, on the contrary, gloried in making a splendid display of themselves both to the outside world and to one another, in luxurious parades, with a splendour which we are no longer familiar with.

JOHN TAIT AND HIS GRANDSON
(*Raeburn*)

R. A. M. STEVENSON

JOHN THOMSON of Doddington, Puvis de Chavannes, Corot, Manet, Sargent and Raeburn are a few out of many artists of the Nineteenth Century whose private means have enabled them to live without painting, or rather to live for painting and not for bread. They are all men who have added to tradition and increased the possibilities of expression in their art.

The six or seven years following his marriage Raeburn spent in the practice of portraiture, living quietly in his house at Deanhaugh and in his studio in George Street. During this period of his young life, he painted several persons of note; he mixed with genial and intelligent people; he joined in the sports of the day and the country. Self-criticism and the consequent desire for improvement never left him, and he had means enough to allow him to follow his own course. When he had lived about six years at Deanhaugh, a sense of his deficiencies sent him travelling. He went to London and consulted the President of the Academy. Sir Joshua Reynolds received the young man well, and permitted him, so it is said, to work for a month or two under his guidance. But, of course, in those days the burden of advice was "Go to Rome." In this case, Sir

Joshua with the advice, offered also the wherewithal to follow it—money and introductions to men of note in Italy.

Money was not necessary to Raeburn, but he thankfully accepted introductions which might forward his studies abroad. He remained scarcely more than two years in Rome; but he made the most of his time, for the friendship of men like James Byers and Gavin Hamilton must have saved him trouble, mistakes, and misapplication of energy. Upon his return, he set to work with fully-matured powers upon that long career of portrait-painting which he sustained till his death. Almost at once he became the most admired of his profession, both as a man and as a painter. Sir John and Lady Clerk of Penicuik were amongst his earlier patrons, doubtless through the offices of the painter's early friend John Clerk (Lord Eldin), who belonged to the Penicuik family. Principal Hill, of St. Andrew's, and John Clerk himself, were painted also in these comparatively early days. Burns Raeburn must have seen when the poet ran his short race of fame at Edinburgh dinners and receptions; yet until lately, it was unhesitatingly asserted that, if the painter saw him, he never painted his portrait. Sir Walter Scott, John Wilson, Kames, Mackenzie, Hume, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Hutton, Ferguson—to cut it short, everybody—sat to him, except, perhaps, the greatest of all, Robert Burns.

The slow growth of his fame since he died, the excellent preservation of his canvases to-day, the confirmation of his simple, direct method of work by the practice of

succeeding schools, do more to establish his reputation in our minds than any honours or titles he received during his lifetime. The official stamp of merit, however, was set upon him none too soon. The year after his knighthood, the year in which he received the title of "His Majesty's Limner for Scotland," was the year of his death. Of all who have held the title he was undoubtedly the greatest.

Now we know Raeburn's way of using paint, and it is one which would be perfectly acceptable to-day. Indeed, it scarcely differs from that once taught in the studio of M. Carolus Duran. But before describing Raeburn's habits at the easel as they have been told by us by several of his sitters, it may not be amiss to run over the account of his education. Compared with theatrical, mystical, academic, and mannered artists, Raeburn learnt more from observation than he did from tradition. He received little formal teaching; his early practice of portrait miniature was untaught copying of nature. His acquaintance with Martin meant simply copying that artist's pictures. His work for the jeweller Gilliland consisted in designing for metal-work. When he went to Italy the art critic Byers counselled him never to work except from nature, even on the smallest accessory, a piece of advice quite agreeable to the painter's own feelings and confirmatory of his life-long habit. Indeed, if one looks generally at English portraiture from Van Dyck onwards, the most of it, the best of it, appears mannered in comparison with the work of Raeburn. Raeburn was the pupil of Nature;

but to learn from this master one must first know enough to understand one's lessons, and without doubt Raeburn had been taught something of drawing, perspective, and the common use of oil-paint. From his early masters he had learnt his craft and the use of his tools; his art and his direct style came from his own personal intercourse with Nature. The methods of work adopted by Raeburn were not unlike those of such men as Carolus Duran or Manet, who consciously taught themselves to seek for manner in a way of looking at nature. Neither the Frenchman nor the Scot copied or imitated a manner; they merely returned to that broad observation of real light which had produced both the style of Velasquez and the style of Rembrandt.

The likeness between the practice of Raeburn and that of recent French artists may be seen from the following particulars of his method: (1) He seldom kept a sitter more than an hour and a half or two hours. (2) He never gave more than four or five sittings to a head or bust portrait. (3) He did not draw in his subject first with the chalk point, but directly with the brush on the blank canvas. (4) Forehead, chin and mouth were his first touches. (5) He placed the easel behind the sitter, and went away to look at the picture and poser together. (6) A fold of drapery often cost him more trouble than the build or expression of a head. (7) He never used a mahl-stick. Now, these were the habits of the French painters *à premier coup*, a term which does not signify that each touch laid was final, but merely means that the work was searched out

and finished in one direct painting. This painting might take minutes, hours or weeks; but it passed only through one stage, gradually approaching completion by a moulding, a refining, a correcting of the first lay-in. In fact the general effect was planted entire from the beginning, and was not arrived at by drawing stages, chiaroscuro stages and colour stages, brown, red, or green. If a long time were required for search and finish, either the picture was kept fluid by painting in poppy oil, or, if allowed to dry, was started again by such dodges as scraping, sand-papering, oiling-out, etc. These habits characterize not only Raeburn and the later Frenchmen, but naturalists all the world over, and perhaps you might say the painter in oil as distinguished from the draughtsman—the men who look and shape by the mass, the interior modelling, the smudge, the gradation of light, as distinguished from those who imagine and construct by conventional lines.

If any painter of the Eighteenth Century in these isles used paint after the sanest and most enduring traditions it was Raeburn. We have seen that his practice agreed with that of the best men before and after his time, so we may claim that he followed the true path of art. The excellence of his straightforward method has caused his colour to stand much better than that of Reynolds. The greater part of Sir Joshua's work has changed almost as much as the later pictures of Turner.

One can hardly resist comparing Reynolds with Raeburn, and Turner with that other Scotsman, Thomson of Duddington. While one admits the greater imaginations of

the two Englishmen, one prefers the views of nature, that is to say, the qualities of imagination and the consequent ideas of treatment, of the two Scotsmen. Not only does Raeburn's solid square painting last better than Sir Joshua's cookery after Italian receipts, but one believes that when they were painted only the greatest pictures by Reynolds were above Raeburn's work. If Thomson had been a professional, probably he would have surpassed Turner and forestalled Theodore Rousseau. Sheer fervour of imagination led Raeburn and Thomson to anticipate by thirty years the ideals of the Frenchmen.

Raeburn was not often tempted to set his figures against the unreal scenic background so much used in England by Reynolds, Gainsborough and other portrait-painters. When he yielded for a while to this fashion, it was against his will and better judgment. The habit agreed ill with his direct and honest style of work, with the bold square touch by which he emphasized the light on the variously inclined planes of the flesh. His own style, in fact, was incompatible with pretty elegance, spotty colouring, and theatrical disposition of the canvas. It went best with the solemn natural simplicity of Velasquez, the Dutchmen and the Flemings. Sometimes, however, his handling was accompanied by a cold, rather vicious greyness of colouring, as in the wonderful *John Tait and his Grandson*, a picture highly characteristic of Raeburn's brushwork. Its colour, which is well preserved, makes one question whether the glow of other pictures may not often be the result of time or varnish. *John Tait and his Grandson* was painted about

1798–9, and stands in the strongest contrast to a certain fine but rather artificial three-quarter-length portrait of a man in a green coat and buff breeches, holding a gun in a nerveless hand and standing beneath a decorator's tree. The paint is thinly smeared, the modelling of the face subtle, delicate, but unaccentuated, the accessories flat and unconventional, yet not quite unlike in their superficial aspect to those of Velasquez in his early middle style, when he painted the *Three Royal Sportsmen in the Prado.* But everywhere in this portrait (Sinclair of Ulbster, I believe) by Raeburn you miss the fine shapeliness of the Spaniard's realization of form.

The simpler portraits of Raeburn are his best. His interest was centred on human faces; not even hands received due consideration in his portraits. We find R. L. Stevenson saying in *Virginibus Puerisque*, "Again, in spite of his own satisfaction and in spite of Dr. John Brown, I cannot consider that Raeburn was very happy in his hands." Although he had painted it from nature, in his youth Raeburn cared little for landscape. Faces, too, he must see whilst he was painting. He was no historical painter, devising expressions, gestures and dramatic groupings. He was stimulated by real people and real light, as Mr. Sargent is in the present day. Yet it was said that he "ennobled unworthy faces," which might mean that he idealized their shapes. This is improbable. Possibly it means that the broad simplicity of his style gave them plastic dignity which storm, night, mist, or other effects of light can impose on objects without any actual alteration of their structure. Sir

Walter Armstrong says: "Technically his chief faults are a want of richness and depth in his colour, and an occasional proneness to over-simplify the planes in his modelling of a head." As in sculpture, so in painting, the simplification of planes tends to grandeur; and we may take it that this was all the ennobling which Raeburn consciously employed. In colour he certainly lacked richness, but in comparison with his contemporaries scarcely depth. We note in his portraits another cause of nobility, or perhaps we should say vitality, which, considering the empty apathy of expression produced by posing, may be called a certain kind of idealization. We shall state it in the words of R. L. Stevenson: "He was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their face, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception."

In the common meaning of the term Raeburn was not an idealizer. Painting with him was the direct sensuous perception of nature. The words "imitation of nature" would not have frightened this enthusiastic and ardent lover of reality. He knew the beauties of nature too intimately to despise them unless tricked out in the adornment of an artificial style.

Raeburn belongs to the strong naturalistic school which strips off accessory graces that the solemn fashion of light may prevail. In conclusion I will quote Mr. W. E. Henley's words, which seem to me to sound the tonic of my

discourse: "He came at the break between old and new, when the old was not yet discredited and the new was still inoffensive; and, with that exquisite good sense which marks the artist, he identified himself with that which was known and not with that which, though big with many kinds of possibilities, was as yet in perfect touch with nothing in active existence. . . . He was content to paint what he knew and that only, and his conscience was serviceable as well as untroubled and serene."

SOME PORTRAITS OF HELENA FOURMENT
(*Rubens*)

EMILE MICHEL

WITH his invariable prudence and wisdom Rubens paid no heed to the suggestions of those who wished him to make the brilliant marriage to which his great position allowed him to aspire, a marriage which would have "fixed" him at court. He wisely feared to enter a society that might have entailed the loss of his independence, the renunciation of his friends, and of the practice of his art. But he did not tell Peiresc that for all his wisdom and his fifty-three years, he had fallen passionately in love with a girl of sixteen. The girl whose freshness and youthful beauty had so completely charmed him was Helena Fourment.

He had known her family for a long time, and was even connected with it. Helena's brother, Daniel Fourment—he bore the same Christian name as his father—married on September 22, 1619, Clara Brant, a sister of Isabella, Rubens's first wife. Helena was the youngest of Daniel's ten children; she was baptized on April 1, 1614, at the church of St. Jacques. The artist had often seen her in her parents' house, for he painted numerous portraits of Susanna, one of her seven sisters, married to Arnold Lunden, the Master of the Mint, notably the celebrated picture in the National Gallery, known as the *Chapeau de Poil.*

About 1624-25, he painted magnificent portraits of another sister, Clara Fourment and her husband, Pieter van Hecke. Those pictures, which belong to Baron Edmund de Rothschild, are in marvellous preservation, and their brilliant colour and life-like rendering cause them to be reckoned among the strongest and best of the master's works. One of Helena's brothers-in-law, Nicholas Picquery, who lived at Marseilles, had always assisted Rubens to send parcels to Peiresc, and Rubens had recommended his kindly intermediary to the favour of the Provençal scholar.

The large dowry that her parents gave Helena, in spite of their numerous family proves that the Fourments were well off: they belonged to the upper middle class and bore a coat-of-arms. They overlooked the disproportion in age on account of the advantages such a marriage offered their daughter. Attracted by the master's fame and high position, and perhaps touched by his ardent love, she accepted his hand. His passion did not deprive Rubens of his practical good sense, and before the wedding, he carefully settled his sons' affairs. On November 29, 1630, he presented his accounts to the guardians, and obtained a discharge for the maternal inheritance reverting to the two minors. On December 4th, the marriage settlements were signed in the presence of the members of the family, before the notary Toussaint Guyot. In the deed Rubens is described as "Knight Secretary to His Majesty's Privy Council and Gentleman of the Household of her Serene Highness the Princess Isabella." The young girl's parents, Daniel Fourment and Clara Stappaert, gave her a dowry of "3,000



HELENA FOURMENT WITH HER CHILDREN

Flemish pounds income, and promised to pay besides 129 Flemish pounds, 12 escalins income inherited by her from the late dame Catherine Fourment, her sister, and also to provide her with a handsome trousseau. If the wife survived the husband, she was to retain and keep all her clothes, jewels, woollen and linen goods, unreservedly, as well as a jointure of 22,000 caroli, paid once for all, to be deducted from the property of the future husband." If Helena predeceased her husband, Rubens was to receive as jointure on his part 8,000 caroli, paid once for all. As if to emphasize the concord of the two families, all the members present signed with the couple and Helena's parents. Two days after, on December 6, 1630, the marriage was celebrated at the Church of St. Jacques, with all the splendour and ceremony befitting the position of the couple. By the deed of contract, the bride's parents had promised "to defray the expenses of the wedding-ceremony in such a way as to deserve honour and thanks."

A new life, filled with love of the young girl who was henceforth the light of his home, began for Rubens, with his marriage. She brought the animation and gaiety of youth to the big house, and supplied her husband with the most charming model he could have desired. He took up his brushes again for her sake, and the girl's freshness and brilliant complexion were well calculated to enchant him. Each year had seen him increasingly occupied with problems of light and movement; but his wife gave a new brilliance to his palette, and his portraits of Helena, the numerous compositions of which she was the inspiration

resemble a hymn of life and joy. Till the end of his life he never tired of multiplying her image, and she appears in her portraits wearing the most varied and sumptuous costumes, that well set off the charm of her almost infantine face. As she matures, we follow the radiant development of her beauty in many exquisite works.

A fine picture in the Munich Gallery represents both husband and wife in the early period of their marriage, walking in the garden of their house. The artist wears a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a black doublet striped with grey. The refined, intelligent head, the proudly turned-up moustaches, the attractive countenance, the distinguished bearing, incline us to regard him as a young man; a few silver threads in the fair beard show us our mistake. His arm is in Helena's; she is painted almost full face, and her pink complexion is protected from the sun by a large straw hat. Her hair, with its golden reflected lights, is cut in a fringe over the forehead like that of a boy, and escapes round her face in fair curls. Her black bodice opens over a chemisette; her dull yellow skirt is turned up over a grey petticoat, and a white apron falls over both. She holds a feather fan in her hand, and a pearl necklace sets off the whiteness of her throat. She half turns towards a young page, entirely dressed in red, who follows her bareheaded. The couple approach a portico, beneath which a table is spread beside the statues and busts which decorate it; some bottles have been set to cool in a large basin on the ground. The building, so fantastic in its architecture, which is an eccentric mixture of Italian style and Flemish taste, is the

pavilion the artist erected in his garden not far from the house, and often introduced in his pictures. Near at hand an old woman feeds two peacocks; a turkey-cock struts about with his spouse, and a friendly dog runs after their young ones. The air is warm, the lilacs are in bloom; the young orange-trees have been released from their winter quarters, and the flower-beds are gay with many-coloured tulips. At the side, the waters of a fountain, likewise found in many of Rubens's pictures, fall into a basin. The pair are about to seat themselves under this portico, surrounded by these domestic animals, with the blue sky and the flowers before their eyes, wholly given up to a happiness which is echoed in the holiday mood of surrounding nature.

When we have thoroughly enjoyed this beautiful picture, our eyes involuntarily turn to the other canvas in the same room of the gallery, in which, on an equally fine spring day, Rubens painted himself in a honeysuckle arbour with his wife Isabella, whom he had so affectionately loved, who was so intimately associated with his life, and whose loss he deplored four years earlier. In the same involuntary fashion it occurs to us that the former marriage was better assorted; the intellectual sympathy must have been greater than it could have been with a young girl who passed so suddenly from the seclusion of her father's house to so conspicuous a position. It would be interesting to learn something of Helena's character, of her culture and education, of her influence on the great man who loved her. But no information on these points

is to be found either in the acts of her life, in Rubens's correspondence, or in the testimony of contemporaries. But the large number of portraits of her that Rubens painted bear eloquent witness to the strength and persistence of his love. There is scarcely a gallery of importance without a portrait of her, and at Munich there are four. The little enchantress seems to have adapted herself very quickly to her new position; the perfect ease with which she wears her magnificent costumes furnishes proof of this.

One of the Munich portraits is a full length; she is painted full face, in sumptuous attire, and is seated in an arm-chair on a terrace. Her feet rest on an eastern carpet, and above her head a violet curtain hangs between two columns. Her dress is of the richest material; a black satin gown opens over an underskirt of white silk brocade embroidered in gold. The bodice is low enough to reveal the curve of the bust; a high lace collar rises behind the fair hair which frames her face. Her figure has improved, and her beautiful, delicate hands are longer. She seems perhaps a little astonished at herself; but her smiling expression preserves something of the ingenuousness of innocent candour. We wonder whether the spray of orange-blossom in her hair was placed there by the painter with intention. The execution is admirably delicate, easy, and sure, and the flesh tints, the freshness of which is set off by the blue of the sky, have what De Piles so rightly called "the virginity of Rubens's tints . . . those tints which he employed with so

free a hand without mixing them much for fear of corrupting them, and so causing them to lose their brilliance and truth, apparent from the very beginning of the work." The master excels here in giving his work the lightness, spontaneity, and charm which accord so perfectly with the youth of the sitter.

Not to speak of other pictures at the Hague, Amsterdam, and Munich, in which Helena is painted half-length, a full-length portrait in the Hermitage, almost full-face, well shows the suppleness of Rubens's talent, and the varied but always picturesque methods that he invented when he repeated a subject dear to him. In this picture the young woman stands in a natural attitude, her hands crossed; she holds a feather fan in one of them, as in the Munich portraits. The figure, relieved against a low landscape background, is very elegantly posed; the bluish tones of the horizon, the dull sky, brightened only in the upper part by a glimpse of blue, and the black of the costume—guiltless of ornament save for the lilac ribbons on the bodice and sleeves—afford a wonderful accompaniment to the bright, clear notes of the flesh tints. Here again Rubens painted the young woman in the springtime,[1] celebrating her beauty anew in this masterpiece, which is of remarkable brilliance and in fine preservation. It is only equalled by two other large portraits of Helena, formerly in the Blenheim Collection, which now royally adorn the rooms of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

The repeated absences forced on Rubens by his various

[1] Young fern shoots and a tuft of violets bloom beneath her feet.

diplomatic missions only increased his fondness for the home where his work and his loved companion awaited him. These frequent interruptions made it impossible for him to undertake works that required much time, but he had always at hand a charming model whom he could turn to account in his brief leisure moments. Houbraken, speaking of her beauty, called her a *new Helen*, and said that she was a valuable possession for the artist, "since she spared him the expense of other models." His portraits of her painted at this period are both numerous and varied. The finest of them are the full length portraits formerly at Blenheim, and now in the possession of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.[1] In one, Helen turns three-quarters face to the spectator; she wears a velvet hood in Spanish fashion, and a black satin dress, the slashed sleeves ornamented with lilac ribbons. The bodice is trimmed with lace, and partly reveals the bosom; the figure set off by the architecture of the background is superbly vivid and animated. The young girl is thinner, and seems to have grown taller; her manner is more assured, as befits the dignity of the mistress of her famous husband's house. Thus arrayed, Madame Rubens is about to go out, for we see a carriage harnessed with two impatient horses at the bottom of the steps she is descending. The façade of her fine house is seen in perspective by the side of the colonnade of the staircase, and farther off still is a gabled house; both of these appear in Harrewyn's engraving. Helena is accompanied

[1] They were purchased from the Duke of Marlborough for the respectable sum of £55,000.



HELENA FOURMENT

by a boy dressed in red, holding his hat in his hand. We cannot determine if he is the little page of a similar type we have already seen in a similar costume in the Munich *Walk in the Garden*, or, as M. Max Rooses thinks, one of Rubens's sons. In any case, although the children of the second marriage were somewhat late to arrive, when they came they followed each other in quick succession. The first, a girl, Clara Joanna, was baptized on January 18, 1632, in the church of St. Jacques, already sacred to the artist by so many memories; and, as if to prove the good understanding that still existed between the families of his two wives, her godfather was Jan Brant, Isabella's father, and her godmother Clara Fourment, Helena's mother. Next came Frans Rubens, also baptized at St. Jacques, with the Marquis d'Aytona, Don Francesco de Moncade, and Christina du Parcy as sponsors; then Isabella Helena, baptized on May 3, 1635; and on March 1st, 1637, a second son, Peter Paul, whom Philip Rubens, the artist's nephew, stood godfather.

The other portrait in Baron Alphonse de Rothschild's collection, *Rubens and his Wife teaching one of their Children to walk*, was, doubtless, painted somewhat earlier; it is finer than the other, and is, in our opinion, one of Rubens's masterpieces. Helena is in profile; her bright hair floats loosely over her bare neck, and she wears a black velvet dress that sets off her brilliant complexion. In her left hand is a fan, and with the other she holds that of a delightfully plump pink and white baby. The child, dressed in a Holland frock, with a broad blue sash, tries to walk,

and, as if proud of its courage, looks up smiling at the young mother. Rubens, standing a little aside, contemplates the scene; he wears a very elegant costume, consisting of a violet cloak thrown over a black doublet slashed with white, black silk breeches and stockings. An expression of sadness seems to overshadow his parental joy; it is as if he foresaw that his happiness was not to be of long duration. The great artist has grown older, and although only a few years had elapsed since he painted the *Walk in the Garden*, his features are worn, his face thin, and his complexion faded. The difference in age between the husband and wife begins to show itself cruelly, inexorably. Nevertheless, a spirit of calm, of repose, and inward joy presides over this fine work. Everything about the household speaks of cheerfulness, of an easy, comfortable life, of the wealth and distinction proper to persons of importance. Climbing plants twine round the pillars of a portico, with a glimpse of blue sky between; a rose-bush grows against the wall, and among its flowers a red and blue parrot flutters with outspread wings above a basin into which falls the water of a fountain. It is impossible to imagine a more pleasing picture, brighter and more delicately varied colours, broader and more supple execution, a more exquisite feast for the artist's eye, than is offered by this admirable panel, so lovingly brushed in by Rubens in the best days of his glorious maturity.

Rubens's beloved companion continued to be the constant object of his preoccupations, and the chief inspirer of his works. He never tired of dressing her in the richest and

most varied costumes, in those that seemed to him best calculated to display her beauty. In placing his establishment on a more expensive footing, he was only adopting a style of living suitable to his position, the rank he held at Antwerp through his fame as a painter, his office of secretary of the privy council, and his large fortune.

Occasionally, when fatigue or pain became excessive, Rubens felt more imperiously the need of rest, and he sought some relief from his sufferings at Steen, glad to find there the well-known scenery, his animals, his tenants, the peaceful atmosphere, the solitude and quiet charm of which he so much loved. But even then he did not long remain idle. He spent the summer of 1638 there with his family, leaving the care of his Antwerp house and its treasures to his pupil the sculptor Lucas Faydherbe.

But he had to adapt his tastes to his strength, and only painted works of small dimensions, abandoning the execution of large canvases, since his health no longer permitted the toil they entailed.

The wife and children, who were always at hand, supplied him with charming models. It was doubtless at Steen that he brushed in one day when he was in the vein, the spirited portrait of Helena and her three children, the delightful panel in the Louvre, " the admirable sketch, the scarcely indicated dream, left unfinished either by chance or on purpose." The young woman seated on a chair, wears a felt hat with large feathers, and a white dress. On her lap is her youngest child, an infant who plays with a bird tied by a string, and holds its little perch. On the left

stands a little girl, who looks at her mother; on the right a younger child—represented fully, no doubt, in the original work, though the arms are now cut by the frame—stretches its hands towards her. The individual expression of the faces is intelligently characterized by a few strokes with extraordinary life and freshness; Helena's head, especially, is softly touched in with a caressing, liquid brush, as is also her breast, which is in a warm, transparent penumbra. The execution, an exquisite mixture of vague forms and firm touches, reveals Rubens's pleasure in painting, and is a sort of reflection of the domestic happiness which he still enjoyed in his rare moments of freedom from pain.

PHILIP IV
(*Velasquez*)

CARL JUSTI

SINCE the outbreak of the Catalonian revolt (June 9, 1640), a general desire had been expressed that the King should proceed to the seat of war. As this was also his own ardent wish, he at last set out from Buen Retiro on April 26, 1642, amidst the universal acclamations of the public.

But their hopes were dashed from the first. Olivares, following in the King's wake, managed to detain him in Saragossa, where the round of festivities was resumed with an "abyss of expenses." Philip took no interest in the operations, while the French General Lamotte was entering Barcelona to the mutterings of the ominous cry, "*España se pierde*" (Spain is being lost).

When Perpignan fell, torn with Roussillon, from the monarchy for ever, he wept jointly with Olivares, who on the arrival of "Job's Messengers" craved leave to throw himself from the window. And when he really fell, the King endeavoured to rouse himself to a sense of the situation. "In one matter alone," he said in the State Council of January, 1643, "I tell you that you shall not stand in my way; that is, my set resolution to enter the field and be the first to risk my blood and life for the welfare of my vassals, to reawaken their old

energy which has greatly fallen off during the events of these years."

On the journey to Aragon the King was accompanied by his Court painter; in this there was nothing remarkable, it being usual at that time for commanders to have artists at hand in order to take sketches of sieges and battles.

During the journey of 1644 Velasquez painted at Fraga a portrait of the King. A bundle of accounts from the *Journals de Aragon* has been found bearing on this transaction. First of all the carpenter Pedro Colomo had to prepare an easel for six reals, and also to put a window in the Court painter's windowless room. During the three sittings, reeds were spread on the ground, and at last a door put in, "for people were unable to get in." The King was kept amused by his dwarf, El Primo, who was also taken on this occasion. For both pictures cases were then made to send them forthwith to Madrid. The King wore the dress in which he usually appeared before his army as commander-in-chief.

From the figure itself it is evident that it was taken far from the atmosphere of the Alcazar. It is freer than those tall figures in black, which are perpetually receiving despatches, and which are the incarnation of unrelenting monotony, of the weariness of etiquette. To this effect the colour contributes much for the picture is all light and brightness. The legs seem to stand in profile but the body and head face to the right; the white *bâton* in the right hand is planted against the hip; the elbow of the left, which holds the hat, rests on the hilt of the sword, and curiously



PHILIP IV OF SPAIN

enough both arms are disposed in a somewhat parallel position.

The lines of the King's features, now in his thirty-ninth year, are firmer, the colour fresher than hitherto. The otherwise inseparable *golilla* is here replaced by a broad lace collar falling on the shoulders; the hands are white in unison with the white sleeves, the most luminous parts of the whole picture—well-nurtured, royal hands, ringless, but by no means "washed out," as has been supposed by those unacquainted with the master's habit of dispensing with shade to indicate the fingers.

Philip wears a rich light red doublet with hanging sleeves, the narrow opening showing the leather jerkin underneath. Of like colour and also covered with silver embroidery are the bandolier and hose. The only patch of gold is the golden fleece, all else—collar, sleeves of jerkin ("pearl tone"), lace cuffs, lace ruffle of boots, silver sheath —being white. This white on the red produces the well-known effect of a lighter or "camelia red." The hat alone is black, which is not in keeping with the costume, and may probably be due to licence on the part of the artist, who here wished to avoid white on white, and who needed a dark part in softening contrast to the silvery red of the whole. At the same time the red of the bandolier and plume on the red of the doublet shows the painter's indifference to such matters.

To all this must be added the full flood of daylight, which even projects an oblique shadow from the mustachios on to the cheek. The stupendous relief is effected by the

empty dark grey surface of the ground, and by the spare brown shadows, which help to bring out the collar, arm and hat.

This picture was still in the palace when Palomino wrote under Philip V., but before the middle of the Eighteenth Century it had already found its way to Paris. It probably passed from Bouchardon's estate to the Tronchin collection, thence to King Stanislaus's agent, Desenfans, and lastly to the Dulwich Gallery.

LA BELLE FÉRRONNIÈRE

(*Leonardo da Vinci*)

F. A. GRUYER

THE portrait known by the name of *La Belle Férronnière* represents a young woman with brown hair parted in the middle, combed flat, brought down over the ears, and kept in place by a black cord around the head having a diamond at the centre of the forehead; whence arose the name *ferronnière*, afterwards given to every kind of hair-dressing similar or analogous to this one. The figure, cut across the middle and halfway down the arm, by a transverse supporting bar, is clothed with a red bodice with gold stripes and ornamented with black embroidery. A thin necklace wound four times around the neck falls down over the chest, which is exposed, the bodice being cut rather low and square. The head, held three-quarters left, is beautiful, because it is of absolutely correct form and proportion, but it is lacking in charm, or at least that is the way we consider it. It has an expression of strong will, and perhaps even sheer obstinacy, and a suggestion that can scarcely be explained of hardness and scowling. The features, perfectly in accord with one another, are very strongly accentuated. The eyes, which are turned towards our right, inversely to the direction of the head, are deeply set, endowed with fire, and capable of passion; the outer world seems to be reflected darkly in them. The nose is

small and delicately formed; the mouth is also small, with a sort of *moue* that completes the expression of the eyes. The strongly moulded chin is marked with a small dimple. The cheeks have the solidity of marble. In this painting there is somewhat of the quality of plasticity. The painter and the sculptor have mingled, so to speak. One is astonished rather than captivated; and one is particularly struck with the relief and the singular character presented by this portrait. It imposes itself upon one with such authority that after having once looked at it one can never afterwards forget it. It belongs body and soul to a period about which there can be no possible mistake. The Fifteenth Century in Italy, especially the end of the Fifteenth Century in Milan, lives again in it. Above all, it is Leonardo who here pierces us with his genius and all that is robust and spontaneous in it, and the manner in which he takes possession of art and humanity in order to fashion them in his own way. How far the mind may travel in imaginings while gazing on this strange personality! What a crowd of speculations she has already given rise to, and how many more will she yet prompt? Many names have already been given to her; but will anybody ever know the true one? What date does she belong to? How can we fix it exactly? Nothing is more obscure than the chronology of Leonardo's works.

On account of this portrait having belonged to Francis I., people have regarded it as the King's mistress, who was called La Férronnière, after her husband whose name was Féron. Now Féron's wife was dead before Leonardo arrived in



LA BELLE FERRONNIERE

France. But what does that matter! That legend was not imagined till a century and a half at least after the death of the persons interested. In 1645, Father Dan, in the *Trésor des merveilles de Fontainebleau*, gives this portrait as that of the Duchess of Mantua; and in 1709, Bailly, in the *Inventaire général des tableaux du Roi*, says that it is commonly called *La Belle Férronnière*. This picture at that time was at Versailles in the picture gallery. So that this invention does not go back farther than the second half of the Seventeenth Century. To-day, people regard it as Lucrezia Crivelli, one of the mistresses of Louis the Moor. Leonardo is supposed to have painted it in 1497, when the Duke of Milan, who had broken away from her in a momentary fit of devotion, returned to her after the death of Beatrice D'Este. It was then that Louis the Moor had a son by her, who was the founder of the Marquisate of Caravaggio. It is difficult for me to acquiesce in this opinion, because the date indicated does not appear to me to be admissible. In 1497, Leonardo, in the plenitude of his powers (he had just finished the Last Supper for the *Graces* monastery) was in full possession of that suppleness, that modelling and that inimitable *sfumato* which are at once the despair of painters, and of which no trace is to be found in this portrait. If it were necessary to find a date for it, I should go back much farther and look for it about the year 1482, towards the period of the arrival of Leonardo in Lombardy. In the life of the painter, and during his stay in Milan, this picture brings me closer to the point of departure than to the point of ar-

rival. Throughout the picture, we feel the Florentine influence, even that of Verrocchio. In this, Leonardo has not yet been subjected to the yoke of the school. The harshness of the contour and a certain crudity of colour belong almost to a *quattro-centista*, and are not the work of the sovereign master he afterwards developed into. Where are those researches and that great labour which Leonardo was soon going to push further and further in advance without ever succeeding in satisfying himself? Here there is nothing enigmatical. Everything is written out and even underlined with frankness and rigidity. At that date, Leonardo did not strive to dissimulate whatever was compressed in his design and what was vigorous in its relief. He saw his goal very clearly, and, when he had once attained that goal, he stopped, apparently wanting to apply the principle put into the sonnet that Lomazzo has preserved for us: "He who cannot do what he wants to do ought to wish for what he can do, for it is foolish to want what is impossible."

(*Chi non può quel che vuol, quel che può voglia;*
Chè quel che non si può, folle è volere.
Adunque saggio l'uomo è da tenere,
Che da quel che non può suo voler toglia.)

Leonardo did not lose himself at that time in the realms beyond the possible. When he painted a portrait, he saturated himself with his model. He saw it by day, and dreamed of it by night. He says: "I have often experimented when I found myself in bed in the obscurity of

night, how important it is to go over again in imagination the minutest contours of the models studied and drawn during the day. By this means, we greatly strengthen and preserve the meaning of the things collected in our memory." When this work of internal assimilation was once accomplished, Leonardo represented Nature in entire truthfulness, without attempting to transfigure it, but impressing his own thoughts and his own style upon it. This thought and this style vibrate with singular intensity in the portrait of *La Belle Férronnière* and leave an indestructible impression upon our minds.

As for the name *La Belle Férronnière*, it is probable that, notwithstanding the efforts of the erudite, it will always remain beneath this painting. It is vain to fight against legends, they become rooted in the memory of mankind and nothing can clear them away. And then, in default of certainty for another name, why not keep this one? The masses made it, and are contented with it. As for those who reason and search, while waiting for something better, they will see there certainly not the woman whose husband was named Féron, but a woman who wears on her brow a special jewel the name of which she preserves. It is true that it is she who has given its name to this jewel. By a permissible inversion, it will be this jewel which, in its turn, will have given its name to her.

STUDY
(*Fragonard*)

CH. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

"EXTRICATE yourself from the affair as well as you can, Nature said to me on pushing me into life!"

Such was Fragonard's reply on being interrogated regarding his start in life. These words ring with a tone that is at once alert, joyous and careless, which is Fragonard himself, the artist of the facile and brilliant talent, the painter of the pictures brushed in with such amazing agility that, astonished and enchanted with himself, he sometimes amused himself by writing on the back in familiar terms:

"Frago painted this in one hour."

Like all improvisers whose charm evaporates as soon as they insist, Fragonard is especially remarkable when he has not had time to lose the freshness of his enthusiasm. For connoisseurs, his drawings and sketches in black and white are his masterpieces. His brush flies, grazes the surface and raises on the canvas vapours that give birth to capricious figurines,—a whole world of grace, fantasy and pleasure.

Paul de Saint-Victor has said: "Fragonard's touch recalls those accents which in certain tongues give a melodious sound to dumb words. His scarcely indicated figures live, breathe, smile and enchant us. Their very indecision has



STUDY

the attraction of a tender mystery. They speak in low tones and glide along on tiptoe. They might be called the voluptuous manes of the Eighteenth Century."

His most celebrated pictures are in accordance with this idea of seductiveness and facility, whether it is the *Fountain of Love*, *Love's Vow*, the *Contract*, or the popular *Bolt*.

It is quite possible in the present case that Fragonard, as is usual with him, has produced nothing more than a work of fancy. Perhaps this young lady was only half real, partly inspired by some pretty model of his acquaintance,—perhaps even his own daughter. Perhaps, also, he may have seen a young woman in a corner of his studio engaged in turning over the leaves of an album of sketches, and wished by means of this accessory to show the cultivated mind of his model.

In that century, woman wielded a sovereign influence in art and literature. Collé writes in his journal: "Women have so much assumed the upper hand with the French that the men are completely subjugated so that they no longer think nor feel except after the women."

The young Duchess of Chaulnes, being saddened at not being able to understand anything about the learned works of her husband, and not being able to comprehend the conversations of the Academicians, colleagues of the Duke, set herself in six months to learn everything she could, and succeeded in collecting such a bundle of odds and ends that she was able to hold her own with all the Academicians, so that Madame du Deffand, impatient with this rage for sounding the depths of all things, said of the Duchess:

"She is always wanting to know who has laid an egg and who has hatched."

Some women like Madame Geoffrin, whose salon was open to men of letters and artists, finally succeeded in effacing their husbands. One day a stranger asked Madame Geoffrin what had become of that old gentleman who used to be present so regularly at her dinners, and who was never to be seen now.

Madame Geoffrin imperturbably replied: "That was my husband. He is dead now!"

On looking at the smile and the gaze of the pretty person painted by Fragonard on this canvas, we can have no doubts regarding the independence of this fresh child. She does not look in the slightest degree disposed to submit to the conjugal yoke. Perhaps even, being more anxious to please by her smiles than by her intellect, she is indifferent to the weighty matters of the mind.

Moreover, Fragonard's delightful technique makes no pretence to superior intentions; here we feel only the exclusive joy of creation. The light brush spreads the fluid paste as it runs. It is graceful butterfly work, a coquetry, and a flirtation with Nature.

LAVINIA FENTON AS POLLY PEACHUM
(*Hogarth*)

AUSTIN DOBSON

IN his autobiographical notes of Hogarth, published by John Ireland in 1798, there is a bitter and disparaging account of contemporary portrait-painting. Vanloo, Hogarth says, was all the rage; and in defect of Vanloo, the market was monopolized by native and foreign impostors who, with the aid of a "drapery-man" and an empiric system, puffed and flattered themselves into fashion. "By this inundation of folly and fuss, I must confess I was much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and by *opposing end it*. I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in colouring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances." To this it was not unreasonably replied that he had better prove his words by excelling them without delay; and he seems to have set about it with the conviction that what men had done, man might do, and that William Hogarth was to the full as good as Anthony Van Dyck. But although one of his first life-size portraits, that of Captain Coram, fairly held its own against the Shackletons, and Hudsons and Cotes and Highmores, his pretensions, urged, no doubt, with an uncompromising candour which damaged his cause, found little favour with his colleagues of the St. Martin's Lane Academy. He was

thus tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of his art, because, to use his own energetic language, it "brought the whole nest of phizmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets." Portraits—it was decided *nem. con.*—"were not his province."

It is probable that the scattered biographical memoranda from which the above quotations are derived were more or less manipulated by their editor. But they were drawn up late in Hogarth's life, and no doubt reflect with tolerable accuracy his view of portrait-painting in so far as he himself had practised it. We must, therefore, infer that his success, even in his own eyes, was but qualified. "Time only," he says, "can decide whether I was the best or the worst face-painter of the day; for a medium was never so much as suggested." Hence examples of his work in this way are not very numerous. Those, indeed, which are to be found in public collections scarcely amount to a dozen. At the Foundling Hospital is the fine full-length of Captain Coram, its brave old founder, whose honest, sea-beaten face, hard lined as a ship's figure-head, is softened by the painter into a kindly dignity. The Royal collection, again, boasts the admirable portrait of Garrick and his wife, which represents the actor writing the prologue to *Taste*, while the lady, like Cibber's daughter in Vanloo's picture, stands archly behind his chair to draw his pen from his hand. In the National Gallery is the artist's own likeness, which vies with Captain Coram for the honour of being his masterpiece, and has made his Montero cap, his bright-eyed, open countenance, and his pug-dog Trump familiar as household



LAVINIA FENTON AS POLLY PEACHUM

words. This was executed in 1745, and engraved by himself in 1749. In the little green-coated full-length in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, where he is painting the Comic Muse, he looks older and more worn. At this date he had published the ill-fated *Analysis*, though the worst misfortune of his latter days, the painting of *Sigismonda*, was still to come. This portrait he also engraved in 1758, making, however, considerable variations. With exception of a head of his sister Mary, some conversation-pieces, and three portraits, these are the chief examples of Hogarth's work as a "face-painter" which are to be found in collections accessible to the public.

We are, however, enabled to present our readers with the charming portrait of Miss Fenton purchased by the nation from the Leigh Court collection. As she wears the costume of "Polly Peachum" in the *Beggar's Opera*, the part in which she first became famous, it cannot be placed earlier than 1728; and, though it may, of course, have been produced much later, probably dates with the several replicas of scenes from Gay's *Newgate Pastoral*, which Hogarth executed for Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden, and others. One of these gives a good idea of the costumes and original cast at Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the centre, with folded arms, stands the Coryphæus of the highway (Walker), who apparently has just finished his solo:—

> "Then farewell, my love—dear charmers, adieu,
> Contented I die—'tis the better for you.
> Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,
> For this way at once I please all my wives."

To the left Lucy (Mrs. Egleton) pleads for him to Lockit; to the right Polly (Miss Fenton) is on her knees to Peachum. Among the favoured lookers-on are the Duke of Bolton, with his ribbon and star, Gay, Rich, Anthony Henley, and a number of less well-known notabilities.

In the National Gallery portrait of Miss Fenton (her real name was Beswick), she wears much the same costume as she does in Mr. Murray's picture, which, by the way, was afterwards engraved by one William Blake. Her dress is green, with shoulder-bands and facings of brownish red. She has dark sparkling eyes and red lips; but a certain want of regularity in her features suggests that her charm must have been chiefly in her voice and expression. This is confirmed by Joseph Warton, who knew her. He says she never could have been called a beauty, but that she was "agreeable and well made," and much admired for her conversational powers. When she made her great hit in Gay's ballad-opera (it was her rendering of —

> "For on the rope that hangs my dear
> Depends poor Polly's life,"

which settled the at first doubtful fate of the play), she was but eighteen. She had hitherto taken no higher part than that of Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem*, and was glad to come to Rich for fifteen shillings a week, a sum afterwards magnificently doubled on account of her success. Her vogue was, in truth, enormous. Her portrait was in all the print-shops; her life was written; her jests were collected; and she was so besieged by admirers that her friends

had to guard her home. Finally, she ran away with the Duke of Bolton, who afterwards married her. She died in 1760. Hogarth's picture of her was exhibited in the British Gallery in 1814, being then in the possession of Mr. George Watson. In 1875, Sir Philip Miles, its last owner, exhibited it at Burlington House. It was engraved by C. Apostool in 1797, and again in 1807 by T. Cook.

PORTRAITS OF SASKIA
(*Rembrandt*)

MALCOLM BELL

AMONG the pictures of the year 1630, and, according to M. Michel, even of 1628 and onwards we find a series of portraits of a fair-haired girl with a round full forehead, and rather small eyes and mouth, which Dr. Bode believes to be portraits of the painter's sister Lysbeth, while M. Michel considers that some of the later ones are really portraits of Saskia, urging the objection that many of them were undoubtedly painted after his removal to Amsterdam, whither there is not the slightest reason to suppose that Lysbeth accompanied him, what evidence there is pointing directly to the contrary. On the other hand, M. Michel admits that the type which is known to be Saskia blends almost indistinguishably with that supposed to be Lysbeth, and offers the distinctly dubious explanation that Rembrandt was, so to speak, so imbued with the features of his sister that he unconsciously transferred them to a large extent to the girl he loved. If, however, as we may quite reasonably suppose, Rembrandt had met and admired Saskia during his first stay in Amsterdam, and continued to do so during his after visits, the occurrence of her features in his work would be what we ought to expect.

It was inevitable that so great and, at one time, so popular an artist should sooner or later, gravitate to the capital



SASKIA HOLDING A PINK

of his country; for, since the decay of Antwerp, Amsterdam was without a rival in the world for prosperity—the head-centre of commerce, the hub of the trade-universe.

Some time then in 1631 the die was cast, and the removal accomplished. There is reason to believe that he first went to stay or lodge with Hendrick van Uylenborch, a dealer in pictures and other objects of art. Among his first proceedings on his arrival, was one sufficiently characteristic of him and destined to be repeated only too often in the future. He lent Hendrick money, one thousand florins, to be repayable in a year with three months' notice. Soon after, if not before, this indiscreet financial operation, as it proved later, he found the suitable residence he had meanwhile been seeking, on the Bloemgracht, a canal on the west side of the town, running north-east and south-west between the Prinsen Gracht and the Lynbaan Gracht, in a district at that time on the extreme outskirts of the town known as the Garden, from the floral names bestowed upon its streets and canals.

Here he settled to his work, and here in a short time fortune came to him. The enthusiasm aroused by *The Anatomy Lesson*, when it was finished and hung in its predestined place in the little dissecting-room or Snijkamer of the Guild of Surgeons in the Nes, near the Dam, was immediate and immense. The artist leapt at once into the front rank, and became the fashionable portrait painter of the day. From three portraits, other than those of his own circle, painted in 1631, and ten in 1632, the number rose to forty between that year and 1634; or, taking all the surviving

portraits between 1627 and 1631, we have forty-one, while from the five following years, from 1632 to 1636, there are one hundred and two. Commissions, indeed, flowed in faster than he could execute them, so Houbraken assures us, and not the infrequent occurrence of a pair of portraits, husband and wife, one painted a year or more after the other, tends to confirm this; so that those who wished to be immortalized by him had often to wait their turn for months together, while all the wealth and fashion of the city flocked to the far-off studio in the outskirts, the more fortunate to give their sittings, the later comers to put down their names in anticipation of the future leisure. From the beginning, too, pupils came clamouring to his doors, Govert Flinck and Ferdinand Bol, Philips Koninck, Geerbrandt van den Eeckhout, Jan Victors, Leendeert Cornelisz, and others eager to pay down their hundred florins a year, as Sandrart says they did, and work with and for the lion of the day.

Not Fortune alone, however, with her retinue of patrons, and Fame, with her train of pupils, sought him out: Love, too, came knocking at his portal, and won a prompt admission. To the many admirable works produced at this time, three call for notice. One is an oval picture, belonging to Herr Haro of Stockholm, representing the half-length figure of a girl in profile, facing to the left, fair-haired, and pleasant-looking rather than pretty; the second, in the Museum of Stockholm, shows us the same girl in much the same position but differently dressed; while the third, in the collection of Prince Liechtenstein at Vienna, is a less

pleasing representation of her in full face, wherein the tendency to stoutness and the already developing double chin detract from the piquancy of her expression and make her look more than her actual age, which we know to have been twenty at the time that these were painted.

We have heard her name casually already, in connection with Rembrandt's marriage,—for this is Saskia van Uylenborch, a cousin of his friend Hendrick, which fact may haply have had something to do with that ready loan of a thousand florins. Saskia was born in 1612, at Leeuwarden, the chief town of Friesland in the north, across the Zuider Zee, and at the time when Rembrandt met her was an orphan, her mother, Sjukie Osinga, having died in 1619, and her father, Rombertus, a distinguished lawyer in his native place, in 1624. The family left behind was a large one, consisting besides Saskia, of three brothers, two being lawyers and one a soldier, and five sisters, all married, who, as soon as the worthy Rombertus was laid to rest, seem to have begun wrangling among themselves concerning the estate; the quarrel, chiefly, as it appears, being sustained by the several brothers-in-law, and leading shortly to an appeal to law.

Among the less close relations was a cousin Aaltje, who was married to Jan Cornelis Sylvius, a minister of the Reformed Church, who, coming from Friesland, had settled in Amsterdam in 1610, and with them Saskia was in the habit of coming to stay. Where and when Rembrandt first met her we do not know. Probably at the house of Hendrick; it may have been in 1628, or earlier, for, if the acquaintance

began in 1631, it ripened rapidly. Without accepting unhesitatingly all M. Michel's identifications of her, not only in portraits, but in subjects, such as that one which is known as *The Jewish Bride*, now in the collection of Prince Liechtenstein, there is no question that she sat to him several times during the two years 1632 and 1633. The attraction was mutual; Rembrandt soon became a welcome visitor to the Sylvius household, and, in token, doubtless of the kindness and hospitality which he there met with, he etched, in 1634, a portrait of the good old minister.

The course of true love in this case ran smoothly enough; the young people soon came to an understanding; no difficulties were raised by Sylvius, who acted as Saskia's guardian; and the marriage was only deferred till Saskia came of age. The union, indeed, from a worldly point of view, was unexceptionable. Saskia, it is true, was of a good family, while Rembrandt sprang from the lower middle class, but he had already carved out for himself a rank above all pedigrees. Saskia was twenty, and he, with all his fame, was only twenty-six. The wedding then was decided on, and Rembrandt, painting Saskia again, put into her hands a sprig of rosemary, at that time in Holland an emblem of betrothal. It was possibly even fixed for some date late in 1633, when Saskia would have passed her twenty-first birthday.

There was nothing, when Saskia was once of age, to necessitate longer delay in the completion of his happiness, but in the autumn she was peremptorily called away to Franeker, a town in Friesland, between Leeuwarden and

the sea, where her sister Antje, the wife of Johannes Maccovius, professor of Theology, was lying ill, and where, on November the ninth, she died. This untoward occurrence put an end to the possibility of an immediate marriage, and Saskia went to spend the winter with another sister, Hiskia, who was married to Gerrit van Loo, a secretary of the government, and lived at Sainte Anne Parrochie, in the extreme north-west of Friesland; while Rembrandt, discontentedly enough, no doubt, toiled through the long winter months in his studio at Amsterdam.

In the spring of 1634, however, the sunshine returned again into his life, and he commemorated the advent appropriately enough, by painting the bringer of it in the guise of Flora. The period of mourning was now at an end, and some time in May, probably, Saskia once more returned to Hiskia's to make preparation for the approaching day; while Sylvius, as her representative, and Rembrandt began to arrange the more formal business matters.

On June 10th, as recorded by Dr. Scheltema, Sylvius, as the bride's cousin, engaged to give full consent before the third asking of the banns; while Rembrandt, on his part, promised to obtain his mother's permission. Whether he merely wrote to Leyden for this, or whether, as is more probable, he went in person, we do not know; but in either case he wasted no time, for on the fourteenth he produced the necessary documents, and prayed at the same time that the formal preliminaries might be cut as short as possible. His appeal was evidently received with favour, for eight

days later, on June 22nd, at Bildt, in the presence of Gerrit and Hiskia van Loo, he was duly married, first by the civil authorities, and afterwards by the minister Rudolphe Hermansz Luinga in the Annakerk.

As far as domestic happiness depending upon their relations with one another went, there is every reason to suppose that this union was a thoroughly successful one; but we cannot help, nevertheless, feeling some doubts as to whether it was altogether the best that might have been for Rembrandt. Frank and joyous, but strong-willed, not to say obstinate, recklessly generous and prodigal, and without a thought for what the future might bring forth, he needed some firm yet tender hand to check, without seeming too much to control his lavish impulses. Impossible to drive, yet easy enough to lead, a giant in his studio, a child in his business relations with the world outside its doors, he should have found some steady practical head to regulate his household affairs and introduce some order and economy into his haphazard ways. Such, unfortunately for him in the end, Saskia was not. Devoted to him, she yielded in everything, and his will was her law. As her love for him led her to let him do always as he would, so his passion for her led him to shower costly gifts upon her —pearls and diamonds, gold-work and silver-work, brocades and embroideries; nothing that could serve to adorn her was too good or too expensive. She would have been happy in plain homespun, as long as he was there; but to give largely was the nature of the man, and the very fortune that she brought with her was an evil, even at the

time, in that it led him to further extravagances while in the future it proved a still more serious one.

One birth and three deaths mark the year 1640. The first, of another daughter, on July 29th, who was also christened Cornelia, the elder child bearing that name having died in the meantime. The name, however, seems to have been an ill-omened one, for its second bearer did not survive a month, its burial being recorded in the Zuiderkerk on August 25th. Of the other deaths the first was that of an aunt of Saskia, who was probably also her godmother, as she bore the same name, and certainly left her some property, since Ferdinand Bol was sent on August 30th to Leeuwarden with formal authority to take possession on her behalf. The other death must have been to Rembrandt at any rate a far heavier blow, for by it he lost in September or October, his mother, to whom he was cordially attached, and from whom his residence in Amsterdam had only partially separated him, since we know by various portraits, painted subsequent to 1631, that either he visited her or she him with considerable frequency.

At this very time he was cheerfully accepting security for considerable sums of money lent, in addition to the original one thousand florins to Hendrick van Uylenborch; and in later years, when his affairs came to be inquired into, Lodewyck van Ludick and Adriaen de Wees, dealers both, swore that between 1640 and 1650 Rembrandt's collections, without counting the pictures, were worth 11,000 florins, while a jeweller Jan van Loo, stated that Saskia had two large pear-shaped pearls, two rows of valuable pearls

forming a necklace and bracelets, a large diamond in a ring, two diamond earrings, two enameled bracelets, and various articles of plate. Finally, Rembrandt also, at a later date, estimated that his estate at the time of Saskia's death amounted to 40,750 florins; and though the estimate was made under circumstances calculated to incline him to exaggerate rather than diminish the amount, it must be considered as approximately correct.

Poor Saskia was not destined to enjoy much longer her plate and jewellery. Death having entered the family, was thenceforth busy. Titia died at Flushing on June 16th, 1641; and Saskia herself, after the birth of Titus in September of that year, possibly never enjoyed really good health again. By the following spring she was unmistakably failing, and at nine in the morning of June 5th, 1642, she made her will. She was not even then without hope of recovery for there are express stipulations as to any further children she might bear, but the pitiful irregularity of her signature at the end of the document shows how forlorn this hope was; and, in fact, she died within the following fortnight and was buried on the 19th of June in the Oudekerk, where Rembrandt subsequently purchased the place of her sepulture.

Upon what this loss must have meant to Rembrandt, with his affectionate nature and almost morbid devotion to home-life I need not dwell, nor did Fate rest content with dealing him this single blow. The great picture, which forms the chief ornament of the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, *The Sortie of the Company of Banning Cocq*, better

known under the inaccurate title of *The Night-Watch*, was no sooner completed, in the course of the same year, than it aroused a storm of vituperative criticism.

Once satisfactorily established in Amsterdam, Rembrandt increased his annual production marvellously. The number of pictures known, or believed to belong to each of the four preceding years, are, in succession, four, nine, twelve, and twenty, the numbers for the four succeeding years are respectively forty-two, thirty, twenty-six and twenty-seven; or, taking the average of each period, we find that the first would give a little more than eleven pictures per annum, the second, very nearly thirty, 1632, in especial, when he was new to Amsterdam, was a year of extraordinary energy.

So engaged was he on portraiture, that he only found time for three small figure subjects, if, indeed, they were painted that year, for none is dated.

Portraits again took up much of his time in 1633, among them the two companions to the portraits of the year before and another pair, *Willem Burchgraeff*, at Dresden, and *Margaretha van Bilderbeecq* his wife, in Frankfort. The painter's masterpiece, however, in matrimonial groups is the *Shipbuilder and his Wife* at Buckingham Palace.

There are thirteen other signed portraits of that year, including one of Jan Herman Krul, at Cassel, two of *Saskia*—one at Dresden; one called, however, Lysbeth van Rijn, which belonged to the late Baroness Hirsch-Garenth—and two of himself, one, the oval portrait in the Louvre, and the other in the collection of M. Warneck at Paris.

There are eighteen works dated 1634, and no less than seven of them are, or are called *Portraits of Himself*. One at the Louvre and two at Berlin are unmistakably so, and one now in America, a companion to a *Portrait of Saskia*, would seem to be; but the portrait of Rembrandt as an *Officer*, at the Hague, which, however, bears no date, and one in a helmet at Cassel, bear only the most general resemblance to him. He furthermore painted a portrait of *Saskia disguised as Flora*, called *The Jewish Bride*, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, a very similar picture in the collection of M. Schloss, Paris, and a third at Cassel.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
(*Holbein*)

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG

THE Holbein we reproduce is thus described: A beardless young man stands against a table covered with a green cloth and looks out at the spectator. A round black hat rests upon his short hair; over his coat of reddish violet silk lies a black furred mantle; a bit of his shirt shows in front. The left hand grasps a glove, the right rests on the table and holds a half-open book. Rings adorn both hands. To the right stands a desk. Upon the grey background appears this inscription: "ANNO. DNI. 1541. ETATIS. SUÆ, 28." In design this is one of the most successful of all Holbein's portraits. Nothing could well be simpler, nothing could be more complete and coherent. The turn of the body, the outlook of the face, the action of the hands, the placing of every line, of every tint, of every step from light to shadow, lead to that absolute unity which is the aim of art. The flesh tones are unusually brown, a detail which has induced some critics to refer the picture to Holbein's early maturity—which was marked by a tendency to brown carnations—in spite of the date upon the panel. Few painters, however, if any, have given so much attention to their sitters' complexions as Holbein. A notable instance is to be seen in our *Ambassadors* in the National Gallery. There he has clearly

taken the utmost pains to render the peculiar sallowness of the less important of his two employers. The variation in his complexions is much more likely due to a change in the class and nationality of his patrons than to modifications of his own practise. When he first arrived in London, he found employment chiefly among his fellow-countrymen, the embrowned South German members of the Steelyard. Afterwards he became painter to the Court, and had to devote his skill to the imitation of the well-protected cuticles of high-born English ladies and their lords. The Vienna portrait represents the latest stage of his evolution. There is a play and freedom about it not to be found in the thorough but more stiffly conceived works of twelve years before. Nothing is known to the young man's identity; no tradition, even, has survived to our day.

Holbein's three sojourns in this country lasted from 1526 to 1528, from 1532 to 1538, and from 1539 to his death in 1543. It has lately been contended, not for the first time, that in 1533, he was away from England in Germany. It may be as well, perhaps, to note the evidence which refutes that idea, especially as it has some bearing on the question which still excites so much interest, that of the identity of our *Ambassadors*. In 1532, the Burgomaster of Basle, Jacob Meier, had addressed the following letter to "Master Hans Holbein, the Painter, now in England":—

"We, Jacob Meier, Burgomaster, and the Council of the city of Basle, send greeting to our dear citizen, Hans Holbein, and let you herewith know that it would please us



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

if you would come home as soon as you can. In that case, in order that you may the more easily stay at home and support your wife and children, we will provide you with thirty pieces of money *per annum* until we are able to do better for you. We have wished to tell you this, in order that you may do what we desire. Sept. 2, Anno 32."

There seems to be abundant evidence that Holbein did not obey this summons. The portraits of German merchants, members of the Stahlhof, or Steelyard, cover the years 1532–1536. They possess certain features in common. They are mostly half-lengths. Accessories and implements are introduced and painted with great care. As a rule, the name of the sitter is given in German, on the backs of letters, with his address in the London steelyard. The sitter's age, the date of the painting, a motto, and a verse or two in Latin, are often added, and in no case does the painter sign his own name. These portraits, then, may fairly be called a series, and some of the finest among them belong to the year in dispute. Is it not reasonable to suppose that they were all painted in London, one commission leading to another?

LA BELLA SIMONETTA

(*Sandro Botticelli*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

BOTH as the favourite pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi, that spoiled child of the Medici, whose talents had been held in such high esteem by Cosimo and his sons, and as the skilled assistant of Antonio Pollaiuolo, who was so constantly employed by three generations of the house of Medici, Sandro needed no introduction to Lorenzo's notice. Already, towards the close of 1473, the master had received an order to paint a St. Sebastian for this august patron. In the following year, after he had returned from his unsuccessful visit to Pisa, he received a new commission from the Magnifico's brother, Giuliano dei Medici.

The second son of Piero was four years younger than Lorenzo, and was endowed with those personal attractions which his elder brother lacked. Tall and handsome, active and muscular, he excelled in all knightly exercises, in riding and wrestling, throwing the spear and tilting. While Lorenzo was decidedly plain with weak eyes, a broad nose, large mouth and sallow complexion, Giuliano's fine black eyes, curling dark hair, olive skin and animated expression gave him a distinctly attractive and picturesque appearance. Although inferior to Lorenzo in ability and intellect, he inherited the refined taste of his family, was fond of music and painting, and wrote poetry which Poliziano describes



LA BELLA SIMONETTA

as full of thought and feeling. From his boyhood Giuliano had been the darling of the people, and his reckless courage in the chase or tournament, his gay manners and courteous bearing made him a favourite with all classes. Poliziano and Machiavelli both tell us that he was the idol of the Florentines, and Paolo Giovio speaks of him as the prince and leader of the gilded youth of his day. But he was always loyal and affectionate to Lorenzo, and no shadow of jealousy or suspicion ever seems to have clouded the excellent understanding that existed between the brothers. While the elder of the two devoted his time and attention to the management of public affairs, the younger hunted and jousted and wrote verses in praise of fair ladies, and took a leading part in those pageants and amusements which delighted the eyes of Florence.

As Lorenzo's Tournament had been given in fulfilment of a promise which he made to the beautiful Lucrezia Donati, when she gave him a wreath of violets at Braccio Martelli's wedding-feast, so now Giuliano held a Giostra in honour of another fair lady, "la bella Simonetta," the young wife of his friend Marco Vespucci. This daughter of a noble Genoese family, who at sixteen became the bride of Piero Vespucci's son, one of the most faithful followers of the Medici, had inspired the handsome Giuliano with a romantic devotion, similar to that of Dante for Beatrice or of Petrarch for Laura. He composed verses in praise of her beauty and goodness, invoked her name when he rode in the lists, and made her the object of the Platonic passion which Poliziano celebrates in his famous poem. Giuliano's

Tournament was held on the 28th of January, 1475, on the same Piazza di Santa Croce where Lorenzo's Giostra had taken place six years before. Then Piero had been alive but now his two sons were the representatives of this illustrious house, and the stately pageant which gratified the hearts of the Florentines, afforded a fitting opportunity for celebrating the glories of the Medici brothers and their accession to supreme power.

Nothing which could add beauty or splendour to the show was neglected. Signor Poggi has recently published a document, which he discovered in the Magliabecchiana Library, giving several interesting details of the combatants who took part in the Giostra, and of the armour which they wore and the banners and devices that were borne before them. Seven youths of the noblest families of Florence, clad in richest apparel, resplendent with silks and jewels, with pearls and rubies, entered the lists that day; Pagolo Antonio Soderini, Piero Guicciardini, the cousin of the historian, who left his books, sorely against his inclination, and joined in the tournay, at Lorenzo and Giuliano's urgent entreaty, Benedetto dei Nerli, Luigi della Stufa, Piero degli Alberti, and Giovanni Morelli. Each rider was accompanied by twenty-two youths in jewelled armour, and followed by a troop of men-at-arms, while a page in sumptuous attire bore a standard with his chosen device before him. As in Lorenzo's tournament, each cavalier had the image of his lady-love represented on his banner, so on this occasion Giuliano and his rivals each had the effigy of his mistress borne before him. The best artists in the city were

employed, and there was quite a stir in the workshops along the banks of the Arno. Giuliano's armour and helmet were exquisitely wrought by Michele Bandinelli of Gaiuole, a talented goldsmith who served the Medici during many years, and whose wife, Smeralda, had her portrait painted by one of Botticelli's assistants about this time. A still more illustrious artist, Andrea del Verrocchio, painted the banner of another of the competitors, Giovanni Morelli. The figure which he was desired to represent was that of a maiden robed in white on a crimson ground, with a "spiritello" or winged sprite—the boy Cupid—armed with his bow, and holding a pot of flowers in his hand, standing on the rock above. Other ladies in the forms of nymphs and goddesses, clad in bright and varied hues, and bearing the mottoes of the respective knights, were represented on the different banners. Only Piero Guicciardini, who preferred humanist studies to the society of fair ladies, chose Apollo slaying the Python for his device. But Giuliano's mistress was represented in a singularly beautiful and elaborate style.

"The banner of Giuliano," we read, "was of blue *taffeta* (canvas), with the rising sun in the heavens, and in the centre a large figure of Pallas, wearing a vest of fine gold, a white robe and blue buskins, with her feet resting on the flames of burning olive branches. On her head she wore a helmet, under which her rippling locks flowed loose on the breeze. In her right hand she held a jousting lance, and in her left the shield of Medusa. Her eyes were fixed on the sun, and in the meadow of flowers where she stood,

was the god of love, bound by golden cords to the trunk of an olive tree. On the boughs of the tree was written this motto: "*La sans pareille.*"

This description of Giuliano's banner agrees closely with the imagery of Poliziano's famous verses in honour of the Giostra. The poet speaks of the dream which comes to Giuliano in his sleep, and tells us how the hero sees a vision of his lady, Simonetta, wearing the armour of Minerva and the shield of Medusa, while behind her he sees Cupid bound to the green column of Minerva's happy plant.

> "*Pargli veder feroce la sua donna . . .*
> *Legar Cupido alla verde colonna*
> *Della felice pianta di Minerva.*"

And, in his verse, Cupid bids Giuliano look up at the rising sun on his lady's banner, the emblem of the glory which he is to win in the fight:

> "*Alza gli occhi, alza Julio a quello fiamma*
> *Che come un sol col suo splendor t' adombra.*"

But for us, it is of still greater interest to find how exactly the description of the banner corresponds with Vasari's statement, that "Botticelli painted a life-sized figure of Pallas standing on a device of burning branches, in the Medici Palace." From this we may safely conclude that Giuliano's banner bearing the figure of his mistress in the form of Pallas was painted by Sandro Botticelli in the last months of 1474. That it was preserved among Lorenzo's most precious treasures we further learn from the

following entry in an Inventory of the works of art in the Medici Palace, that was taken after the Magnifico's death in 1492, and copied in a similar list bearing the date of 1512: "In the room of Piero a cloth (*panno*) set in a gold frame, about four *braccia* high by two wide, bearing a figure of Pa—— [*Pallas*] with a burning shield and an arrow, by the hand of Sandro da Botticelli."

This Pallas is not to be confounded with the picture of *Pallas Subduing the Centaur* by Sandro's hand that was painted some years later, after Lorenzo's return from Naples, to celebrate the triumph of the Medici over their enemies, and was discovered in 1895 by Mr. Spence in the Pitti Palace. For, as M. Müntz proceeds to show, this work of Botticelli's is mentioned in two other Inventories of the contents of the Medici Palace, which were taken at a later period, and in both cases is described as *Minerva and a Centaur*. The word *panno*, in the entry of 1512, clearly refers to the banner carried in front of Giuliano in the Giostra, and this conclusion is further borne out by the following entry which comes just below in the same Inventory: "A gilded jousting-helmet with a figure of Cupid bound to a tree of laurel or olive."

The helmet in question was, no doubt, that which was worn by Giuliano himself in the Tournament, which is said to have been a marvel of the goldsmith's art. Unfortunately the banner has shared the fate which has befallen the great majority of the works that were painted by Sandro for the Medici and preserved for several generations in the palace of the Via Larga.

The Giostra was celebrated with triumphant success. Giuliano made a splendid figure as he rode into the lists that day in his flashing armour, mounted on the warhorse "Orso," which had been presented to him by Constanzo Sforza, the lord of Pesaro. There, before the eyes of his adored mistress, the gallant youth vanquished all his rivals, and bore off the prize, amidst the acclamations of the assembled multitudes. Botticelli's share in the day's festivity naturally brought him into close relations with the Medici brothers, and prepared the way for the future commissions which he received from Lorenzo and the members of his immediate circle. Vasari mentions two "most beautiful profile heads of women," which must have been executed in those early days, and which he had seen among the treasures of the Medici Palace, in the reign of Duke Cosimo. There was the likeness of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, the admirable mother to whom Lorenzo was so deeply attached, and whose death in 1482 he lamented so truly. The other, Vasari tells us, was said to be the portrait of the "*innamorata di Giuliano di Medici*," that *bella Simonetta*, who, as we have already seen, was the lady of his heart and the Queen of his Tournament. The Vespucci, we know, were among Botticelli's earliest and most constant patrons. Their *palazzo* was in the same parish as Sandro's home, and they had a country house at Peretola, where the Filipepi also owned property. Vasari tells us that the artist helped in the decoration of their palace, and painted a series of subjects full of beautiful and animated figures set in richly carved frames of walnut wood.

And a few years after Simonetta's death he was employed by her kinsman, the ecclesiastic Giorgio Antonio Vespucci, to paint a fresco in the parish church of Ognissanti, where the family had their burial-place. So that nothing is more likely than that Sandro should have painted the portrait of Marco's fair wife, whose features he had already reproduced in the *Pallas* of the standard which Giuliano had proudly borne to the fray on the great day of his Giostra. Two portraits which bore the names of these ladies and were not without a certain relationship in style and execution, were formerly ascribed to the master and supposed to be the works described by Vasari. One is the profile bust of a pleasant-looking, fair-haired lady clad in the simple everyday dress of a Florentine citizen's wife, with an honest, sensible face, such as we should expect to belong to Lorenzo's wise and large-hearted mother. But although the picture which Rumohr bought in Florence for the Berlin Gallery, may possibly represent Lucrezia Tornabuoni, its execution is too inferior to be from the hand of Botticelli, and it can only be a school work. The profile of Simonetta in the Pitti has more affinity with Sandro's work, and the features agree with Ghirlandajo's portrait of Marco Vespucci's work in his Ognissanti fresco; but the lack of grace in the figure and the exaggerated proportions of the long, narrow neck, make it impossible to believe that he was its author. Yet there is character as well as refinement in the clear-cut features, and undoubted charm in the slender girlish form, with its quiet, simple dress of Puritan simplicity, the plain white cap and white slashed sleeve of the dark, square-cut

bodice, which in shape and hue so closely resembles the Berlin picture. Mr. Berenson has ascribed this much discussed portrait to the unknown assistant and imitator whom he styles Amico di Sandro, and who may have executed this picture in his master's *bottega*. A halo of romance surrounds this Florentine beauty whose charms made so profound an impression on Lorenzo and his companions, and whose early death was so deeply lamented by the members of that brilliant circle. Poliziano describes her as "a simple and innocent maiden, who never gave cause for jealousy or scandal," and says that "among other excellent gifts she had so sweet and attractive a manner that all those who had any familiar acquaintance with her, or to whom she paid any attention, thought themselves the object of her affections. Yet no woman ever envied her, but all gave her great praise, and it seemed an extraordinary thing that so many men should love her without exciting any jealousy, and that so many ladies should praise her without feeling any envy."

Lorenzo himself was sincerely attached to Marco Vespucci's charming young wife, and speaks and writes of her with brotherly affection and sympathy. His intimate friendship with the Vespucci brothers brought him into frequent relations with her, and he was deeply concerned when, in the spring of 1476, only a year after Giuliano's Tournament, she was attacked by the fatal disease which put an end to her life. He sent his own doctor, Maestro Stefano, to attend to her, and when he went to Pisa in April, charged her father-in-law, Piero, to let him have the latest



LA BELLA SIMONETTA AS PALLAS

reports of her health. On the 16th Piero wrote: "La Simonetta is much the same as when you left. There is but little improvement in her condition. She is attended by Maestro Stefano and every one about her in the most assiduous manner, and this, you may be sure, will always be the case." On the 18th Piero was able to send better news. "A day or two ago," he writes to Lorenzo, "I told you of Simonetta's illness. Now by the grace of God and the skill of your physician, Maestro Stefano, she is a little better. She has less fever and oppression in her chest; eats and sleeps better. From what the doctors say, we quite hope that her illness will not last long. Little can be done for her in the way of medicine, but great care is necessary. Since Maestro Stefano's good advice has been the cause of her improvement, we all of us thank you exceedingly, and so does her mother, who is now at Piombino, and feels most grateful for the light which he has thrown upon her illness." Piero goes on to beg Lorenzo to recall the doctor, and tell him what fees he ought to receive, adding that he is unwilling to detain the physician longer, and fears that he may be unable to satisfy his claims. But the improvement in the patient's condition proved only temporary, and four days later Piero wrote again to inform the Magnifico that his daughter-in-law was growing rapidly worse. The two doctors, Maestro Stefano and her habitual physician Maestro Moyse—evidently as most doctors were in those days, of Jewish race—held a consultation and did not agree as to the cause of the illness. "Maestro Stefano maintains that it is neither consumption

nor phthisis, and Maestro Moyse holds the contrary opinion; I know not which of the two is right. They have, however, agreed to give their patient a certain medicine which they both hold to be an efficacious remedy. I know not," adds Piero sorrowfully, "what the result may prove. God grant that it may have the desired effect!" And he begs Lorenzo to allow Maestro Stefano to remain another week, by which time it will be easier to see the course of events. Before the week was over, poor Simonetta had breathed her last, and Lorenzo's trusted servant, Bettini, wrote to his master of the sad event: "The blessed soul of Simonetta has, I have just heard, passed into Paradise. Her end, it may be truly said, was another Triumph of Death, and, indeed, if you had seen her lying dead, she would have seemed to you no less beautiful and attractive than she was in life. *Requiescat in pace.*"

On the following day the funeral took place, and Simonetta was borne to her grave with her fair face uncovered "that all might see her beauty, which was still greater in death than it had been in life." In Petrarch's words:

"*Morte bella parea nel suo bel volto.*"

Bettini describes the tears and lamentations of the crowds who followed the funeral train from the house of the Vespucci to Sandro's own parish church of Ognissanti, where Marco's dead wife was laid in the burial vault of his family. Lorenzo has told us how the news reached him at Pisa on that sweet April evening, and how as he walked in the garden,

thinking sadly of the beloved dead, a bright star rose suddenly above the horizon, and he knew that it was the blessed Simonetta's spirit which had been transformed into this new constellation. "All the learned Florentines," he goes on to say, "were grieved for her, and lamented the bitterness of her death, in prose and verse, seeking to praise her each according to his faculty." Lorenzo himself wrote sonnets in her memory, Poliziano composed his famous Latin epigram:

"*Dum pulchra effertur nigro Simonetta feretro,*"

and inspired by Giuliano, who had been present at his adored lady's deathbed, turned with full confidence to God. Pagan conceits and Christian hopes are blended, in the same strange manner, in the beautiful elegy which Bernardo Pulci composed on this occasion, and dedicated to the sorrowing Giuliano. He calls on the nymphs and goddesses, who endowed Simonetta with rich beauty, to have pity on sad Genoa and the mourning banks of the Arno, and tells how the blessed spirit—"*felice alma beata*"—has fled from the trouble of this life to the eternal realm where Laura and Beatrice wait to welcome her. In a sonnet, which has a prophetic strain, he paints the happy soul bending from heaven to bid her lover weep no more, lest his tears should mar her bliss, and tells him that all her thoughts are still of him, on that blessed shore where she awaits his coming.

If Simonetta's name lives in the immortal verse of these Florentine poets, tradition has associated it no less inti-

mately with the art of Botticelli. A whole group of portraits, in which this gentle maiden is represented with the golden curls, bright eyes and "*dolce riso*," of which the poets sing, are to be found in public and private collections, all alike ascribed to Sandro. Chief among these is the beautiful portrait at Chantilly, inscribed with the words—"Simonetta Jannensis Vespuccia," in which the best modern critics now recognize the hand of Piero di Cosimo, the no less attractive bust in Sir Frederick Cook's collection at Richmond, and a somewhat similar profile at Berlin, which originally came from the Medici Palace. All of these have the same fair, rippling hair, the same animated expression, the same rich costume, and ornaments of pearl and gold, in marked contrast to the Puritan simplicity of the Pitti portrait. Whether they came from Botticelli's workshop or are copies of some lost original, they all have certain distinctive features which reappear in Sandro's conceptions. This has led some writers, notably Mr. Ruskin, to see in the peculiar types which recur in his paintings—the long throat, tall slender form and angular features, reminiscences of Giuliano's lost love, the fair mistress whose fame lives in Poliziano's verse and Lorenzo's Sonnets. It is Simonetta, Mr. Ruskin tells us, in a note to his *Ariadne Florentina*, who was the model of all Sandro's fairest women. He paints her as Venus rising new-born from the waves and holding court in the bowers of spring; or Abundance, light of foot and glad of heart, scattering her treasures of plenty as she walks; as Zipporah at the well, where Moses waters her father's

flock; or as Truth, rejected of men, calling on heaven to bear her witness and teach Florence the lesson which her children refused to learn. The theory, interesting and ingenious as it appears, will hardly bear too strict an examination, but the tradition which ascribes the authorship of these numerous portraits of Simonetta to Botticelli affords another proof of the painter's close connection with the Medici house.

Unfortunately, the other portraits which Sandro painted for the Medici have shared the same fatality which has attended his pictures of Simonetta. Two portraits of Giuliano, with the olive skin and thick locks framing his strongly-marked features and lively black eyes, are still, it is true, in existence, and were during many years the subject of an animated controversy between Italian and German critics. Morelli contended that the portrait at Bergamo was the original work by Sandro, while Dr. Bode stood out stoutly in defence of the Berlin picture. As a matter of fact both of these lack the life and vigour of Botticelli's art; and Mr. Berenson maintains that, like the *bella Simonetta* of the Pitti, which it resembles strongly in the hardness of outline and in the modelling of the face, the portrait of Giuliano, in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, is by the hand of an assistant whom he styles Amico di Sandro.

MARIA VOOGT AND ELIZABETH BAS

(*Frans Hals and Rembrandt*)

GERALD S. DAVIES

WHEN we come to the superb portrait of Maria Voogt, who is also sometimes called Madame Van der Meer, in the Van der Hoop collection in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, we are, it is true, set thinking of Rembrandt. It is exactly the same type of the old Dutch lady which Rembrandt loved to paint. She wears the same costume naturally enough, as Rembrandt's old ladies in the same station of life, and she sits in the same simple and quiet pose. But these are traits common to both men, which neither has derived from the other. It is warmer in its shadows and its half-tones, and has more gold in its lights than is usual with Hals. Perhaps it has. But walk two rooms off and look at Rembrandt's portrait of Elizabeth Jacobs Bas, the widow of Admiral Swartenhont. You will see at once that Hals's picture is in cool daylight compared with the artificial golden light with which Rembrandt's picture is suffused. If the two pictures could be hung side by side, what one would at once notice would be that all the apparent similarity had vanished, and the points of difference seemed multiplied. The experiment would, in one way, be eminently unfair to Hals. The golden light of the Rembrandt would make the quiet and true, I must claim to be allowed to say truer, though less fascinating daylight of Hals look very cold indeed.



MARIA VOOGT

He would suffer misjudgment at the hands of all save the most cool-headed and judicial of critics.

But one can find no single point which helps to make a great portrait, in which Hals need, in this Maria Voogt or Madame Van der Meer, fear comparison either with that masterpiece of Rembrandt's or, to set the claim plainly, with any portrait that ever has been painted. That is, of course, not the same thing as saying that it is delightful as some portraits that have been painted, and yet it is very enjoyable.

The face is a quiet, shrewd, penetrating face, with more refinement than most Dutch women of the day possessed. She was built in a less masterful mould of mind and body, for instance, than the kindly, solid, hard-bitten admiral's wife. Hals has given one here the inner life of his sitter —that which at times one is tempted to declare he cannot give: and that inner life, one may safely say, one which was hardly akin to his own. That brown, Dutch-bound, silver-clasped Bible there has got itself well into the life of the clear-eyed old dame. It is no hypocrisy—you may swear it from her face—that made her choose to be painted so.

As we have said, she is cast in a less stern and also in a lest sturdy mould than the grand old Dutchwoman whom Rembrandt painted. She did less of the housework with her own hands—look at them and see—than Dame Elizabeth Bas. As one looks at the admiral's wife, one feels the conviction that, whatever happened at sea, it was she who commanded the ship at home. There is strength in every line of the shrewd, homely face, and in the quiet

ease of the strong hands which lie folded upon one another. The hands of Hals's portrait are fully as expressive of character but the character is different. There is quiet, firm decision in them, but they do not belong to a personality of the same rugged and robust strength as the other housewife. Yet I take it that she knew her own mind as well in her quiet decided way, and that there was little that was contrary to sound order in the Haarlem home of the Van der Meers.

As a piece of insight into character this picture by Hals stands in the very highest order of portrait-painting. As a piece of mere painting, apart from any such consideration, it may be set side by side with any portrait from any hand and will be found to have no superior. We have disclaimed, on behalf of Hals, any attempt to paint in the manner of Rembrandt, or to follow his influence; but it may, on the other hand, very well be the case that the growing fame of the younger man had set him on his mettle and that he felt himself, about this period, answering a challenge. And in this portrait he has answered it "so that the opposer may beware of him." Always in my experience, and I have sat many hours at different times before both pictures, you will find a dozen persons who are attracted by Rembrandt's Elizabeth Bas, and who will sit before it, as it deserves to be sat before, for a considerable time, as against one who gives even a short five minutes to the colder, less overmastering, but quite as masterly, and even more true, portrait of Dame Van der Meer.

The face is painted with the simple directness which al-

ways marks him. Very noticeable, indeed, is the manner in which he has dealt with the shadow at the side of the forehead. It is laid on in flat mass—almost blocked in, after the practice followed in laying in in modern French studio work—and it is joined to the higher flesh tones apparently by no subtle modulations or passages of half-tone, as Velasquez would have done it, nor yet is it blurred and softened, as Rembrandt would have given it, but it seems at first sight almost to have a straight edge to it, so firm, definite, and decided it is. And yet there is here given to us by this simple and direct means all the transparency and the modelling of the concave shadow at the side of the forehead. The same directness of simplicity and oneness of handling are visible everywhere in the face. He has seen it all once for all, and set it down once for all, the modelling being everywhere obtained by overlappings of colour laid on somewhat liquid in masses. I do not mean by this to imply, as it might be construed, that Hals's surface is painty. It is so far otherwise that the thing seems to have come of itself, and the manner of its doing does not enforce itself upon you. When you compel yourself to try to find out how it is all achieved, you discover the absolute simplicity of the means employed. The magic of the thing lay in the "knowing how."

I have already spoken of the painting of the hands from the point of view of the rendering of character. It is interesting to regard them also from the point of view of mere technique. It will be doubly interesting to compare them with Rembrandt's hands in the *Elizabeth Bas* close by.

How absolutely different the means by which the two men obtain their results, and how absolutely right each man is in his own method! Hals gets his hands, in all his portraits, by direct sweeps of the brush, full of very liquid colour, following down the lines of the bones, and obtaining the articulations of the joints with almost imperceptible changes of colour in the onward passage. There is very little loading of paint or dragging across the lines of the anatomy, except here and there to give the modelling of the back of the hand or of the muscle between the first finger and the thumb. It is interesting, by the way, to notice an often employed device of Hals, by which he makes the round parts of the hand, seen against the dress, go round, as it were, instead of presenting a solid flat edge against the dark. It will be found that he draws a film of very thin colour beyond the edge of the hand in places, through which the colour of the dress or other background shines. Now seen close, this sort of film, or blurred second outline, seems to have no meaning or to be even the result of careless haste. The restorer usually removes it, one may observe, as his first duty to his author; but retire a pace or two, and you find that you have got, in mysterious fashion, the sense of the soft flesh going round as it does in nature, towards the dress. And all this apparently shapeless and incoherent set of sweeps and patches becomes, at the proper distance, a living human hand, and moreover the living human hand of the person to whom it belongs, and as full of character as the face itself.

Now go to a Rembrandt hand and you will find it as full



ELIZABETH BAS



ELIZABETH BAS

of character and wrought with the same magician's power and knowledge as a hand by Hals; but the result is got by a wholly different technique. Rembrandt loads his colour on with a heavy impasto, into which he can even dig his brush—it is sometimes almost like a piece of modelling rather than paint—and he drags his colour athwart the lines of the fingers and of the bones, and rarely in a following line with them. This too, seen close—smelt, as Rembrandt himself would have said—is a shapeless patch of blurs and blotches. It is a living expressive human hand only when you go to the distance at which the painter meant it to be seen.

I have already spoken of the consummate skill with which in the Van der Meer portrait Hals has painted the book, and indeed every accessory of this masterpiece. That book, indeed, is so matchless a piece of still-life painting, that it would be open to the charge of being too interesting in itself, and too little of an accessory, if it were not kept entirely in its place by the interest of the face itself. One does not turn to think of such a detail till one has taken in the true purpose of the picture first. When one does so, it is to become aware once more that Hals has answered the challenge that any still-life painter of them all might issue.

Indeed, if Hals were called upon to choose one single work of his wherewith to take his stand against all comers, he might well select his portrait of the lady of the house of Van der Meer, which he painted in 1639, at the age of fifty-nine—the halfway date, as we have consented to call it in his artistic career.

LAVINIA VECELLI
(*Titian*)

J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE

IN quiet hours when undisturbed by any but purely artistic considerations, Titian threw more soul and feeling into his work, and this is more particularly true of a contemporary portrait in the Dresden Museum, the features of which are apparently those of Lavinia Vecelli. Scanelli, the author of the *Microcosmo*, has preserved the substance of a letter in which Titian announced to Alfonso of Ferrara the despatch of a picture "representing the person dearest to him in all the world." He then describes "the figure of a young girl, of life-size, gracefully walking with her face at three quarters, and looking out brightly as she waves her fan—the time, a summer afternoon, when the girl, one might think, was courted by her exalted lover." The portrait admired by Scanelli is no doubt that of the young girl in white at the Dresden Museum. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this lovely maid was painted for Alfonso, *a fortiori* a mistake to believe that she was the mistress of a prince who died in 1534, nor can we believe that Titian portrayed the person dearest to the duke, since it is apparent that he meant to immortalize the face and form of his own daughter. We shall presently see that he often painted Lavinia, whose real name was curiously changed to Cornelia by writers of a later age. Though unfortunate in his eldest son Pomponio, who disgraced the priest's cas-



LAVINIA VECELLI WITH FRUIT

sock and squandered his father's means in debauchery, Titian was happy in the affection of two children worthy of his love, Orazio, who accompanied him to Rome and gave numerous proofs of pictorial skill, and Lavinia, a beauty who married Cornelio Sarcinelli of Serravalle in 1555. Ridolfi refers to Lavinia when he describes "a maiden carrying a basket of fruit," by Titian, in possession of Niccolò Crasso, and "a girl holding a basin with two melons," by the same hand, in the collection of Giovanni d'Uffel of Antwerp. Of both he writes "that they were said to represent the painter's daughter Cornelia." We remember the adventures of Covos with the lady in waiting of Countess Pepoli, and pardon the error which confounded the maid of Bologna with that of Biri Grande. The girl with the fruit is still preserved in the Museum of Berlin, and is probably that which was claimed as a portrait of Lavinia by Argentina Rangone in 1549. There were relations of friendship between the Rangones and Titian in that year, and Argentina proposed to take one of her dependents as an apprentice into his workshop at Venice. In the letter which she wrote upon this matter she refers to Lavinia's portrait, which she begs Titian to complete; and we can easily fancy that the master instantly attended to the wish of a lady who was godmother to one of his children. The counterparts of the canvas at Berlin are the portrait of a lass with a casket in Lord Cowper's collection, and *Salomè* in the gallery at Madrid, both of which display with more or less resemblance the features of the girl at the Dresden Museum.

Titian at eighty-two wrote to Philip the Second begging him to accept the portrait of a lady whom he described as "absolute mistress of his soul," but Garcia Hernandez, the Spanish Secretary at Venice, explains in another letter that the mistress of Titian's soul is "a fanciful representation of a Turkish or Persian girl." Yet what Titian described so fondly to the Duke and to the King may have been the face of Lavinia, in the first case portrayed from nature, in the second idealized to suit the fancy of Philip. Scanelli, it is more than probable, erred in stating that Titian wrote to Alfonso, when it is obvious that the girl with the leaf-fan at Dresden is a creation of the time when Titian returned from Rome. From the first stroke to the last this beautiful piece is the work of the master, and there is not an inch of it in which his hand is not to be traced. His is the brilliant flesh brought up to a rosy carnation by wondrous kneading of copious pigment, his the contours formed by texture and not defined by outline; his again the mixture of sharp and blurred touches, the delicate modelling in dazzling light; the soft glazing, cherry lip, and sparkling eye. Such a charming vision as this was well fitted to twine itself round a father's heart.

Lavinia's hair is yellow and strewed with pearls, showing a pretty wave and irrepressible curls in stray locks on the forehead. Earrings, a necklace of pearls, glitter with grey reflections on a skin incomparably fair. The gauze on the shoulders is light as air, and contrasts with the stiff richness of a white damask silk dress and skirt, the folds of which heave and sink in shallow projections and depressions,

touched in tender scales of yellow or ashen white. The left hand, with its bracelet of pearls, hangs gracefully as it tucks up the train of the gown, whilst the right is raised no higher than the waist, to wave the stiff plaited leaf of a palmetto fan. Without any methodical strapping or adjustment of shape,—nay with something formless in the stiff span and lacing of the bodice,—the figure is the very reverse of supple, and yet it moves with grace, shows youth and life and smiling contentment, and a stirring grandeur of carriage, combined with ladylike modesty.[1]

Subsequent repetitions of the same person as a girl bearing fruit and flowers, or a Salome raising on high the head of the Baptist, merely served to fix a type which, whether it issued from Titian's own hands or those of his disciples, preserved always the aspect of youth.

As depicted in the broad manner characteristic of Titian about 1550, Lavinia, at Berlin, is full-grown but of robust shape, dressed in yellowish flowered silk with slashed sleeves, a chiselled girdle round her waist, and a white veil hanging from her shoulders. Her head is thrown back, and turned so as to allow three-quarters of it to be seen as she looks from the corners of her eyes to the spectator. Auburn hair

[1] This portrait came, with the rest of the Dresden pictures, from Modena, and is an heirloom of the Estes. On canvas three feet eight inches high by three feet one inch, it was transferred to a new cloth in 1827, and looks fairly preserved. The brown ground is darker on the left than on the right side. A free copy on canvas ascribed to Titian is in the Cassel Museum. But the features are not the same as those of the Dresden canvas, and the hand is not that of Titian, though the copyist may have been an Italian. More Flemish in type is a copy by Rubens in the Museum of Vienna. A study for the original at Dresden, in black and red chalk, is in the Albertina Collection at Vienna.

is carefully brushed off the temples, and confined by a jewelled diadem, and the neck is set off with a string of pearls. A deep red curtain partly concealing a brown-tinged wall to the left, to the right a view of hills, seen from a balcony at eventide, complete a picture executed with great *bravura*, on a canvas of coarse twill. Fully in keeping with the idea that Titian had before him the image of his child, is the natural and unconstrained movement, the open face and modest look. The flesh, the dress, are coloured with great richness, yet, perhaps, with more of the blurred softness which the French call *flou*, than is usual in pure works of Titian. It may be that excessive blending and something like down or fluff in the touch was caused by time, restoring, or varnish. It may be that these blemishes are due to the co-operation of Orazio Vecelli, who now had a share in almost all the pictures of his father, as he had his confidence in all business transactions. But in the main this is a grand creation of Titian.[1]

Of equal richness of tone, but inferior in modelling, and too marked in its freedom to be entirely by Titian, Lavinia with the casket, in Lord Cowper's London collection, is still interesting as showing the well-known features of the painter's daughter in fuller bloom than at Berlin. The

[1] This example of Lavinia is No. 166 in the Berlin Museum, and measures three feet, three and a-half inches by two feet, seven and a-half inches. A tawny film of old varnish lies over the whole surface, and there are clear signs of retouching in the shadows of the face, the wrists, and right hand, and the sky. A strip of canvas has been added to the right side of the picture, which was bought in 1832 from Abbate Celotti, at Florence, for 5,000 thalers. The Abbate affirmed it was identical with that mentioned by Ridolfi as painted for Niccolò Crasso.

casket here also lies on a silver dish, there is a distance of landscape too, but the balcony is wanting, the dress is green, the veil yellow, and the face is cut into planes of more decided setting, whilst the frame is stronger and more developed than before. There is more ease of hand, but also more laxity in the rendering of form than we like to welcome in a picture all by Titian. But again in this, as in the Berlin example, much of the impression produced may be caused by restoring.

Younger again, but with naked arms, a white veil and sleeve, and a red damask dress, the *Salomè* of Madrid carries the head of the Baptist on a chased salver. But this piece is by no means equal in merit to the girl with the casket, and is certainly painted by one of Titian's followers, from the Lavinia of Berlin.

BALTHAZAR CASTIGLIONE
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

THIS is one of the finest portraits that a painter ever made. I don't know of one that is more natural and less laboured, or that has more truth and less pose. We will give it a place of honour in the *Salon carré* of the Louvre.

Among the great minds who surrounded Leo X. and with whom Raphael was on terms of intimacy, there is no more sympathetic personality than that of Count Balthazar Castiglione. Birth, honours, wit, beauty, fortune—he possessed them all. An able politician, a warrior on occasion, a brilliant diplomatist, a poet, a man of erudition, a moralist, a passionate lover of the arts, an honest man and a perfect gentleman, he has come down to us as the supreme type of the great noble and the courtier.

Balthazar Castiglione, of the Mantuan branch of the Castiglione family, was born on the sixth of October, 1478, in the castle of Casatico in Mantua. His ancestors went back to the ancient days of Lombard feudalism and derived their name from the castle of Castiglione, which the church of Milan had given to them at the end of the Tenth Century. His coat of arms bore *gules a lion rampant argent supporting a castle or dexter*, with this device: POUR NON FAILLIR. His father, Cristoforo Castiglione, had been one



BALTHAZAR CASTIGLIONE

of the heroes of the battle of Taro, where he was slain; and his mother, Luigia Gonzaga, was quoted as one of the most remarkable women of her age. Philippo Beroaldo, the elder, directed his education; Giorgio Merula taught him Latin and Demetrius Calchondyle instructed him in Greek. In 1499, we find him in the suite of Francisco Gonzagua, coming from Milan to congratulate Louis XII. In 1503, he behaved valiantly at the battle of Garagliano, and retired to Rome after that day's disaster. In 1504, in accordance with the desire of Julius II. and with the permission of the Marquis of Mantua, he passed into the service of Guidobaldo de Montefeltro, and remained, till 1516, either at the court of Urbino, or in the embassies confided to him by the Duke, in England, France, and particularly in Rome. These were the twelve most brilliant years of his life. He was at Rome in 1516 when Leo X. took the duchy of Urbino away from Francisco Maria Della Rovere in order to give it to Lorenzo II. de' Medicis. Notwithstanding the wishes of the Pope and the supplications of Sadolet, Beroalde, Bibbiena and Navagero, he retired to Mantua, where the Gonzagas married him to Hippolita Torelli, who died on the twentieth of August, 1520, on bringing her third child into the world—Castiglione was inconsolable. The four years of this union had been for him four years of happiness, four years of concentration and literary production. This was the time when he wrote the best of his Latin poems and the *Cortegiano*, the book of the Courtier, which has made him famous. From the year 1520, politics again takes charge of his life and brings

him scarcely anything but disappointments. In 1524, Clement VII. sent him to Madrid to plead a cause that was irrevocably lost in advance. Charles V. gave the ambassador a warm reception but remained none the less inflexible. The sack of Rome in 1527, and the captivity of Clement VII. struck poor Castiglione a mortal blow. Clement VII., who could only blame himself for his own mistakes, accused his ambassador, who could not bear this disgrace. The friendship of Charles V. served only to soften his last moments. Balthazar Castiglione died at Toledo on the second of February, 1529, in his fifty-ninth year. "I assure you that death has deprived us of one of the best noblemen in the world." (*Yo vos digo ques es muerto uno de la mejores cavalleros del mundo*) said Charles V. to the youthful Louis Strozzi, Balthazar's nephew. Castiglione, brought back to Italy sixteen months later, was buried in the church of the Minor Friars, where his mother erected a monument to him after designs by Giulio Romano. *Aloysia Gonzaga contra votum superstes filio bene merito posuit*, are the last words of the epitaph composed by Bembo.

It was about 1515, without doubt, that Raphael painted this intimate and familiar portrait in which he put not only his genius but his heart also. The letter written in 1514 by Raphael to Castiglione, on the question of the *Galatea* shows what idea of perfection the artist and the great lord were then pursuing in common. "As for the *Galatea*, I should consider myself a great master if even half the things that Your Lordship writes to me on this question

were really true; but I recognize in your words the affection that you bear for me, and I assure you that, in order to paint a beautiful woman, I need to see several, on condition that Your Lordship is with me so as to help me to select. But lacking good judges and beautiful women, I must avail myself of a certain ideal that is in my mind. I do not know whether this ideal possesses any excellence, but that is what meanwhile I am trying to attain."

Balthazar Castiglione was then thirty-seven years old and looked his age. He was already attacked by a slight corpulency, and seemed to be fitted thenceforth for the council rather than for the field of action. Raphael has represented him seated, almost with full front and face, visible down to the waist, the face slightly turned towards the left, and hands clasped with a sense of abandonment and familiarity. The costume, rich without being startling, would not suggest the warrior in the slightest degree were it not for the hilt of a sword that is visible above the left wrist. A white shirt, ruffled rather than folded, covers the chest. This shirt is covered by a robe of black velvet, open in front and furnished behind with a high collar. Ample sleeves, of heavy greyish plush, flow over the upper arms, while the black velvet sleeves of the robe reappear on the forearms. The head is full of warm colour. The brow is broad and the baretta leaves it fully displayed. This baretta, of black velvet, consists of a lower cap adorned with embroidery also black. It is surmounted by a wide toque of the same material and hue. It is raised over the right and falls over the left ear.

A medal is fixed on the right side of it. The eyes, surmounted by heavy blonde brows are of a very intense blue and are admirable in drawing; the lids fully open veil nothing of their brightness. The great charm of this head is in its gaze which is at the same time gentle and firm, loyal and sincere to the highest degree. The nose is not irreproachable in form. The mouth, with lips somewhat strongly accented, is small, full of humour, amiable and benevolent. The cheeks, partly covered with heavy blonde whiskers, are strong of hue and full of health. We feel attracted with strange force towards this personage who is all frankness, goodness and virtue. This painting is masterly in execution. There is nothing dry in the drawing, and it is remarkable in its purity; the contours, imprisoned in the colour and merged in the modelling of the flesh are ungraspable, so to speak. In the presence of a model whose intimate qualities he knew so well, Raphael painted with enthusiasm, with a sure hand, rapidly, and without the slightest hesitation. This is one of those portraits that it does us good to live with. "To be with people we like," says La Bruyére, "is sufficient, to dream, to speak or not to speak to them, to think of them or of more indifferent things,—with them it is all the same." Among his contemporaries, Balthazar Castiglione was that kind of person; and he lives again for us in his portrait.

May we be allowed to enter the *Salle des Sept Mètres* for a moment to compare Raphael's portrait of Castiglione with a picture by Lorenzo Costa, representing *Isabella*

D'Este crowned by Love. The scene passes in the midst of one of those mythologies accommodated to the taste of the Renaissance, and Vasari says that for the most part the figures of which this picture is composed are portraits. This is what reveals the individual character with which each is endowed. Examine, in the foreground to the left, the young hero, who, after having cut off the head of the legendary dragon, leans upon the halberd which he has used to accomplish his exploit; compare it with Raphael's portrait of Balthazar Castiglione, taking into account the difference of age, and you will find a singular resemblance between them. Is not the head similarly constructed? Is there not the same development of brow? Do we not find the same eyes and the same gaze, the same medium-sized nose with a somewhat defective line, the same small and amiable mouth, and finally the same beard of the same colour, similarly worn and of similar cut? The execution alone differs. For the mannered grace of a *quattrocentista* and the languor of expression demanded by the subject treated by Lorenzo Costa, Raphael has substituted the freedom of line of a real master and the natural simplicity of a veritable portrait. Moreover, there is nothing surprising in meeting Balthazar Castiglione in the picture of the painter from Ferrara. This picture was executed about 1506, and placed in the palace of St. Sebastian in Mantua. Castiglione, then twenty-eight years of age had left the court of Mantua for that of Urbino; but Francisco Gonzagua had very unwillingly resigned himself to this separation, and he had great hopes of some day recapturing

the eminent man of whom he had been deprived. Would it not be flattering to the secret desires of the prince to place Balthazar Castiglione in the foreground of a romantic scene in which Isabella d'Este is the central figure? Was it not a reminder that Castiglione had belonged to the Marquis of Gonzaga, and even saying that he was still regarded as belonging to him? Historic agreement here, therefore, is in accordance with the pictorial appearances. What a delightful prelude that forms to the portrait painted by Raphael! Beside the man who has arrived at the maturity of his age and the pinnacle of his station, beside the personage represented in the reality of his life and of his daily costume, there is the young man in the charm of his springtide beauty, transfigured by allegory, accoutred with mythological accessories and playing one of the most important parts in one of those courts that doated on literary pretensions and classic erudition. Must he not have appeared like this in 1505, when he recited before the Duchess of Urbino his dialogue octaves of the drama of Tirsis? Castiglione was then at the beginning of his literary vocation. In 1515, he had reached its apogee, and his marriage, by exalting his poetic faculties, was about to inspire him with those Latin elegies that Scaliger and Paul Jove declared, although quite wrongly, to be superior to those by Propertius.

One of them is too closely connected with our subject for us not to refer to here; that is the one that Count Balthazar gives to his wife, Hippolita Torelli, in the presence of the portrait painted by Raphael. "Thy image,

painted by Raphael's hand can alone alleviate my cares. That image constitutes my delight; to it I direct my smiles; it is my joy; I speak to it, and I am tempted to believe that it is going to reply to my words. This portrait often seems to want to say to me something of thy sentiments and of thy will, and to speak to me in thy name. Thy child recognizes thee, and tries to utter his earliest words before thee. It is thus that I console myself and cheat the days of their length." Could any one better express the resemblance of this portrait, and what a speaking likeness it was?

When Balthazar Castiglione went to Spain as the ambassador of Clement VII. at the court of Charles V., he took his portrait with him. After his death, this precious painting was brought back to Italy and entered the cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, where it remained till the beginning of the Seventeenth Century. Thence it passed into the collection of Charles I. of England, and later was bought by Van Usselen. Taken to the Low Countries, it was successively copied by Rubens and Rembrandt. (The latter is in the Albertina collection, at Vienna.) Put up for sale on April 9th, 1639, Sandrart bid it up to 3,400 florins but was distanced by Don Alfonso de Lopez, a councillor of His Most Christian Majesty, and it was knocked down to him for 3,500 florins. From the Lopez gallery, it passed into the possession of Mazarin, and then into the collection of Louis XIV. It was finally transferred from Versailles to the Louvre.

Painted originally on wood, this portrait has been trans-

ferred to canvas. An engraving worthy at the same time of Raphael and of Balthazar Castiglione has yet to be made of this picture, which is thus described by Bailly: "A picture representing a portrait called the Castilian, wearing a sort of turban. Figure natural size, being two feet five inches high and two feet broad. In its gilded frame, Versailles, Petite Galerie du Roy." From this description, we see how ignorant people were at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century in France regarding the Sixteenth Century in Italy. Bailly not only knew nothing of the political *rôle* or of the literary importance of Castiglione, but he had not even heard the name pronounced. He sees in the portrait of this celebrated personage a man named or rather surnamed the Castilian; and his head covering (the toque so characteristic from the point of view of costume in Italy during the Sixteenth Century) he calls a turban. It is a wonder that he did not take Castiglione for a Turk.

Of the first order of painting, this portrait is of exceptional importance from the historical point of view. Castiglione was loyalty itself in an age of profound demoralization. He was able to change masters without betraying any one of them, to serve only good causes, to live in intimacy with the powerful of the earth without losing anything of his dignity. The dukes of Urbino, Guidobaldo de Montefeltro and Francisco Maria della Rovere cherished a great affection for him. The Marquis of Mantua, Frederico Gonzagua, who had been his first lord, considered that he had come into his most precious possession when he got him back. Count Balthazar in turn charmed Louis XII.,

Henry VII., and Charles V.; he deserved the confidence of Julius II., Leo X., and Clement VII., by showing himself superior in character to each of them. Great by birth, and still greater in mind and heart, it is in art and letters that he has survived till our day through the ages. From whatsoever side we regard him, we see a beautiful soul from one end to the other of a beautiful life. That soul is still vibrant in Raphael's portrait.

THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM

(*Gainsborough*)

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

AS a colourist, Gainsborough can be placed next to Van Dyck, and in England he created a new school by his art of making even a lady's petticoat a thing of beauty, a field of colour as beautiful as one of golden cowslips, or as gorgeous as one of scarlet poppies. He could even throw a halo upon a ribbon or a scarf. Look at Mrs. Siddons's dress in the National Gallery, or the Blue Boy's costume at Grosvenor House, or at Mrs. Graham's portrait in the National Gallery at Edinburgh. You will find there is no exaggeration. The dresses are part of a perfect scheme; only Van Dyck, Rubens and Gainsborough ever painted such textures in such a manner, and with such a feeling for the beauty of colour as colour.

Gainsborough claims also a supreme rank amongst portrait-painters for the characteristic distinction that he bestowed upon many of his sitters. In the portraits, for instance, of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan, first in that lovely sketch of herself and her brother when children, now at Knole, she has that pathetic expression which seems to have grown upon her, for nothing can be sadder or more beautiful than her look in the full-length seated portrait, now at Lord Rothschild's, which the artist painted some years later. In both pictures there is a sad detached ex-



THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM

pression in the eyes, an expression much intensified in the second, as if she knew that her life was drawing near its close. When one looks at this later portrait, one can believe that such a face could hardly be transfigured by any change, however heavenly that change might be, so perfect it is in its almost superhuman beauty. It was consistent with such a face as that of Eliza Sheridan that she should pass away almost whilst singing Handel's glorious "Waft her, Angels."

Some of Gainsborough's portraits of ladies have a striking dignity, a particular distinction found in no other artist. This is very marked in the portrait at Edinburgh of Mrs. Graham, and reappears in a portrait of the same lady masquerading as a housemaid. It is also seen in the half-length of Mrs. Siddons, and in many of the heads of handsome youths, especially in that of George Canning, painted shortly after he left Eton, and in those of the Duke of Hamilton and his brothers, now at Waddesdon: it is also very marked in the unfinished portrait of the painter himself. It is the head of a great gentleman without any attempt at pose, with frank eyes looking straight from the picture, eyes full of brilliancy. No one could paint eyes with such success as Gainsborough; they appear to sparkle and to see. Yet when you examine the pictures closely, you find that the effect has been obtained by a few touches of the brush—but those touches could only be given by one man.

Although we have no portrait of Emma, Lady Hamilton from Gainsborough's brush, we have more than one by him

of a woman equally beautiful, but of a totally different type of beauty. This was Mary Cathcart, daughter of Lord Cathcart, who married Thomas Graham of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, a distinguished officer, who was one of Wellington's most able captains in the Peninsular War. In her Gainsborough seems to have found the type of womanly beauty that he most admired, for not only did he paint that superb life-size and full-length portrait which is the gem of the National Gallery of Edinburgh, but he repeated her face in several other portraits, and in one of his most delightful unfinished works, the portrait of the so-called *Housemaid* at Castle Howard, in which we find Mrs. Graham's lovely features under the pretty cotton cap of a maid, standing at a cottage door, broom in hand.

There is a pathetic story attached to the portrait of Mrs. Graham in the Scottish National Gallery at Edinburgh. When she sat to Gainsborough she was nineteen years old and had just returned from her honeymoon, which had been passed upon the Continent. She died when only thirty-five, after a marriage of such unclouded happiness that her heart-broken husband could not bear to look upon Gainsborough's life-like portrait of her as a bride. He consequently had it bricked up at one end of the drawing-room in which it hung, and there it remained, forgotten until half a century later, when some alterations being made in the room it was disclosed as fresh, perfect, and as brilliant as on the last day when the great painter passed his magic brush over it.

This portrait was bequeathed to the Scottish National

Gallery by Mr. Graham of Redgorton; and the public had their first view of its incomparable loveliness at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. Since this beautiful work became national property few of Gainsborough's paintings have had such a popular vogue: it has been engraved, etched, copied and photographed times beyond number. Nor is its popularity a matter of surprise. If one were asked to give one's opinion as to which was the typical work of Gainsborough's genius, I for one, would give mine in favour of this portrait of Mary Graham, for it combines in the intensely high-bred look of this beautiful young creature in her shimmering silks, her exquisite features, and even in the plume of ostrich feathers in her hair, all the artist's finest qualities of distinction in portraiture and beauty of colouring.

The unfinished life-size portrait of Mrs. Graham at Castle Howard is said to have been seen in its uncompleted state by the fifth Earl of Carlisle, who was so delighted with it that he would not hear of the artist putting another stroke upon it, and purchased it upon the spot. It is a most interesting painting, for it shows the manner in which Gainsborough "laid in" his figures, and the vigorous brushwork. Some of the accessories are painted in Vandyke brown, the only colour besides being a few touches of carmine in the cheeks and on the lips, but the small amount of actual performance compared with the immense effect of beauty is amazing, and to the artist, makes this unfinished picture one of Gainsborough's most interesting works. It is seven feet ten inches long, by four feet eleven inches

wide. In the portrait of Mrs. Graham at Edinburgh the dress has been more elaborately painted than is usually the case with Gainsborough's portraits of women. The upper portion is creamy white, contrasting very happily with the pale mulberry skirt, and this stands out in contrast with a group of massive foliage against a somewhat lurid sky. Gainsborough, after painting Mrs. Graham, seems to have been ever haunted by her beautiful, sad young face, for, in addition to her many portraits he introduced her in the guise of a peasant into several of his landscapes.

THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM

(*Gainsborough*)

CH. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

ON the days when he was moved, when the view of his model awakened the sacred enthusiasm, full of simplicity and *abandon*, Gainsborough painted Mrs. Siddons (National Gallery), Mary Robinson (Wallace Collection), the Morning Walk (Lord Rothschild's collection), the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Hambourg (Windsor), or Mrs. Graham (Edinburgh National Gallery).

Burger says: "I fully believe that, after the Miss Nelly O'Brien by Reynolds, Mrs. Graham is the most enchanting of all Englishwomen in painting. . . . A flower of the aristocracy and a flower of colouring. One would willingly say of this painting that it smells sweet.

If this portrait could speak it could relate a love romance worthy to tempt the pen of an Edgar Allan Poe. The daughter of Lord Cathcart and wife of General Graham, Lord Lynedoch, Mrs. Graham died young, leaving a husband inconsolable. When she was gone, her image painted by Gainsborough remained. I have known poor hearts that in such a case would have clung with all the might of their tenderness to this reflection, to this phantom. I could name an artist who spent hours in contemplation

before the portrait of the dead loved one. Seated before the easel, the altar raised to the absent one, he kept his gaze constantly fixed upon his spouse, took her for witness for his words, caused her to share in the conversation like a present living person, a silent but attentive listener. This affecting scene finally ended in carrying away even the visitor; he surprised himself in mechanically addressing himself now to one and now to the other member of this pair who would not consent to be disunited; and when he took his leave, moved, troubled and stunned, he felt as if he were returning from a world which had no knowledge of the separations of death.

General Graham was not an artist, nor a dreamer, nor one weakly to indulge tender reminiscences; he loved with his senses alone; doubtless he had never thought of a higher life, perhaps, even, he did not believe in one. His nature being a material, nervous and practical one, he was overwhelmed on the first occasion when he saw his wife's portrait again after her death. That canvas that celebrated a past gone never to return appeared to him in the light of a terrible irony, a crushing memory and a menace of eternal desire. After fleeing from the chamber in which the phantom reigned, he gave orders to have the windows and doors sealed up. In that passionate nature, love inspired the action of a poet. Being persuaded that in the frame dwelt a sublime and redoubtable power which he must respect, he gave it a tomb.

This masterpiece slept among the shadows for half a century. When its asylum was finally violated, in the

chamber still intact, the little blue slippers of the portrait were found beside the picture,—the same slippers that the young woman had worn when she went to pose before Gainsborough.

LA DUCHESSE DE CHARTRES AS HEBE
(*Nattier*)

LADY DILKE

IN all portraits by Rigaud and Largillière, in those even by lesser men, such as Robert Tournières, the step-father of le Moine, whose work in this class may sometimes remind us of Rigaud, we find the practiced habit of careful individualization of the sitter. This essential feature of good portraiture never seems to have troubled Jean-Marc Nattier, the painter who eclipsed Largillière in court favour. He entirely lacked the virility that distinguished the illustrious portrait painters of the previous generation. Bachaumont notes his gift for catching likenesses, his skill in making each likeness flattering when dealing with women, and adds "*ses habillements sont galants, mais manierez et sentent ce qu'on appelle le mannequin . . . il ébauche bien et de bonne couleur et quand il vient à finir il la gaste, elle devient livide . . . son gendre M. Tocqué, lui est bien supérieur.*" This desire to please, to flatter, to be "galant" makes Nattier in some respects the typical portrait painter of the reign of Louis XV.; he has undoubted charm in spite of mannerisms verging on the absurd, but his colour, especially in the flesh tints, too often justifies Bachaumont's criticisms.

The story of his early days vividly reflects the want of

cohesion and direction from which the younger generation of artists were then suffering. His godfather, Jean Jouvenet, would have had him go to Rome (1709), but Nattier found occupation in making drawings from the Rubens series in the Luxembourg, more or less well, for engraving. He tried historical painting, but did not decide to present himself to the Academy till he was over thirty, and was then received a year later than his younger rival Jean Raoux.

He had always inclined to this class of work, for as early as 1712 we find him quarrelling with Klingstedt, the miniature painter, for the price of a portrait which he had painted, and which "*ledit Clinchetet*" had attempted to remove without paying for it. Mme. Tocqué also tells us that the first work produced by her father, after his reception by the Academy on the picture representing "Perseus showing the head of Medusa at the wedding of Phyneus," which is now at Tours, was a large allegorical portrait of the family of M. de la Motte, "Trésorier de France." She adds, however, that the portraits which made his reputation were those of Marshal Saxe, exhibited on the Place Dauphine in 1725, of Mlle. de Clermont and of Mlle. de Lambesc as Minerva, arming her younger brother, the Comte de Brionne, which appeared at the Salon of 1737, and which is now in the Louvre. The *Mademoiselle de Clermont aux eaux de Chantilly* is one of the finest Nattiers of its class, for the style shows a rare combination of ease and dignity, and the drawing is less defective than usual. In the same group may be ranked his admirable portrait of

the *Duchesse de Chartres en Hébé, déesse de la jeunesse*, which, exhibited at the Salon of 1745, is now at Stockholm. This remarkable work is signed and dated "Nattier pinxit 1744," and he utilized the combination frequently, never, perhaps, with better success than in the portrait of *Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, duchesse d'Orléans*, painted in 1751. The Duchess, wearing blue and white draperies, and accompanied by the necessary eagle, makes a pleasing picture in a light scale of colour, the blue employed, as in the portrait of the Duchesse de Chartres, is of an unusually fine quality, but it shares the defects common to all Nattier's work. Even Mademoiselle de Clermont loses that brilliant vitality and character which Rosalba Carriera has recorded in the pastel still preserved at Chantilly, and wears the same insipid air, accompanied by the same irreproachable perfections which Nattier has conferred with unstinted generosity on all his sitters, whether he travesties the duchesses of the house of Orleans as Hebes, or depicts as Vestals the less attractive daughters of Louis XV.

Nattier's work, however, especially on a large scale, early showed itself superior to that of Raoux. A fine official portrait by him—which was painted shortly after the execution of the *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, for it is signed and dated "Nattier pinxit," 1732, figured in 1898 at the exhibition of works of the French school in the Guildhall. It was described by its owner, M. Bischoffsheim, as the "Duc de Penthièvre, born 1725, and youngest legitimate son of Louis XIV." Here we have a perfect Comedy of Errors! For "legitimate," we must, of course, read

"legitimized," but in 1732, the duc de Penthièvre, son of the Comte de Toulouse, and grandson of Louis XIV., was only seven years old, and the subject of Nattier's portrait is a man of at least seven or eight-and-twenty. He wears magnificent state robes, and is accompanied by an attendant who draws away from the proud figure, clad in grey and black, the folds of an immense cloak, heavy with gold embroidery. It is probably the portrait of that Duke of Orleans, the son of the Regent, who was then on the point of retiring to the Abbey of St. Geneviève, where he spent the latter part of his life. In any case, the work is so capable that it must have increased the painter's reputation, and, in the following year, when Raoux died and the Grand Prior had to appoint another artist to finish his pictures in the Temple, Nattier was obviously the proper person to select. There he continued to receive, in the lodgings attached to his post, that crowd of sitters whom he depicted under the most fantastic disguises,—naiads, nymphs, goddesses, all furnished with the most appropriate emblems or attributes. "*Nul plus que lui, n'a fait une plus grande consommation d'aigles et de colombes.*" His situation at the Temple and the patronage of the "*plupart des princes et princesses de la maison de Lorraine*" did not, however, bring him into direct relations with the Court. It was not until 1740, when the Duchess of Mazarin brought her two celebrated nieces, the Mademoiselles de Nesle, notorious in later years as the Duchesses de Châteauroux and de Flavacourt, that fortune and favour came to his doors. The portraits of these two girls, one as

"Point du Jour," the other as "Silence," attracted so much attention that the Queen herself desired to see them, and ordered of Nattier a portrait of Madame Henriette "En Flore," which was immediately repeated, with a companion portrait of Madame Adélaïde "En Diane" for Choisy. Both of these pictures have been identified by M. de Nolhac in the collections at Versailles. That of Madame Henriette is signed and dated 1742, and is certainly the original portrait, painted for the Queen, for, after his reputation was made, it seems to have been Nattier's practice to sign only the first example of each of his works. In this way we are guarded from accepting as his the numerous repetitions made by his various copyists—Prévost, Coqueret, de la Roche, Hellard and others.

Now began the great period of Nattier's success, during which he painted that important series of portraits which includes every member of the royal family and every personage of note about the Court of Louis XV. and his Queen. These Court portraits, many of which are simply treated, are amongst his most honourable achievements. If his Madame Henriette "En Flore" is a charming work, his admirable portrait of her mother is even better, and the Madame Adélaïde of the Louvre loses no attraction from the absence of all fantastic disguise. She wears her blue velvet and sable with a little touch of dignified formality; her pretty flesh tints are carried out by the white leaves of the book on her lap, and the coat of her little dog and the architectural background—conventionally helped by a red curtain, divided from the figure by a

cushion covered in deep orange—has an appropriate and stately air. The portraits of the "dames de France," all of whom Nattier painted three times "*en grands tableaux et en pied*," were in great favour, and replicas are not uncommon. M. Groult, whose "*portrait d'une Inconnue*," in blue and white with a rose in her hair, is one of the prettiest and most individual of Nattier's small portraits, has also a half-length repeat of the Madame Adélaïde of the Galerie La Caze, which is in a beautiful state, but *Madame Victoire en Vestale* at Hertford House, is amongst the more important. I am inclined though, on the whole, to agree with Mariette, that his charming portrait of Marie Leczinska, of which there is a version at Versailles, is his best work. "*Celuy qu'il fit de la Reyne, et qu'on a vu exposé au sallon des Tuilleries en 1748, m'a paru un de ses meilleurs ouvrages et que je mets fort audessus des portraits des dames de France, qui pourtant out en un grand succès.*" Words which we may apply to the portrait by him of the Queen, which is, I believe, the original now at Hertford House. In the following year, Nattier painted the Frankfort banker Leerse and his wife, and from the journal of Leerse we get a glimpse of Nattier's practice. "*J'ai été*," he writes on November 3, 1749, "*chez Nattier, peintre très fameux, dout je me suis tirer de même que mon épouse. Je n'ai été assis que trois fois et elle quatre.*"

Casanova, who saw Nattier in 1750, tells us that "*malgré son âge avancé, son beau talent semblait être dans toute sa fraicheur*," yet in spite of this youthful vigour and apparently continued vogue, Nattier amassed no fortune. He

managed his affairs ill, he had a delicate wife and nine children; but he also reproached himself with lending money too easily, and with spending too much on "*curiositez*," an avowal which reminds us of the exquisitely enamelled gold snuff-box stolen from him when "*sortant du spectacle des danseurs de corde etabli sur le boulevart.*" It must also be borne in mind that the irregular and incomplete payment for Court commissions contributed, in all probability, to disturb his fortunes.

EMMA LADY HAMILTON
(*Romney*)

HUMPHREY WARD

ROMNEY had reached his eight-and-fortieth year, and had been living six years in what he himself called "this cursed drudgery of portrait-painting," when there came before him a new sitter, destined to exercise a real influence upon his life, and, if we may so adapt a phrase of Mr. Gladstone's "immeasurably to increase his chances of immortality," and, by his agency, her own chances too. This was Amy Lyon, or Emily or Emma Hart, the future Lady Hamilton. In this place it is not necessary to dwell at any length upon her adventures before she came to Romney. The truth is that not much is really known of those years, though there are semi-mythical accounts in plenty, and we only begin to be really acquainted with Emma when Romney paints her and speaks of her, and, still better, when, in and after 1786, she comes to write those letters to Charles Greville, to Sir William Hamilton, to Romney, and finally to Nelson, which are preserved in the late Mr. Alfred Morrison's collection, and which were privately printed by him in two invaluable volumes. There is one exception: the same book gives us the letters exchanged between Emma and Charles Greville in 1781, when her earliest protector, Sir

H. Featherstonhaugh, of Up Park, Hampshire, had cast her adrift, and when she turned to Greville almost in despair for herself and for the child that was about to be born. Greville, the smiling voluptuary whom Sir Joshua painted in one of his Dilettanti pictures, was not the man to refuse such an appeal from a creature so exquisite as Emma and her mother—who passed under the name of "Mrs. Cadogan"—and installed them in a little house in the Edgeware Road. There, in great retirement, she passed five years of happiness, seeing nobody but a few of Greville's friends, and among them his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, the British Minister at Naples, whose wife was at that time dying, and who seems to have been already impressed by the auburn-haired goddess whom Greville described as his "tea-maker of the Edgeware road." And in the beginning of 1782 she was brought to Romney to sit for her portrait. As Greville was brother of Lord Warwick, several members of whose family had already been painted by Romney with the greatest success, it was natural enough that he should bring his mistress to Cavendish Square, though he can hardly have suspected that there would be that pre-ordained harmony—as the Eighteenth Century philosophers would have said—between artist and sitter as quickly proved to be the case. We know that in later years many painters tried their skill upon her—Reynolds once, Madame Vigée Le Brun at least twice, Angelica Kauffmann probably, and many an Italian painter and sculptor to whom she sat in Sir William's painting room at Naples. But none of these artists, not



EMMA LADY HAMILTON ("NATURE")

even Reynolds himself, in the well-known *Bacchante*, made of "the most beautiful woman in the world" anything that was distinctive, anything that was much removed from the commonplace. It is Romney alone who has preserved the life of those wonderful features, of that radiant hair, and of the multitudinous phases of expression through which this born actress, inspired by his suggestions, passed seemingly at will. Her name remains inseparably bound, though in very different ways, with the names of two great men, a hero and a painter. In the *Chronique scandaleuse* of a hundred years ago, Emma belongs to Nelson; in the history of art she belongs to Romney.

The Diary for the early months of 1782 has a large number of entries of "a lady at 12," "a lady at 3," "Mrs. ——— at ½ past 12," and so on, but it is not till April 20 that we find the entry "Mrs. H^{t} at 12," a note frequently repeated either as "Mrs. H^{t}," or "Mrs. H." The form of the entry is significant. It seems to mean that Greville, conscious of the irregularity of their relations, wished her to be anonymous at first, and that in a few weeks this had made way for what is so rare in the Diaries, the familiarity of an abbreviation. Be this as it may, it is interesting to learn from John Romney's *Memoirs* what the first portrait was. "It was," he says, "that beautiful one, so full of *naïveté*, in which she is represented with a little spaniel dog under her arm." This is the picture that was made popular by Meyer's contemporary engraving called *Nature*, coloured impressions of which have often been sold, during the prevalence of the present craze, for two hundred pounds

or more. But what shall we say of the original picture, for which Greville paid twenty guineas? It went subsequently to Sir William Hamilton, was sold at his sale to a Mr. Lister Parker, and passed afterwards to Mr. Fawkes of Farnley, Turner's friend. After the last Romney exhibition Mr. Fawkes's son yielded to the golden importunities of a buyer, and sold the picture; and since that time I believe that it has been sold at least twice, the last time for something close upon £20,000.

Doubtless Romney himself thought less of the *Nature* than of the full-length that he began at the same time, the *Circe* with the beasts that should have been painted by Gilpin, but were not. Always hankering after some mode of escape from "the cursed drudgery," he found in Emma not only a woman of perfect beauty both of form and feature, but a born painter's model—a woman who had an instinct for posing in character, and who could adapt herself with the readiness of genius to any part that the imagination or reading of the painter or his friends might chance to suggest.

Even his devotion to the adored features could not cure Romney of that inveterate habit to which Cumberland and all the other commentators refer—his swiftness in beginning, his slowness or indecision in finishing. He finished the *St. Cecilia*, the *Sensibility*; one, perhaps two, versions of the *Bacchante*; *Cassandra*, which went to the Shakespeare Gallery; the *Alope*, and the *Circe*; and above all that famous *Spinstress*, which Greville would have so much liked to keep, but was obliged to forego. Besides these,

there were several finished pictures that were actual portraits, though some of them bore fancy names. *Nature* we have mentioned; there was also the equally famous Emma or *The Straw Hat*, and, besides one or two more, there was the half-length in a black gown and pink petticoat "sent to Naples," one of the pictures painted for the insatiable Sir William Hamilton, who must fill his house with pictures of her, good like Romney's, or bad like the Roman artists'. And finally there were the two pictures of *Calypso* and *A Magdalen*, painted in 1791, for the Prince of Wales, and therefore of special interest in relation to the lady herself.

How Romney regarded her departure in 1786, we are left to infer from a few scattered indications, and from his known conduct after her return and marriage. Evidently it made him very miserable. His work went on unabated; sitters for 1786 are as numerous as ever, and he is painting some of his finest pictures, such as the *Wilbraham-Bootle Boys*, the *Mrs. Carmichael Smyth*, and the *Lady Milner*. But overwork is no remedy for what is really a bereavement, and it is at this time that we begin to find increasing references to the depression of spirits which is to characterize Romney henceforth, and to lead to hypochondria, and finally to develop into that sad state into which he sank soon after his sixtieth year. Sometimes indeed he seeks consolation in working at the pictures that he has begun from her. It was in November of this year, eight months after her departure, that Hayley "happened to find him one morning contemplating by himself a recently-coloured head,

on a small canvas. It was the *Sensibility*, with Emma's features. Next year Boydell's great scheme of the Shakespeare Gallery was projected, Romney having been one of the first artists consulted (his son claims that the scheme itself was due to Romney's suggestion); and in the three pictures that he painted for it, *The Tempest*, *The Infant Shakespeare Nursed by Tragedy and Comedy*, and *Cassandra*, it was Emma again, though she herself was far away at Naples, that served as model, the figure of Comedy in the second picture being taken from her.

Of direct evidence of the state of his feelings towards Emma during these years of her absence there is but little; while on her side we have only one or two perfectly calm references to him, as when she tells Greville that she has "wrote to Romney" to send to Naples "the picture in the black gown."

At last, at the end of May (1791) a great event occurs that pours new life into him, or, as the pedantic Hayley puts it, "raises to joyous elevation, the sinking spirits of the artist." Emma comes home! She has not announced herself to appear; and one morning "in a Turkish habit," she pays the painter a surprise visit, with Sir William Hamilton in her train. The marriage is determined on; but meanwhile it will give pleasure to all three that Emma should sit daily to her painter. It will gratify her vanity, give scope to her histrionic talent, increase the pride of her future husband, and make Romney believe once more that life is worth living. On June 19, he writes to Hayley: "At present, and the greatest part of the summer, I shall

be engaged in painting pictures from the divine lady. I cannot give her any other epithet, for I think her superior to all womankind." All the world is following her, talking of her, "so that if she had not more good sense than vanity, her brain must be turned."

But she comes constantly to be painted, and he has put on record the names of the pictures that he has begun—a *Joan of Arc*; a *Magdalen* and a *Bacchante* for the Prince of Wales; a companion to the *Bacchante* is being planned; and a *Constance* for the Shakespeare Gallery, though in point of fact, this last was never even begun. The *Diaries* show us how frequent were the sittings; from June 2 "Mrs. H." comes every second day, being generally the first sitter at nine in the morning. Soon, however, a cloud comes over the "sun of his Hemispheer"; the overwrought painter yields for a bitter moment, not to jealousy indeed, for he well knows that she belongs to Sir William, but to the dread that he is losing her friendship. He goes to see her act at Sir William's house, admires her prodigiously—for "her acting is simple, grand, terrible and pathetic," and tells her so, to her great satisfaction. "But alas, soon after I discovered an alteration in her conduct to me. A coldness and neglect seemed to have taken the place of her repeated declarations of regard." The poor man is profoundly miserable, but after a fortnight, when she has returned from the country, she comes to sit again, and sits every day; and "since she has resumed her former kindness," writes the heart-sick painter, "my health and spirits are quite recovered." Romney even gives a party in her

honour—it is the only occasion on which we hear of his putting his good house in Cavendish Square to such an excellent use. "She performed in my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility with most astonishing power. She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses everything, both in singing and acting, that ever appeared. Gallini offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him, on which Sir William said pleasantly, that he had engaged her for life." And finally, in early September come two significant entries in the Diary:

Sept. 5. Mon. Mrs. Hart at 9.
Sept. 6. Tues. Lady Hamilton at 11.

Early that Tuesday morning Emma had been married to Sir William Hamilton at Marylebone Church, whence she must have driven straight back to Cavendish Square to give one last sitting—her first and only one under her new name and in her regularized position—to the devoted painter. The departure for Naples took place very soon afterwards; there was an affectionate leave-taking, and Romney and Emma saw each other no more. She returned to England indeed before he died, and spoke kindly of him to Hayley, apparently making tender inquiries about him, and still more about the portrait of her that he had promised to give to her mother, which was duly handed over to her by Hayley on December 13, 1800; but he was too ill to return to London; the peasant wife was nursing him; he had no mind or powers left for the Lady from the land of the Sirens.

For the first half-century or more after his death his work was neglected. Hidden in private houses, the public never saw it; his biographies did not interest people; he had left no group of influential friends to hand down his memory. There was no such machinery of celebrity in his case as had existed so abundantly in Sir Joshua's, who lived not only by his pictures but by a multitude of lovely engravings and by the written and spoken word of colleagues, pupils, and friends. So Romney's fame may almost be said to have died away during the dark ages between 1820 and 1850; and Christie's catalogues show that in those days he was ignored by collectors and by galleries, such as then existed. In the general revival of æsthetic intelligence which began about the middle of the century—a revival of which the Pre-Raphaelite movement, the eloquence of Ruskin, and the growth of a new class of wealthy amateurs were so many symptoms and conditions, Romney began to emerge once more. "Old Masters" exhibitions, after 1870, brought him before the eyes of everybody, at a time when, strange to say, a couple of pretty but unimportant heads alone represented him in the National Gallery. It is unnecessary to follow any further the growth of his popularity, for it is written in a score of Romney publications, in a hundred new prints, and in the records of a multitude of exhibitions, culminating in that which was held all through the year 1900 at the Grafton Gallery. Enough to say that the world has once more discovered, that a fine Romney is a fine possession; while those judges whose interest in art is wholly non-acquisitive have thought it worth while to

take him seriously, and have on the whole decided, though discriminatingly and with many reserves, that the amateurs are right.

The first point on which all the authorities agree is as to Romney's sincerity. Never was there an artist who lived more wholly in his art. "In his painting-room," said his pupil Robinson, "he seemed to have the highest enjoyment of life, and the more he painted the greater flow of spirits he acquired." It is true that, by one of the ironies of history, it was not primarily in portrait-painting that he was interested, but in those larger schemes and subjects to which, according to the classification of his time, he gave a higher place. "His heart and soul," said his friend the great Flaxman, "were engaged in the pursuit of historical and ideal painting"—the paintings in which he was destined to produce but few finished works, and those failures. Men and women, in themselves, interested him but little; and from this fact there came at once his shrinking from society and his limitations as a portrait-painter. "A new face," writes one of the keenest and, in Romney's case, one of the most severe of critics,[1] "set him no new problem"; that is to say, he was not a searching investigator into character, as were the great Florentines, and as Velasquez was, and as are the best of the moderns. "He merely moved the parts of the mask a little about, so that the features by their spacing might approach to a likeness," and hence a superficial mutual resemblance among Romneys, a certain clinging to a pattern in the forms of faces,

[1] Mr. D. S. MacColl.

in the set of the head, in the way the sitter looks out of the canvas. It is curious that Flaxman, in his studied praise of Romney, and Gainsborough, in his spontaneous and unwilling praise of Reynolds, should have happened on the same word "various." Everybody admits it in the case of the great President; but it is not so true of Romney, who seems to have been constantly thinking, as he posed a sitter, of form as the antique sculptors whom he loved had taught him to regard it.

What is it, then, that gives Romney his hold upon this generation, and will continue to give him a hold so long as a love of art endures among us? In part, of course, it is because he shares with Reynolds and Gainsborough the good fortune of having kept alive for us a society of which the fascination is enduring—that limited and privileged society of the Eighteenth Century, which has realized such a perfect art of living, and with which we can clasp hands across the gulf, as we cannot with the men and women of Charles the Second's time, or even of Queen Anne's. Much more is it because, by temperament and training, Romney was an artist in love with loveliness; because he found it in the women and children of his time, and stamped it on countless canvases.

To our problem-haunted painters of to-day, it may seem that his sense of form, as the above-quoted critic has said, was "generic and superficial"; they may condemn him because he did not try to penetrate deep into character, and because he simplified too much, like the Greek sculptors. The lover of mere human beauty will care little for such

objections, provided that a portrait gives him the essentials of a beautiful face —

> "The witchery of eyes, the grace that tips
> The inexpressible douceur of the lips,"

—and has blended them with the aristocratic dignity of the *Lady Sligo*, or with the melting sweetness of many of the sketches of Emma. This is what he finds in every first-rate Romney; and he finds much more. He finds pure and unfaded colour, the fruit of the painter's knowledge and of a self-restraint which forbade him to search for complex effects through rash experiments. He finds a quality of painting which, though it wants the subtlety and "preciousness" that Gainsborough reached instinctively and Sir Joshua by effort, is a quality to which nobody but a master can attain. To be convinced of this, we have only to look closely at the brushwork of the eyes in any of the National Gallery Romneys, or the draperies in such pictures as the *Lady Warwick and Children* or the *Lady Derby*. Again, our lover of beauty finds his satisfaction—and here the most exacting painter-critic will be at one with him—in the "large and unfrittered design" which is the mark of almost every mature Romney without exception. Of all his natural gifts this was the greatest; it was because he was a born designer that he found such pleasure and stimulus in the Stanze of the Vatican; that he surrounded himself with fine casts from the antique, and "would sit and consider these in profound silence by the hour"; and that, in his happiest moments, he would produce a group like

the *Gower Children*, or such a masterpiece of line as the *Lady Bell Hamilton*. Of course he painted too much; that is agreed. He worked too hard; in his leisure hours he was too often alone; he was unfortunate in the fact that his principal friend was not a Diderot or a Johnson, but a Hayley. Hence a certain amount of hasty production, a chronic surrender to depression, a constant search for subjects not suited to his art, or to any art. But when all is said, he remains one of the greatest painters of the Eighteenth Century, and one of the glories of the English name.

THE SIBYL AND THE LADY WITH A FAN
(*Velasquez*)

CARL JUSTI

JEALOUSY formed an ingredient of the Oriental element in the Spanish nature. How reluctantly must a contemporary of Calderon have permitted a being to sit to a painter, whom nobody could look upon with indifferent eyes! Ladies of rank lived in a half monastic, half Oriental seclusion, never appearing on the promenades or at the Corsi, as in Italy. Their intercourse abroad was mainly restricted to visits in sedan chairs especially in the wealthy nunneries; even Mass was usually attended in the family oratories.

As, however, European customs had penetrated into the Court circles, female portrait painting also was tolerated, but still surrounded with all kinds of precautions. The originals appear to have been little subject to the amiable weaknesses of the sex; those qualities, which, at least according to the poets, constituted one half of the feminine charms, were rigorously banished, and the expression of dignity or cold pride, became the rule.

Hence it is not very surprising that Spanish galleries contain so few passable portraits of women, while the category of "beauties" is scarcely represented at all. Palomino alludes to the custom in France, Germany, and Italy (were he writing at present he would have to head



THE LADY WITH A FAN

the list with England), of exhibiting large and small portraits of distinguished ladies "without prudery or disguise," adding that in Spain people were much more punctilious. And this he wrote under the Bourbon *régime* (1723). No doubt in the time of Philip II., when the spirit of the Renaissance was most potent, fine Court ladies were painted for the Prado Portrait Gallery, but even these are by the Dutch Antonio Moro. Otherwise, portraits of "beauties" were imported from Venice, for instance; and in the Museum is still to be seen a Courtesan by Tintoretto, of which several copies have been made. And Titian himself sent to Madrid that likeness of his fair Lavinia, adapted, however, to Spanish taste as Herodias with the head of John the Baptist.

At the Court of Philip IV., also, relieved as it otherwise was from many prejudices, our master was not called upon to paint many ladies. Is this to be regretted? No doubt that Richard Ford declares that "Velasquez was emphatically a man, and the painter of men," as if an artist of such vigorous characterization could have had no vocation for female loveliness. But even in æsthetic questions how often is the *à priori* necessity of a fact demonstrated before the fact itself is established! It was forgotten that his portraits of little girls, such as the Infanta Margaret and her associates and his own daughter, are unapproachable, exciting the unqualified admiration of painters, connoisseurs, and unprofessionals alike. And such subjects are, to say the least, not easier than full grown women.

Still that prejudice is apparently justified by the catalogue of the master's extant works of this class. The Madrid Museum has only one genuine Spanish female portrait by him, and although there are numerous royal princesses, they are merely replicas of a very limited number of originals, which, moreover, belong to a foreign (Teutonic) stock. Few of them have sufficient personal charms or mental endowments to awaken the observer's interest.

In the case of Philip's first Queen, Isabella of Bourbon, most noble-minded of all contemporary women, the artist seemed to have lacked full facility for study, as she was an unwilling subject. The second and very insignificant Mariana of Austria became yearly more repellent. To the fundamental principle of suppressing all appearance of amiability was here added a monstrous style of dress, which exceeded everything hitherto devised in deforming the human figure. Even Calderon remarked that the etiquette and fashion of the times were no improvement to beauty.

However, our master's love of truth by no means tended to soften, but rather to accentuate, those elements with a precision more desirable in the chronicler than in the artist, and the natural consequence is that his ladies' gallery is scarcely calculated to evoke enthusiasm. But was it his business to improve Nature after a fashionable formula in the manner of the Mignards and Lelys? In the presence of such models and of such a rigid etiquette must not all Art have felt itself helpless? Even such a depictor of beauty as Mengs has given us in the Electress

Maria Josepha one of the ugliest female heads that ever wore a crown. With better subjects would not Velasquez have shown himself in quite a different light? In my opinion this question may be answered in the affirmative, if the facts are weighed and not merely counted—that is, if we carefully consider the few extant portraits of genuine Spanish women known to be by his hand.

There are three only, and unfortunately all three of unknown persons.

The only Spanish lady in the Madrid Gallery, and the earliest of the three is the so-called Sibyl. It is first heard of in the St. Ildefonso inventory of 1774, where it is described as a woman in profile holding a tablet. That it represents the artist's wife is possible, but not yet shown to be probable, for a resemblance can scarcely be detected with any of the women in the Vienna family picture.

The portrait is remarkable as the only instance in which the painter has selected a profile more of a plastic than pictorial character. The lineaments of this profile are less beautiful than interesting, more full of character than pleasing, but in any case purely Spanish. The clear straight open brow, such as recurs in all the following portraits, combined with the large deep-set eye calmly gazing into the distance imparts to the features the breath of intelligence. Its serious cast is enhanced by the shadows over the forehead and eyes caused by the light coming from behind. Is it the glance of the artist or the seer? Unfortunately the tablet which should have answered this question is a blank.

The grey gown and yellow mantle are of almost ideal simplicity. Hence she would seem to have wished herself represented in some poetic character, perhaps after the model of some classic work known to her, just as Domenichino, for instance, painted his fair Maria Sibylla as Cecilia or the Cumæan Sibyl. Only one can scarcely recall a representation of the Sibyl in the severe sculpturesque style of this Spanish dame, who seems in the middle of her twenties, when, according to Lope, Spanish beauties begin to fail.

But with all this simplicity of treatment special attention has been paid to the hair, which seems to betray the artist; only in this respect what Spanish belle is not an artist? The rich black frizzy mass is rolled up above the forehead like a natural diadem, and covers part of the cheek. Behind, it is gathered up by a kind of netted yellow band from which a wide green end falls down the back. The finely-modelled neck is encircled by a string of pearls and a narrow frill.

The picture is painted on a yellowish-grey ground, with a free broad touch in smooth, thin colours. The grey tone, as well as the profile which painters regard as insufficient for the likeness in portraits, agrees well with the character of reserve impressed upon this noble figure, which is turned from the light and from the observer.

This enigmatic Sibyl peering into space is followed by a figure, which, on the contrary, gazes with almost disturbing effect on the spectator. *The Lady with a Fan* was sold at the Lucien Bonaparte sale (1861) for thirty-one pounds,

passing afterwards to the Aguado Gallery, where a very unsuccessful steel engraving was made. At the Aguado sale (March, 1843), it was bought for 1,275 francs by a Mr. Moran, apparently acting for Lord Hertford, and it now adorns the gallery of Sir Richard Wallace; size, 36½x27 inches. "There is no other painting that better represents both Spain and Velasquez," said Thoré, who saw it at the Manchester Exhibition.

Here are the eyes of a Juno, small, delicately-shaped snub nose, warm, glowing carnations, well-formed cherry-red mouth, long full neck with string of dark beads, but at too obtuse an angle with the bust; hair brushed back from the somewhat hard forehead, and then brought round in soft brown locks to the cheeks. Thus she stands, turned to her right, looking front, and gracefully holding the hem of the black lace mantilla high up on her bosom. This *manto* was one of the most "killing" articles of the Madrileña's wardrobe, often cursed by husbands and fathers, once even denounced by the censure of a royal edict (1639). By its means they could, with a simple movement of the dainty little fingers, either completely veil themselves or coquettishly show just one eye, or else, as here, enframe in sombre black the loveliest of bosoms, thanks to this low cut olive-brown dress.

Besides the quite dark or deadened contrasts of the attire, the narrow crimped hem of the *chemisette* (as Titian recommends) serves to give a still warmer tone to the southern complexion, the freshness of which is secured by an unusually rich *impasto*.

The hands are concealed in loose light gray leather gloves, with lace cuffs; but besides the beaded necklace no jewels. The right hand holds the fully unfurled fan, which is turned to the observer like an eloquent hieroglyphic. On the left arm hangs the many-coiled rosary with its bluish bow. Thus we have here the three dumb instruments, of which every Spanish belle is a perfect connoisseur, the mantilla and fan for action, the rosary to mask the attack, for she is now in her "war paint." The glance of the brown eyes is proud, almost hard, a strategic glance, which under outward coldness conceals impatience and passion. It conveys a question, if not an ultimatum. Here is the moment for a bold word; hesitate an instant, and she will never forgive you.

Who is she and whence comes she? Probably from Mass in the Vitoria, the "ladies' parish," as Tirso calls it, from which it is but a step to the *Calle Mayor*, "where love is bartered by measure and weight."

Or she might suit the popular avenue of the Prado; only the painter has indicated nothing, merely giving her a greenish-grey background. Is it one of those Circe's, for whom the *jeunesse dorée* of those days "went to the dogs"? —or a Toledan flirt of the comedies, one of those who on receiving the holy water[1] flashed back a glance that turned the heads of cavaliers on the eve of their wedding? A maze of coldness and fire, of bigotry and worldliness, of pride and coquetry, or worse?

[1] It was the fashion for gallants to stand at the font and hand the holy water on the tips of their fingers to the *señoras* passing in and out.

Of our unknown there is another portrait which seems more representative and less motived than this. Since the middle of the Eighteenth Century it has been in the Duke of Devonshire's Chiswick House collection (size 28x18½ inches). The chief difference lies in the dress, which is of richer, more costly materials, especially lace of brighter colour, yet more quiet and aristocratic. The plain black mantilla has been exchanged for one of rich lace, whose hem cut in floral pattern encroaches more on the face. She wears a pearl necklace and a lemon-coloured silk gown, with black lace *volants* on underskirt and sleeves. On the other hand the bosom is covered by a white lace collar, and instead of the elegant fan the right hand holds a meaningless handkerchief. But the large gloves have been forgotten, and yet the hands are by no means "five-leaved lilies." Although merely sketched, they are strong, which for a Spanish lady of quality means much.

Possibly this richly-arrayed figure served as an experiment, the results of which were turned to account for the other portrait. The canvas seems cut very close.

Lastly, an authentic portrait of a very elegant lady is figured in the third picture, which passed from the Dudley Gallery to the Berlin Museum. Its pedigree goes no farther back than the collection of Sebastian Martinez in Cadiz, although not mentioned by A. Ponz in his description of that place. In the year 1867 it was purchased by Lord Ward of Dudley from the Salamanca Gallery for ninety-eight thousand francs.

The figure stands out very plastically from the light grey

ground, almost in the form of two super-imposed cones, with the conventional pose and gestures of the portraits of the royal princesses. The shape of the farthingale and the hair are also in the same fashion, which lasted from the third to the fifth decade of the Seventeenth Century. She has the easy attitude of refined culture, although the proud bearing, the firm grasp of the arm of the red chair, and the expression seem to betray more character than is seen in the royal ladies.

MRS. SIDDONS

(*Sir Thomas Lawrence*)

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER

FOLLOWING closely upon the masters of the Eighteenth Century—Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney—Lawrence at once stepped into the position of the foremost portrait-painter in England, a position he maintained until the day of his death. Like the greatest artists that the world has ever seen, he expressed the spirit of his age in his portraits; and if that age was somewhat lacking in picturesqueness, Lawrence's talent receives an added lustre from the fact that he has given us the loveliest women and the most important men of his time, with a fidelity, a consummate art, and an acute perception of character that the mere vagaries of fashion can neither conceal nor trammel.

Thomas Lawrence was a most precocious child, and we hear that when only five years of age he would stand on the table and recite Milton and the odes of Collins to an admiring crowd; his drawings also at that early age showed real talent, his portraits being considered excellent. Even when a child, Lawrence drew eyes most beautifully. "In the painting of the human eye," writes Cunningham, "Lawrence became afterwards unrivalled," and in later years Fuseli, the eccentric Swiss Academician, compared

Lawrence's painting of eyes to that of Titian. Among others of the admirers of the infant prodigy was the great Siddons, who, in her solemn way, declared that young Lawrence's voice was harmonious and his action just.

It was at Bath that Lawrence commenced his life-work. At first his sketches and portraits, had been priced at a guinea, but he now raised them to a guinea and a half. The great Siddons sat to him in the *rôle* of *Aspasia* in the *Grecian Daughter*, and the portrait was considered so successful that it was engraved, and proved highly remunerative. Before Lawrence was twelve years of age he became the rage of all the rank and fashion of the town.

A great misfortune for Lawrence was undoubtedly the fashion of the dress of the day. The French Revolution which was then causing the monarchs of Europe to tremble upon their thrones, had, among vaster changes, obliterated the picturesqueness of both male and female sitters of the upper classes. The first effect was the appearance of the atrocious "high hat" in the place of the shapely tricorne; hair-powder went out and pomatum came in; men wore pyramidally shaped coats and collars with numerous waistcoats overlapping each other, Hessian boots, and great-coats with frogs and lapels lined with fur. Ladies appeared in voluminous turbans in which were poised Birds of Paradise, and had their waists immediately below their bare arms, up which gloves were loosely drawn till they reached the shoulder, from which stood puffed-out sleeves, graphically described as *shoulders of mutton*. Their hair was arranged in glossy curls so as to completely hide the eyes and forehead.



MRS. SIDDONS

Such monstrosities of fashion had superseded, in the early years of the century, the superbly satin-coated and be-ruffled dandies, and the prodigiously tall dressed-out hair of the dames of the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, and all the picturesque pomp and splendour of the "old *régime*." The Brighton Pavilion and the "first Gentleman in Europe" had stepped into the place of Versailles and Marie Antoinette.

For the next thirty years Lawrence worked assiduously at painting these preposterously accoutred men and women, and seems to have revelled in the very ugliness of the fashion. Although simple in his own attire and always wearing a black coat, there is hardly a picture by him in which his sitters were not, even the men, in red or green, or blue or purple. Lawrence, of course, could not be expected to alter the fashion of the dress of his day, but he certainly did not seem to see its ludicrousness. He painted every one who was celebrated and beautiful, in fact, any one who paid to be painted, and the consequence of this plethora of portrait-painting was that he lost much individuality, getting into a groove, and giving little character to his portraits; and even Kemble as Hamlet, as Rolla, as Cato, or as Coriolanus, is always Lawrence plus Kemble.

His protrait of Mrs. Siddons herself, whom he almost idolized, lacks the grandeur that Gainsborough, and the sublimity that Reynolds gave to her majestic face; and the heavy-browed Thurlow has little of the almost terrific majesty of judicial wisdom that Romney transferred to his canvas. Lawrence lacked genius; he was determined to

please in his portraiture, and no painter was more successful in his undertaking. His was the art which was certain to succeed among princes and fine ladies, high dignitaries and grand seigneurs; but contrast, for instance, Reynolds's portrait of Heathfield in the National Gallery, with that of Wellington by Lawrence at Windsor Castle: how feeble the latter appears! And yet surely the hero of Waterloo was a better subject to paint than he of Gibraltar.

Lawrence's method of work was as follows:—He always painted standing; on one occasion he worked all through the day, through that night, the next day, and all through the night following. At the first sitting he carefully drew in the outline of his sitter's face in pencil on the canvas. At the second he commenced to colour, but he always carefully painted in the head before sketching more than the shoulders of the figure—as any art-student may see in his unfinished portrait of Wilberforce in the National Portrait Gallery, or the brilliant sketch of a woman's head in the National Gallery. Often he kept his sitters for three hours at a stretch, and sometimes required as many as eight or nine sittings. All this proved how hard and how conscientiously he worked. Some of his more rapid portraits are better than his more finished and coloured ones.

Haydon, the ambitious painter of historical subjects, whose writing is so superior to his painting, and whose end was so tragic, cordially disliked Lawrence and all his works. He has written of him as follows: "Lawrence was suited to the age and the age to Lawrence. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weaknesses, and met its meretricious

taste. His men were all gentlemen with an air of fashion and the dandyism of high life—his women were delicate but not modest, beautiful but not natural, they appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy." The portrait-painter Opie said of his great rival, that Lawrence "made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence." Both of these criticisms are unfair to Sir Thomas, but they are, in a certain measure, true. Richard Redgrave in his work *A Century of Painters*, is more just when he writes that "many of Lawrence's faults arose from his courteous weakness to his sitters; they lived and moved in the atmosphere of fashionable life, then far more exclusive than at present, and he submitted to their dictation; hence it was said that 'his women look the slaves of fashion, glittering with pearls and ornaments.' Something also must be attributed to his over-taxed powers, which obliged him to give over much of the making-up of his pictures to his assistants: backgrounds and even hands were entrusted to them; and the numerous repetitions of public portraits which were called for, were necessarily the almost entire work of the Simpsons, father and son, Pegler and others, who were in Lawrence's constant employment."

Wilkie has left an interesting account of the manner in which Sir Thomas worked:—"He wished to seize the expression rather than to copy the features. His attainment of likeness was most laborious. One distinguished person, who favoured him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he ever sat to, and he had

sat to many. He would draw the portrait in chalk the size of life, on paper; this occupied but one sitting, but that sitting lasted nearly one whole day. He next transferred this outline from the paper to the canvas: his picture and his sitter were placed at a distance from the point of view where, to see both at a time, he had to traverse all across the room before the conception which the view of his sitter suggested could be proceeded with. In this incessant transit his feet had worn a path through the carpet to the floor, exercising freedom both of body and mind; each traverse allowing time for invention, while it required an effort of memory between the touch on the canvas and the observation from which it grew."

Both as a man and as an artist Lawrence was impressionable, and in his work was entirely influenced by the spirit of his period, a period of affectation that frequently bordered upon vulgarity. If Lawrence's art in portraiture had been genius instead of talent of the highest order, he would have created a public taste instead of slavishly following that set by the Court and Society of his day. As it was, his work was the ultimate expression of the "curtain and column" school of portraiture, and his success set a fashion that was followed for years afterwards by innumerable portrait-painters. These, in imitating the style, missed the spirit and perception by which Lawrence, trammelled as he was by the absurdities of the dress and conventionality of attitude and surroundings, was enabled to place upon his canvases some suggestions of the actual identity of his sitters. And it was not until the advent of George Frederick

Watts and the late Sir John Everett Millais that the effects of the imitation of the obvious points of Lawrence's style finally disappeared from English portraiture.

Lawrence's chief defect was that he turned his art too much into a trade; he would have attained a far higher position had he contented himself with painting half the people he did, and his name would have stood on a higher pinnacle in the Temple of Fame. During the last twenty years of his life he painted but little more as a rule, than the face of his sitter, the rest of the picture being completed by his pupils, or rather by his assistants. This practice has, of course, lessened the value of his portraits. Individually I prefer, in most cases, such an unfinished work as his double portrait oil-sketch of Lady Glengall, or even one of his beautiful pencil drawings, such as that of the Mornington sisters, to many of his full-length life-size portraits; such sketches are worth all the portraits of George IV. put together. Another of Lawrence's defects was his ruling passion to be the leading portrait-painter of his day; and in order to maintain that place he sacrificed care, finish, and quality, to quantity. It is owing to these defects that we find so many unsatisfactory portraits from his too prolific brush.

These are grave failings; but on the other side his great merits are incontestable, and weigh the scale in his favour. Where, except among the very greatest of those whose fame chiefly rests on their excellence in the art of portrait-painting—such giants as Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez and Van Dyck, Reynolds and Gainsborough—

can finer work be shown than in such astonishing likenesses as those of Lawrence when at his best; and the master must be judged by his master-works. His style, when once he had adopted it, had the great merit of being a style of its own, of much refinement and excellence in drawing; although his work was perhaps too smooth in technique and somewhat affected in feeling. His paintings have lasted, whereas those of many of his contemporaries are mere wrecks and shadows of their former selves; for he attempted no experiments in glazings and pigments as was Sir Joshua's wont, and his pictures are, as a rule, as fresh as when they were painted a century ago.

I believe it only fair to place him immediately beneath our three greatest portrait-painters,—that immortal trio, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney: at a time when Hoppner, Opie, and Raeburn were all working, this is high praise. My readers will hardly, I think, gainsay this estimate of the talents of the painter who has left us such portraits as those of Pius VII., Cardinal Consalvi, Curran, Scott, Eldon and Wilberforce—unfinished though the last work may be—and such presentments of woman's grace, beauty and refinement as in a score of his portraits of England's maids and matrons—some with children whose loveliness almost outdoes that of their mothers.

Bearing these and many others of his works in mind, we may well agree with Sir Walter Scott who, in a letter to Wilkie written immediately after hearing of Sir Thomas Lawrence's death, said: "A star has fallen, a great artist is no more."

The following was the impression made upon Fanny Kemble by Lawrence as a painter:—

Of Lawrence's merit as a painter an unduly favourable estimate was taken during his life, and since his death his reputation has suffered an undue depreciation. Much that he did partook of the false and bad style which, from the deeper source of degraded morality, spread a taint over all matters of art and taste, under the vicious influence of the "first Gentleman of Europe," whose own artistic preferences bore witness, quite as much as the more serious events of his life, how little he deserved the name. Hideous Chinese pagoda pavilions, with grotesque and monstrous decorations, barbarous alike in form and colour; in mean and ugly low-roomed royal palaces, without either magnificence or simplicity; military costumes, in which gold and silver lace were plastered together on the same uniform, testified to the perverted perception of beauty and fitness which presided in the court of George the Fourth. Lawrence's own portrait of him, with his corpulent body girthed in its stays and creaseless coat, and its heavy falling cheeks supported by his stiff stock, with his dancing-master's leg and his frizzled barber's block-head, comes as near a caricature as a flattered likeness of the original (which was a caricature) dares to do. To have had to paint that was enough to have vulgarized any pencil. The defect of many of Lawrence's female portraits was a sort of artificial, sentimental *elegantism*. Pictures of the fine ladies of that day they undoubtedly were, pictures of *great* ladies, never; and, in looking at them, one sighed for the exquisite simple

grace and unaffected dignity of Reynolds's and Gainsborough's noble and gentle women.

The lovely head of Lady Nugent, the fine portrait of Mrs. Wolff, the splendid one of Lady Hatherton, and the noble picture of my grandmother (Mrs. Siddons) are among the best productions of Lawrence's pencil; and several of his men's portraits are in a robust and simple style of art worthy of the highest admiration.

CHARACTER PORTRAITS
(*Frans Hals*)

GERALD S. DAVIES

I HAVE already expressed the opinion, which I believe, must inevitably result to any one who has viewed the life of Frans Hals as a consistent whole, and realized the one aim of his chief artistic purpose, which presently absorbed all others, that we must regard him even in his so-called genre pictures always as a portrait-painter, always as one whose prevailing thought was the vivid presentment of a face at a given moment under a transient expression. And in this respect, though his brilliant realizations of commonplace and sometimes vulgar facial expression did undoubtedly give the start to those many Dutch painters who lived after him, and are sometimes called by the clumsy title "the genre painters," yet he differs entirely from them in this, that he is always first and foremost portrait-painter, never a subject painter who merely uses a model. These "genre pictures" (I wish I could avoid the title), of jesters, gipsies, mountebanks, topers, go *pari passu* all along his career with his graver portraits. They were necessary to him because no man pays for his portrait to be painted while he grins at a half-empty pot, or leers up at a half-open casement. If Hals were to paint these subjects, which had the greatest attraction for him because they gave him his chances of rendering the human face in action, he

must pay them or reward them in some shape, or attract them by his talk and his jokes in studio or pothouse to act as his models. This is the real distinction between the one class of portrait and the other. His aim, however, was the same in both,—absolute realization of a likeness.

It is in this class of so-called genre pictures, which tempted imitators great and small, that the greatest wrong has been done to Hals, and that the greatest number of works under false attributions hang in many galleries. One or two recognized copies, indeed, are of value where the originals are inaccessible or lost. But the tendency to label all persons who gesticulate over pewter pots, or who play musical instruments with the suitable contortions, though it is natural on the part of the owners of pictures and of the directors of museums, has greatly injured the reputation of Hals. Nor can it be said that picture-dealers as a body have put any great strain upon themselves in the endeavour to oppose this tendency.

That Hals was, in his later days, an unequal painter, is a position which it is difficult to contest with entire success. But that position has been made to seem far stronger than it is by the large quantity of inferior works which have been accepted as his merely because their subjects are such as he painted and the style a colourable imitation of his. It is often quite easy to say that these works are none of his. It is generally very difficult or quite impossible to say from whom else they proceed. But it may be admitted that Hals would indeed be an unequal painter, if he had painted the masterpieces which really do belong to him



THE JESTER

and the fatuities which are sometimes labelled with his name.

In the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam hangs an admirable old copy, said to be by Dirk Hals, of an original in the possession of Baron Gustav Rothschild. This is the *Jester*, *Fool*, *Mandolin Player*, *Lute Player*,—he appears under different names. The copy has every appearance of being faithful, the only visible shortcoming being in the left hand, which is heavy and overloaded and has gone wrong. It is unsafe to criticise colour from a copy, no matter how excellent,—and it is best therefore to forbear. But the rendering of facial expression by the copyist may here be fully trusted; and, moreover, may be understood quite fully by an appeal to the reproduction. It is interesting to mention that an old tradition has it that this is a portrait of the artist's pupil, Adriaen Brouwer. But, whoever be the original, it is quite impossible to stand before the picture without feeling assured that it is a portrait to the life of some one. Perhaps in the whole range of art there is nothing more convincingly life-like. It is nothing to the point for us to inquire, was this thing worth the doing? was there no finer subject on which to expend this astounding force? It is nothing to the point to say that the motive is trivial, and that the fellow and his *chansons* were probably vulgar. That is apt to be the way of the jester and of the strolling musician, no doubt, whether he is met with at Haarlem or at Henley. We need not be at pains to claim that the *Fool* of Frans Hals, or the *Buffoon* of Velasquez, or the *Pierrots* of Watteau are exalted sub-

jects. We have to be content with the art that has raised even these into the region of classics. It is only necessary to think what these subjects may and have become in the hands of the trivial, to make one look at this impudent, rascally *Jester* of Frans Hals with something of the respect, though of a different calibre, that we feel for a Touchstone or a Launcelot Gobbo. Each is a masterpiece of his kind. And each becomes a living being unforgettable when once you have made his acquaintance. There lies the test of the artist's power as a creator.

No less intimate and unerring is his seizure of the expression, not quite so momentary and far more pleasing, in his magically brilliant sketch of a gipsy, *La Bohémienne*, in the Louvre—a model possibly caught at some strolling show at Haarlem. I call it a sketch advisedly. The artist who examines it closely—and it is for artists, above all others, a morsel which they cannot afford to pass by—will assert with me that the fact is written on every inch. It is thinly and lightly, but firmly painted, with a very full and very liquid brush—almost like a very fluid but solid water-colour, if such a thing could be—each tone brought up to the other and overlapping; but set there once, and once for all, with absolute knowledge and certainty, no afterthoughts, no changes, no happy accidents. It is all seen unerringly, touched unerringly. So she was, for that hour or two, so she was painted for that hour or two, and so she was left. And it has all that delicious freshness and charm which belong to a first sketch before nature of a great artist, and belong to that alone. But the sketches of most

men, even the greatest, for all their freshness and deliciousness, are tentative, experimental, demanding concession and even forgiveness on the part of the sympathizer as compared with this sketch by Hals. There is nothing, in the way of technique, or from the point of view of the artist, to forgive or to have to understand. It is at once a fresh, first-thought sketch, and a complete and finished picture,—if indeed the true definition of finish in a picture is the moment beyond which every added touch is a loss.

Whether this picture appeals to all picture-lovers in the same degree as it will appeal to every artist who examines it, is another question. I have known some to whom it certainly does not appeal. On this point I would merely state it as a matter of my own experience, that it is with this picture, as with so many of Hals's; the longer you sit before it, the more do you see in it, the more do you become fascinated by it. A superficial view of any of Hals's pictures reveals to you, I have always found, only the parts that you do not like,—the parts which occasionally come near to repelling you. No man that I know of needs so much time. Given that time, no man that I know of so completely repays it. He is not a man who, on the surface, is exactly loveable, and yet I have rarely gone away from one of his subjects, which I may have at first disliked, without a strong feeling of sympathy for this much misunderstood man.

In this portrait of the poor gipsy girl, handsome, happy-go-lucky, good-natured hussy that she is, I find once more in Hals a sympathy for his subject which goes far beyond

the mere painter's desire, of which he is as often accused, to paint on to a canvas in imitation of a human face, and to show how brilliantly he can do it. She is slatternly, careless and free, and Hals gives you all that. But he tells you a little more about the merry-looking creature than that, and what he tells you, makes you sympathize. She is greatly amused—thinks, indeed, that it is the best joke that has happened to her for a long time—that she should have her portrait painted. The smile on her face is quite irrepressible—at any moment it will burst into a laugh, and it is so full of naturalness that you know you will have to laugh with her whenever she does. It is more catching than, though of course not so subtle as, the unfathomable smile with which Lisa la Gioconda looks out at you from the canvas of Lionardo. The one, indeed, is the smile of sheer good temper and animal spirits, and it calls out in you something of the same sort of feeling; the other is the expression of some set of thoughts deep within, which makes you, too, look inwards and smile, you don't know why: and there is magic in either; and yet how different are the means which produced the one, and the means which produced the other: as different, indeed, as the men themselves, as Hals and Lionardo; as different as *La Bohémienne* herself and Lisa la Gioconda.

After 1641, Hals more and more abandoned the use of positive colour, and as he did so more and more fell into the use of greyish, dusky, and finally black shadows. The well-known *Hille Bobbe* is at once an example of the astonishing dexterity which he had attained—and not lost at



HILLE BOBBE

the age of seventy—of setting down a passing expression, and also an example of the extreme to which he had allowed himself to go in the use of black upon flesh colour.

Hille Bobbe was a fish-wife of Haarlem, and it would seem —I confess that my historical researches into her personality are extremely superficial—a noted character in her day. Something in the look of the old hag one day seems to have tickled Frans Hals, and he sets her down with ruthless reality there and then in a sketch so rapid and so summary that one may, by the sabre-like black slashes on the background at the side of her head, tell the very size of the brushes that he used (he seems to have used tools of a medium size, not the largest, as we might have expected). Colours are scarce and precious to poor Frans at that date; he has few at hand. Black and white and yellow ochre and blue and red, nothing more, and one wishes he had left out all but the black and white, and given it us without any colour but what we could have suggested to ourselves. Then these absolutely black shadows on the flesh, even on the very old and bloodless flesh of the poor old fishfag, would have stood in no need of forgiveness. But as a piece of slashing, instantaneous execution, a superb snapshot with brushes and colour, nothing can go far beyond it. It is done—you may see it in every single brushmark—at lightning speed. "Careless, hasty, reckless work," it, and other of Hals's work of the date, has been called. Nothing of the kind. It is careful—the care of extreme, though habitual, tension and breathless concentration—the sort of care which a first-rate game-shot uses, and which seems like a

kind of jugglery to the looker-on. It is fully considered, each almost shapeless touch. It is calculated, every splash of it, and never hasty or reckless, though always at full speed. The best—and Hals's best was good—he could do in the time; and the time was, one's instinct tells one, limited by Hille Bobbe's patience; and that, one's instinct says again, was in its turn limited by the depth of the pewter of schnapps which she holds in her withered old hand.

Once more perhaps that question: And was it worth the doing?—a question which once more I take leave not to discuss. Once more I would remind the reader of the interpretation which throughout these pages I have set upon the aim of Frans Hals—that he was a portrait-painter first and foremost, and one in whom at the last almost every other aim of the painter had given way to the one absorbing aim of drawing and setting down the elusive, momentary changes of the features.

As a portrait-painter of this specific character, he is fascinated over and over again, by what, but for this singleness of aim, should have perhaps repulsed him, and would have repulsed many another. He has, in this single absorption, lost both the sense of beauty to some extent, and the sense of ugliness. He who in his day has painted the Lady of Cassel, the Olycans of the Hague, the Van der Meers of Amsterdam, and the little child of Berlin, can paint now this witch-like cackling old fishfag without shrinking from her hideousness or even seeming to feel it.

However much we may lament that Hals allowed so many of his artistic senses to become atrophied as he ad-



THE GYPSY

vanced in life, we must at least allow to him a rare singleness of purpose in the development of that one sense which above all others he valued, the sense of direct seeing and of unflinching expression of what he saw. He did at least look his soul, such as it was, in the face all along his life, and the one he had was at least his own, and never some one else's at second hand. Poor Hals certainly followed his star, whithersoever it should lead. It led him, indeed, to poverty, for the evidence is plain enough that the art of Hals was never really popular, and that by 1645 he had ceased to be fashionable, and that by 1650 he was out in the cold.

Hals was indeed no great thinker, and no moralist. He was not a man with a mission,—probably did not recognize the existence of such a thing in art. But one may claim for him, as one has claimed before, that he painted up to the very end as his artist instinct showed him, and, above all, that he did not step aside, even when the fuel was lowest in the house of Hals and the pot most needed boiling, to any of those unseemlinesses which were more and more the fashion of Dutch Art.

And against Hals the crime can hardly be charged with much force if, being a portrait-painter, he left untouched that great field of worthy peasant life which modern men have seen into. The crime sits heavier against those of the Dutch School who immediately followed him, and, who making subject and domestic subject their motive, yet failed —with a few exceptions, such as Nicholas Maes and Pieter de Hooghe, and even those who did not look very deep—to

see the worthier side of the Dutch peasant's home life. There is at this day no finer and more upright peasantry in Europe, both physically and socially than the Dutch. They may lack some of the more loveable and winning qualities which other peasantries possess, but in the qualities of self-respect and decency of home life there are none who can be put before them. And there is no reason whatever to suppose that they were otherwise in the days of the Dutch painters. Personally I find it impossible to believe that the besotted, misshapen clowns of Teniers and Ostade, or the boozing loafers and sluts of Jan Steen, were typical of the true peasantry of their day. It was to be left to the men of a later day, to Millet, to Israels, to Mauve, in this country and that, to show that there was a side to the life, which, without separation from the picturesqueness of the surroundings, and without losing any of the opportunities which they loved, would have offered the Dutchmen a worthier and more moving field than that which they chose to occupy. But to the great portrait-painter, in his search for fantastic variation of facial expression, such a view, from the very nature of the case, lay outside the range of his art.

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER
(*Whistler*)

CH. MOREAU-VAUTHIER

WITH women, the solitary and dreamy hours of the hearthside, the feelings of modesty, the desire to please and the fencing of society talk all combine to rouse and develop the art of feigning. The most able and profound painter of female portraits, Leonardo da Vinci, has celebrated the mysteries of woman's character, and stated the problem of her power. Other painters, while immortalizing her features, have expressed nothing but her beauty. Whilst the portrait of a man will readily reveal to us the secrets of his mood and humour, and of his life, that of a woman will evoke thoughts and ideas that are often strangers even to the original.

To be set in the presence of an artist who is applying himself to perpetuate her features, what more serious occasion could there be for a woman to mask her defects, to make the most of her good points, to adorn herself with all her attractions and assume all the virtues? Before the insistent gaze of that man, the simplest and most modest natures do not succeed in conquering a secret discomfort that transfigures them. A certain venerable lady, the mother of one of our famous painters, cannot pose before her son without an affected smile. The scrupulous Holbein

himself was deceived by this when, by the order of Henry VIII., he went to paint the portrait of Anne of Cleves. After having been conquered by the portrait, he exclaimed when he saw the original: "You have made me marry a Flanders mare."

Among painters of women, Leonardo da Vinci studied the being of infinite mystery, Raphael was attracted by her serene and triumphant maternity, Titian displayed her voluptuousness, and Rubens her fecundity, while the French masters of the Eighteenth Century,—Watteau, Fragonard and Nattier—celebrated her fashionable elegance.

The inexhaustible diversity of nature permitted further discoveries. Gainsborough, with less style and less science than those who preceded him, but with more spontaneity, facility and naturalness translated the exquisite company of fashionable life and the fireside by painting delicious female silhouettes in an atmosphere of intimacy and seductiveness. The boldness of his happy and sympathetic brush was favourable to this task. Among those painters who were fervent adorers of Woman, ardently striving to conquer her favours and confidences, Gainsborough was the Cherubino and the Fortunio: his success was assured by his conviction, passion, frankness, and his air of youth and innocence.

Whistler had the honour to be passionately discussed by critics, and experienced the satisfaction of triumphing over his detractors. This he accomplished with great wit. The author of the book, "The gentle art of making enemies," Whistler, whose friends and admirers are in-



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

numerable, in the hour of success collected his principal works, and took an ironical pleasure in cutting out and placing under the pictures the old and new criticisms to which they had been subjected. And the meeting of the two opinions was most amusing as well as most instructive for the fine fellows who still harbour any doubts regarding the versatility of human judgment.

We cannot look at this canvas without experiencing a feeling of respect and tenderness. In the melancholy of pale whites and faint blacks, everything fades as in a dream. That mourning garb, that attitude, that air of far-away reverie and that lassitude of the arms all unite to figure the human being of devotion whose tender devotion the child cannot divine, and whom the man so often loses and bewails when he begins to be able to comprehend it.

Sitting in profile, she is at that age when, having fulfilled her duty, she effaces herself and submits without rebellion to the fatality of her accomplished *rôle*. Her feet brought together, the direct line of her body, her head, and her gaze, speak of her habits of order, rectitude and dignity, but the gentle relaxation of her arms reveal merited and desired repose. With her fingers she crumples a little lace handkerchief. Is this a slight touching remainder of coquetry? Is it not rather for drying a few furtive tears that have fallen from those eyes whose gaze, scarcely raised, is so sad and pensive? Is she not praying for those who were, for those who still live, for the little ones, for those who have last come into the family, whom perhaps she reproached herself for loving too dearly? For the

time is approaching when she will have to leave them all. And there she sits in profile, in her modest and simple cap, and grey hair; she effaces herself, she is fading away, so to speak, she is already departing in the noble resignation of her renunciation.

Such a portrait would suffice for the glory of any painter.

In Whistler's work, however, there are a great number of other imposing portraits, among which the adorable image of Miss Alexander, and the magnificent silhouette of Carlyle (Glasgow Museum), of such proud gravity, present the same originality of execution and the same sober and distinguished style.

If this expression had not become vulgar and common from frequent use, I should say that Whistler was a painter of the future: he announces a new art outlook and even particularizes its character. After having exhausted all the resources of colour and design in order to represent matter, after also having been an exact imitator of the real as possible, the artist turns his attention to the beyond. At the moment when Science itself is preoccupied with the invisible and is attempting to break down the barriers behind which the physical world is hiding, it is not astonishing that the painters should desire to show the spirit of things and bring what is beyond the domain of matter before our eyes. Certainly the attempt is a bold one, but why should it be regarded as impracticable?

The route by which man has laboriously advanced for centuries leads to the infinite. As soon as we see a new

light on the horizon, we must rejoice and hope on, and, like the Crusaders marching towards the Holy City, we must ask those who lead and guide us: "Is that Jerusalem? Is that the sacred goal? Finally, is it the sacred unknown to which all our efforts are directed?"

MARIE ANTOINETTE AS HEBE

(*Drouais*)

F. A. GRUYER

FRANCOIS-HUBERT DROUAIS, son and grandson of painters, was born in Paris, Dec. 14th, 1727. His father, Hubert Drouais, was his first master. Later he studied under Nonotte, Carlo Vanloo, Natoire and Boucher. Admitted to the Academy in 1754, at the age of twenty-seven, he was elected an Academician Nov. 25th, 1758, on producing the portraits of Messrs. Coustou and Bouchardon. (The first of these portraits is at Versailles, and the second at the School of Fine Arts.) For a year past, his fame as a portrait painter had had him called to Versailles, where he had made his *début* by means of the portraits of the Duke of Berry and the Count of Provence. Afterwards he painted the entire royal family. Thenceforth there were no celebrated personages, nor ladies remarkable for their beauty, who were not painted by him. The painter of the king, and the painter of the Dauphin and Dauphine, he was appointed Councillor of the Academy, July 2d, 1774. Nothing was then lacking to his glory. This proves that at the end of the reign of Louis XV. glory, in matters of art, was a pretty small affair. Drouais was at the pinnacle of taste of high French society at that decisive moment of its history. That was at the moment when the court went

wild over a false love for the fields; those were the great days of the Trianon. Drouais shows us Charles Philippe of France, afterwards Charles X., Count of Artois, following the goat on which is mounted Marie Adelaide Clotilde Xavier of France (afterwards Queen of Sardinia, born in 1759, died in 1802). He is six years of age, and on his grey satin vest he wears the blue cordon of the Saint Esprit. The lady is four years of age; she is clothed in white, with a rose ribbon round her neck, and affectedly holds a basket filled with fruit. Both of them, with hair elegantly dressed, powdered, and cheeks larded with cosmetics, deign to assume commanding airs in a landscape of wearisome arrangement. It reminds us of the *Lesson in Horsemanship*. (This picture is signed and dated: *Drouais le fils*, 1763. Its pendant was the *Music Lesson*, in which the Count of Provence was the principal actor. Both pictures have been engraved by Beauvarlet.) The painter to the king has arranged his precious models as M. Baudier de Laval, the dancing-master of the children of the crown of France, would have done. Pictures of this nature are certainly not good pictures, but they are historical documents.

Diderot's judgment on the portraits by Drouais is amusing, but it is not absolutely just. "All the faces by that man are nothing but the most affected vermilion red, artistically laid upon the finest and whitest chalk. That is not flesh. It is a mask of that fine skin of which they make gloves in Strasbourg." In fine, he painted his models just as he saw them pose before him. If he shows them plastered with cosmetics and powdered, that is just as they

really were. His fault was in having as clients people of a world in which such usages were the law. Drouais died Oct. 21st, 1775. He had exhibited in the Salons from 1755 to 1775. His principal portraits are in the Louvre, and more particularly at Versailles. The portrait of Marie Antoinette, at the Condé Museum, Chantilly, is of extreme interest.

Marie Antoinette Jeanne of Lorraine, born in Vienna, Nov. 2d, 1755, was the youngest daughter of the Emperor of Austria, Francis I., and Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia. She was scarcely fourteen years of age when Louis XV. instructed the Duke of Choiseul to request her hand for the Dauphin. Maria Theresa, being anxious to give an accomplished queen to France, took another year to perfect an education that Metastasio and the elder Gluck had begun, and which thenceforth confided to French masters. In addition, she requested the Court of Versailles to supply her with a learned priest who would be able to instruct the princess in the manners and customs of the country over which some day she was to reign. The Duke of Choiseul's choice fell upon the Abbé of Vermond, who took charge of Marie Antoinette and exercised a fatal influence upon her by narrowing her mind instead of enlarging it. The future Dauphine was brought into France in 1770; she came by way of Strasbourg, and passed through Nancy, Châlons, Soissons and Reims, where great rejoicings were given in her honour. King Louis XV. and the Dauphin came to receive her at Compiègne. Two days later, they led her solemnly to Ver-

sailles, where she was married in the chapel of the palace on May 16th, 1770. In celebration of this event, the King commanded fêtes at Paris as well as at Versailles, twenty millions of francs to be devoted to the occasion,—a foolish prodigality in the existing poverty of the public treasury. We all know what happened: the stands constructed on the Place Louis XV. collapsed during the fireworks, with a result of one hundred and thirty-two dead and twelve hundred injured. A sinister presage for the Dauphine!

The Court gave a cold welcome to Marie Antoinette: Madame Adelaide, Madame Victoire and Madame Sophie regarded her with distrust: Marie Antoinette vainly redoubled her conciliatory efforts; she could not break the ice. As for Madame Du Barry, she hid her hostility in a show of respect, in exchange for which the Dauphine exhibited nothing but contempt. The daughter of Maria Theresa, accustomed to the simplicity that prevailed in the court of Austria, found herself quite exiled in the midst of the fatiguing etiquette of Versailles, which was still the same at the end of the reign of Louis XV. as it had been at the most solemn moment of the reign of Louis XIV. The young Dauphine could not accustom herself to it, and made fun of it at every opportunity; that was her way of comforting herself; but all those who lived in it, and Heaven knows their number was big enough, all those, or rather all those who owed certain prerogatives they enjoyed to those old usages, such as certain rights of precedence, to which they clung as to patrimonies, became hostile to her.

Thenceforth, calumny hung on to her and accompanied her everywhere. Beautiful, young and adored, she was accused of all the licence that prevailed in that corrupt court. Her marriage with the Dauphin had marked a new departure in French politics; the Duke of Choiseul turned decisively towards Austria, our constant antagonist. The discontent that resulted from this was general, and re-acted upon the Dauphine. The public already called her "The Austrian," and this was the name that was to hound her until her final catastrophe. Unsufficiently protected by a good-humoured husband, the damaging imputations of the first hours, skilfully propagated in the closest surroundings of the Dauphin, prepared the way, from the close of the reign of Louis XV., for the odious insinuations that, twenty years later, were to cause the queen to lose her head. From the first years of her abode in France, the Dauphine undoubtedly committed numerous faults of conduct, but was she not cast amid the most detestable surroundings in which the education of a woman and a queen could be completed? Let us read again that correct judgment formed of her by her brother, Joseph II. He spoke of his sister in these terms in 1777. (She had then been queen for two years; but in her moral as well as in her physical nature nothing had suffered any change.) "She is an amiable and virtuous woman, somewhat young and thoughtless, but at bottom she has a fund of honesty and virtue that at her age is truly worthy of respect. With all this she possesses wit and a just penetration that have frequently astonished me. Her first impulse is always the right one; if she were to give way to it and

listen a little less to the people who have her ear, who are numerous and varied, she would be perfect." Having now recalled what sort of person the Dauphine was, let us look at her portrait.

The portrait of the Dauphine which we find in the Chantilly Gallery is signed *Drouais*, and dated 1773. The daughter of Maria Theresa has probably not yet reached her eighteenth year, and has been in France scarcely three years. Wanting to have her portrait painted, she applies to the painter to the king, Drouais, who, in accordance with a custom that is already superannuated, represents her as Hebe. In order to give an air of apotheosis to this kind of portrait, Drouais possessed neither the richness of imagination, nor resource as a designer, nor the suave colouring of a Nattier. His painting, "chalky and vermilionized" generally gave an air of heaviness to what he touched, and consequently was far from being what was needed for transporting such a lovely model to Olympus. Till that date, Marie Antoinette had not been spoiled by her painters; and we may even add that she never was. Before the portrait by Drouais, our iconographic information regarding this beautiful and touching face is entirely insufficient. About 1757, Martin de Mytens, in showing us the numerous Imperial family grouped about Francis I. and Maria Theresa, places in an arm-chair the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, aged two. We find her again, at ten years of age, dancing in the forefront of the ballet given at Schoenbrunn, January 24th, 1765, on the occasion of the marriage of the future emperor Joseph II. Three years later,

Ducreux came to Vienna to paint her, in order to supply the court of France with some idea of its future Dauphine. And then, that is all, until the day when Drouais adorns with a grace and elegance that is entirely French her who is soon to be "the little queen." She is still far from being in the plenitude of her beauty. One might call her a flower not yet fully blown.

The Dauphine as Hebe, seated among the clouds, holds in her right hand a ewer of rock crystal, mounted in gold, and in her left a gold cup, on the rim of which are written the painter's name and the date of the portrait; "*Drouais*, 1773." The eagle is on her right; his eye is shot with blood, his beak half-open and his tongue looking like a flame, he grips the thunderbolts and watches over the daughter of Jupiter and Juno with a jealous eye.

In order to represent the goddess of youth, no woman could ever have proved a better choice than the youthful Marie Antoinette. The head, without being exactly beautiful, is charming; the neck, flexible and admirably set, carries it with a hauteur that is entirely devoid of affectation. Abundant tresses, drawn up high from the forehead, form a double crown on the top of the head, and because of this arrangement the head, which is naturally somewhat narrow, looks still narrower and disproportionately tall. Under brown arched brows of very pure line, almond eyes of a grey that is almost blue and not very large look out with a gaze of infinite gentleness. The aquiline nose is long and heavy at the nostrils. The mouth, neither large nor small, with rather thick lips, shows amiability

and intelligence. The neck and curves of the cheeks are perfect in form. The ear is mediocre in drawing, but this is doubtless the fault of the painter. Why is there so much cosmetic on the cheeks and even on the lips? Why hide the freshness of the natural colours of youth under plasters of vermilion? As for the body, slender, light, elegant, and apparently not yet fully developed, it is robed in a tunic of pale rose gauze, which leaves the neck and throat entirely bare, falls over the shoulders, covers the arms almost down to the elbows, leaves the breast uncovered, and drapes the lower portion of the body which is cut across at the legs by the frame. A girdle of a stronger rose is tied at the waist over this tunic, which therefore has the appearance of a real robe. For the sake of completeness, let us add a scarf of white tulle rolled around the left arm which, as well as the hand, is very delicately drawn, and a long veil of varied hue changing from blue to grey, violet and rose envelops the whole figure which looks still that of a virgin rather than already that of a wife. For the background, we have a blue sky in which light rosy clouds are floating. The Dauphine was at that time the very image of youth, and in the mythological taste in which the court of Louis XV. was still lingering, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that they should make a Hebe of her. To give her something aërial in feeling the painter had only to stick to the truth. Although it lacks character, this painting is very charming. Before it, imagination and sentiment make themselves accomplices of the painter. We cannot look at this young

woman, I was going to say this young girl, without emotion, and there is only one step from emotion to admiration.

What is particularly wanting in this picture is the flame of life, the accent of nature, the characteristic features of the race; but what sort of a court painter was then able to put these into his portraits? Nevertheless, the House of Austria could not fail to be recognized in this Drouais portrait.

Madame Vigée-Lebrun, in her *Souvenirs*, has left us a portrait of Marie Antoinette that has greater resemblance to the original than any other she made; for in her painted portraits her enthusiasm over the queen caused her to lose sight of the reality. (There are four of her portraits of Marie Antoinette at Versailles.) Let us read this word portrait we shall find the Dauphine there again: "She was tall and admirably well made. Her arms were superb. Her hands were superb and of perfect form, and her feet were charming. She walked more gracefully than any other woman in France. She carried her head very elegantly with a majesty that made people recognize the sovereign in the midst of the whole court, without, however, this majesty injuring in the slightest all that was gentle and benevolent in her spirit: it is very difficult to give any idea of so many graces and so much nobility united. Her features were not regular; she derived from her family that long and narrow oval that is peculiar to it. Her eyes were not large; their colour was almost blue; her gaze was soft and full of intelligence; her mouth was not too large,

although the lips were rather thick. But the most remarkable thing about her face was its wonderful complexion; I never saw one so brilliant is the word, for her skin was so transparent that it took no shadow. Her head, held high on a beautiful Greek neck, gave her when she walked an air so imposing, so majestic, that one might have taken her for a goddess surrounded by her nymphs. I allowed myself to express to Her Majesty the impression that I had received and how greatly the elevation of her head added to the nobility of her aspect. She replied in a jesting tone: "If I were not a queen, people would say that I had an insolent bearing, is it not so?" Thus we see that the portrait by Drouet was incontestably a good likeness. Why was it necessary for this painter to rob us of the splendour of that incomparable complexion by covering it with cosmetics?

This portrait came from the Lenoir collection. Bachaumont, in his *Mémoires* speaks of it in referring to the *Salon* of 1773.

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN
(*Titian*)

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE

THE principal object for which Titian was called to Augsburg was not to sit to Cranach, nor to portray afresh the Kaiser, or the princes and nobles around him. The whole bent of Charles's policy and wishes was to promote his son; to this end every consideration was made subordinate and every detail was calculated. As Charles of old had had to put away the gossiping and friendly manner of a Fleming to take upon himself the starched and haughty air of a Spaniard, so Philip now had to divest himself of the stiffness of a Castilian and—not without reluctance we may think—to assume the friendly *Biederkeit* of a German. He rode German horses, danced German dances, and tried his head and stomach at German drinking-parties. But the days were past when his ancestor Philip of Burgundy drank an abbot under the table. Philip of Spain was no more capable constitutionally to bear the coarse but copious fare of the north than he was able physically to unbend and ape a jovial manner. He was not strong nor fond of martial exercise. His chest was narrow and his legs were spare, and his feet were large and curiously ungainly. His eyes lay under lids like rolls of flesh and full of bilious humour, as if the gall which



PHILIP II OF SPAIN

gave its olive tone to his complexion was anxious to gush and show itself. His projecting under-jaw was poorly concealed by a downy chestnut beard, which by its paucity gave but more importance to a pair of thick and fleshy lips, the chief characteristic of which was redness. Add to this an oily smoothness of complexion, and short chestnut hair, and we have the face of the prince whose form won the heart of Mary Tudor; whose sensualism was only equalled by his disregard for all that was good and kind in human nature; whose fanaticism sent hundreds of the noblest victims to the stake or the block; whose policy dictated the Armada and lost the Netherlands to Spain. It was for the purpose of making a likeness of this prince, who was then twenty-four years old, that Titian was called to Augsburg. He had not been more than a month at the court when he finished the preliminary canvas. In the following February he probably completed the large full-length which hangs in the Museum at Madrid, and in the course of a few successive years he sent forth the long series of copies, the best of which adorns the gallery of Naples.

That we should enjoy in the case of Philip of Spain both the original sketch for which he sat, and the parade portrait for which he did not sit, is an advantage seldom vouchsafed to admirers of Titian. It is clear that the master's methods of preparing pictures intended to be finished was different from that which he practiced in throwing off work at one painting. In the first case a known process or a series of processes was systematically carried out, so as to produce substance, impost and tone. In the second the sole aim of

the artist was to determine form and expression during the curt and rapidly fleeting moments conceded by a royal and —we may believe—impatient sitter. The sketch for which Philip of Spain sat to Titian is one of the Barbarigo heirlooms now in the house of Count Sebastian Giustiniani Barbarigo at Padua. The Prince is sitting, large as life, near an opening through which a landscape and sky are seen, in front of a brown curtain damasked with arabesques and white flowers. His face and body are turned to the left, the axe of the eyeballs facing the spectator. A doublet of black silk buttoned up to the neck allows the frill of a shirt to be seen. Over it lies a pelisse of white silk, with a lining and broad collar of dark fur, and sleeves swelling into slashed puffs at the shoulder. The chain of the Golden Fleece falls over the breast. Part of the head shows its short chestnut hair cropping out from a black berret cap sown with pearls. The hands are roughly outlined with the white pigment which serves to colour the pelisse, so as to give the movement without even an indication of the fingers. The left, on the arm of a chair, bound in dark cloth fastened with red buttons, the right holding what seems to be a bâton or the rudiment of a sceptre. Looking carefully at this canvas, which has only been injured in the least important parts, we discern that the face was struck off from the life rapidly, almost hurriedly, as if the master was conscious that unless he lashed himself into a fury of haste he would not catch quick enough the shape, the action, the colour, and the characteristic individualism, or the complexion and temper of the Prince. Like a general

in the thick of a fight, who sees through the smoke and hears amidst the din, and curtly but decisively gives the orders which secures a victory, Titian rouses himself to a momentary concentration of faculties, instinctively but surely gives the true run and accent of the lines, and then subsides, sure of success, into rest. His whole power was brought to bear on the head, of which he gave the lineaments and modelling with spare pigment on a very thin smooth canvas, the sallow flesh light merging into half tones of clear red, the darker shadows, as of eye and nostril, laid on in black. Who does not see the application of the old principle, famous for having been enunciated by Titian: "Black, red, and white, and all three well in hand"? The sketch, it is evident, is not such as the master would have shown even to the Prince if he could help it, being as it were his own private memorandum, his "*pensée intime*," meant for himself and no other, a thing that was neither drawing nor painting, yet partaking of both, and sufficient for the reproduction of either;—a surface without the charm of rich tint or broken modulation, but masterly, as giving in a few strokes the moral and physical aspect of his sitter.

Being now possessed of the sketch, Titian leisurely used it as a groundwork to compose his show portraits of Philip, his first business being to represent the Prince as a captain in damasked steel, and then to display his form in the dress of the court and drawing-room. In each of these replicas he changed the attitude and costume whilst the head remained the same. Of the first the Prince in armour at Madrid is the earliest, and the one to which an interesting

fragment of history is attached. Knowing the type of Philip's face and the blemishes of his figure, we should think it hard for a painter to realize a portrait of him true to nature, yet of elevated conception and regal mien. Titian overcomes the difficulty with ease. The sallow ill-shaped face may haunt us and suggest uneasy forebodings as to the spirit and temper of the man, but gloom here is cleverly concealed in grave intentness, and every line tells of the habitual distinction of a man of old blood and high station. The head we saw is the same as in the sketch. It stands out from the gorget relieved by a frill of white linen, beneath which the handsome collar of the Golden Fleece falls to the chest. A breastplate and hip pieces richly inlaid with gold cover the frame and arms. The fine embroidery of the sleeves and slashed hose, the white silk tights and slashed white slippers, form a rich and tasteful dress. The ringed left hand on the hilt of the rapier, the right on the plumed morion which lies on a console covered with a crimson velvet cloth, the whole figure seen in front of a dark wall—all this makes up a splendid and attractive full-length standing on a carpet of a deep reddish brown.

When Charles the Fifth preferred the suit of Philip to Mary Tudor in 1553, his sister Mary of Hungary sent Titian's masterpiece at the Queen's request to Renard, the Spanish envoy in London, telling him "that it was thought very like when executed three years before, but had been injured in the carriage from Augsburg to Brussels. Still, if seen in its proper light and at a fitting distance, Titian's

pictures not bearing to be looked at too closely, it would enable the Queen, by adding three years to the Prince's age, to judge of his present appearance." Renard was further directed to present the canvas to Her Majesty with instructions to have it returned when the living original had been substituted for the lifeless semblance.

Had not Mary been previously flattered at the prospect of matching herself to a prince so much her junior, she might have been induced by the mere sight of this piece to entertain the proposal of Charles the Fifth. As it proved, her prepossession was betrayed to her courtiers by admiration of the picture, of which Strype reports that she was greatly enamoured. After the marriage in 1554 this most important work of art was faithfully returned to Mary of Hungary, who took it to Spain in 1556.[1]

A school replica, made by Orazio or Cesare Vecelli, under Titian's superintendence, is preserved at Chatsworth, of which there was a poor example in the Northwick Collection.

In March, 1553, Titian sent his second version of the portrait to Philip, and this version—it may be—is that which now hangs in the Museum of Naples, where the figure is altered so as to bring the right hand to the waist, and show the left holding a glove, whilst the frame is clad in a splendid doublet of white silk shot with gold, the puffs

[1] This picture, to which a piece has been added all around, is now in the Madrid Museum, on canvas. There are patches of re-touching on the right hand and thigh, and here and there a flaw in other parts. But it is a fine work in the best style of this the broad period of Titian's style. We find it noted in the inventory of Mary of Hungary (1558).

of the sleeves being braced with red bands and the short mantle lined with dark fur. Of this fine piece, which is hardly inferior to that of Madrid, numerous repetitions or copies exist, one of them at Blenheim by some disciple of the master, another better still at the Pitti, whilst two or three feebler imitations are shown at Castle Howard, in the collection of Lord Stanhope and in the Corsini Palace at Rome.

MRS. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

(*Sir Henry Raeburn*)

JAMES L. CAW

MORE exclusively, perhaps, than any other artist of equal talent, Sir Henry Raeburn was a portrait-painter. But, if he left nothing that he described as other than a portrait, his pictorial sense was so active that each of his finer things, vital though it is with biographical interest, is a picture also. At once admirable biography and great art, his work reveals a range and variety which one would scarcely expect from the restricted nature of his subjects. His pictures are neither signed nor dated, and his style matured early and shows no very marked periods. This, and the fact that any lists of sitters or account books that he may have kept were destroyed or disappeared immediately after his death make the dating of his pictures difficult.

Broadly speaking, Raeburn's career as a painter divides into two periods, and one was but a prelude, and that a short one, to the other. He began as a miniature painter, but was not twenty when he commenced the series of life-size portraits on which his reputation rests. Miniature-painting in England was at about its highest when Raeburn began to paint, but his miniatures have none of the grace and charm which are the most distinctive qualities of Cos-

way or Eldridge. A miniature of Deuchar, the seal engraver and etcher, said to be the second portrait done by him during the time he was apprentice to Mr. Gilliland, an Edinburgh goldsmith, shows that he was a realist from the first. If there is little attempt at truth of tone and solidity of modelling and the local colour is only hinted at, there is no mistaking the carefulness of the drawing and the directness of the characterization; and in the typical miniature of Andrew Wood, surgeon, painted a year or two later, the colour has become more definite, the tones have assumed a greater range, and the reliefs are given by legitimate modelling. Moreover, in the placing and lighting of the heads one may note a similarity to his earliest oil-paintings.

But it is needless to linger over his beginnings; Raeburn himself would scarcely look at his miniatures after he had commenced to paint life-size. Yet it is remarkable that one with no real training should have passed almost at once from miniatures like these to such a picture as the *George Chalmers of Pittencrieff*. Painted in 1776, when the artist was no more than twenty, this full length is marked by many of his most characteristic traits. It has much of his simplicity of arrangement and appreciation of character; it is painted with a fluent brush and shows that simplification of planes, which was perhaps the basis of his art. Indeed in this and other portraits painted before he went abroad, such as the *Dr. Hutton*, or the *Mrs. Ferguson and Children*, that method was pushed to a degree which he afterwards modified in the direction of completer modelling. Thus in the pictures of this period the big masses are un-



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broken by interior modelling and tend towards emptiness, while the colour is unmodulated, the clothes and draperies being rendered by simple tints, and the shadows by darker markings of the same colour or of black. His style, therefore, although it developed greatly afterwards, was practically formed before he went to Rome in 1785.

Two years later he returned to Edinburgh, and before the close of 1787 he painted a portrait of the second Lord President Dundas, which shows in the clearest way the influence of his Italian sojourn. At first sight it does not suggest Raeburn at all. Yet, if the arrangement is somewhat reminiscent of Raphael's *Julius II.*, and the handling is completer and firmer and the colour richer than his earlier work, in certain qualities, and particularly in grasp of character and simplicity of motive, it shows no marked divergence from such a portrait as that of Hutton the geologist. And these are also the qualities which connect it most distinctly with his matured style. The impasto is thicker all over than was the case later, but the chief characteristic of the picture, when compared with the ease and freedom of more typical things, is the carefulness and detail with which it is carried out. This is evident in the painting of the face and the drawing of the hands, but is most marked in the rendering of accessories and costume. Much the same care was expended upon a portrait of the painter's early friend, John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin and other pictures of this time. But this greater precision was only a passing phase, for in work dating only a little later he returns to something more like his earlier style.

Many of the pictures painted in the nineties are remarkable for the way in which form and character are conveyed, as in Holbein's work, by the drawing and placing of the features rather than by modelling. Of this, the portrait of Mrs. McQueen of Braxfield, wife of the famous Scots judge, and the *Mrs. Newbigging* may be taken as examples. Yet almost simultaneously he was producing things of which the outstanding quality is tone, or light and shade, neither of which had been notable in his earlier style. A group of *Sir Ronald and Robert Ferguson* (circa 1789) at Raith is particularly interesting for the way in which tone is managed. The colour is restricted to a harmony of greys and browns, and the modelling is expressed very subtly by a delicate range of values. On the other hand the *William Ferguson of Kilrie*, and the double three-quarter length of *Sir John and Lady Clerk*, both of which were painted about 1790, are exercises in light and shade of great refinement and beauty. Raeburn's usual practice was to paint in a diffused but strong light, which mapping out the features by clear-cut shadows, marked the construction and build of the head in a very definite way. But in these and a few other portraits painted about this time, the faces are largely in shadow, and the shapes are very fully and tenderly modelled.

Most of the work of this period tends to greyness of colour accentuated, now and then, by passages of pure white, bright yellow or red; the tone is usually above medium in pitch; the impasto equal and rather thin, the twill of the canvas showing clearly, the technique more

marked by swiftness and flow than by power and expressiveness of brushing. These qualities are more conspicuous, however, in pictures of women, for many of his male portraits are exceedingly powerful in handling and full in modelling. The *Dr. Nathaniel Spens* was painted about 1791–2, and the remarkable strength and virility there revealed, associated with a fresher and franker use of colour, make the imposing full-length of the indefatigable *Sir John Sinclair*, of four or five years later, a picture, which, in some respects Raeburn never bettered. With these may be bracketed the splendid rendering of Admiral Lord Duncan, commissioned by the Incorporation of Shipmasters, Leith, in the year following that notable victory off Camperdown which earned him a peerage and lasting fame. For ease and vigour and freshness of handling, however, nothing by Raeburn surpasses the group of *Reginald Macdonald of Clanranald and his two younger brothers*, painted just at the close of the century.

Raeburn's work had thus been growing steadily, and with no marked digressions it continued to grow. Freshness and power of handling dominated his technique more and more, and soon the simplicity and directness of his vision were relied on very largely for pictorial result. *The Macnab*, which Sir Thomas Lawrence thought the best representation of a human being he had ever seen, the *Mrs. Stewart of Physgill*, and the *Mrs. Lee Harvey and Daughter*, the last one of the latest of his works and probably never quite finished, show that he still retained a conventionally picturesque setting in many full-lengths; but in busts and

three-quarter lengths one notices a distinct increase in the use of plain backgrounds, more evident perhaps in portraits of women, for in painting men he had always been inclined to rely upon his personal impressions of actuality. If occasionally, as in the charming *Mrs. Gregory* (1796), or the *Lady Miller*, he had used very simple arrangements, they became much more frequent during the last twenty years of his career. Comparison of the plates before and after that of the Macdonald boys makes this evident at once. And, with the complete command of technique which he now possessed, his appreciation of character attained fuller, more beautiful, and more convincing expression. His portraits of both men and women conform less to a type and are more fully individualized than those of any other painter of his time or school. Indeed, few painters anywhere have balanced the claims of pictorial interest and characterization so justly as he. But, as insight had always been strong in Raeburn's art, the qualities which discriminate his later from his less mature work, are to be found in expression rather than technique, for his drawing and brushwork were practically fully developed during the nineties. In later pictures, however, there is a modification in his way of concentrating attention. Formerly he had relied very frequently upon a shadow cast arbitrarily over the lower part of the picture, as in the *Countess of Dumfries and Lady Elizabeth Penelope Crichton* (1793), or the *Admiral Lord Duncan* (1798); now, while not discarding that device, he combines it with the more legitimate one of subordinating the surroundings to the face. Thus in portraits like

that of *Mrs. Robert Bell*, or of a very beautiful unnamed woman, in the possession of Mr. Schwabacker, the chief attention is given to the head and bust, the draperies and backgrounds being carried only as far as necessary to support the face. In others again, as in the best known and perhaps the loveliest of Raeburn's works, *Mrs. Scott Moncrieff*, the draperies are cunningly disposed to obtain a similar result. And to the freshness and trenchant quality of handling, which are conspicuous in such things as the *Macdonalds*, or the *Sir John Sinclair*, a greater variety of impasto, fuller modelling, deeper tone, and richer, if more sombre, colour were now added. This increased volume of tone and colour, combined with the simple yet distinguished masses, which are the most marked element in his design, gives his more characteristic works great breadth and dignity; and if in some of the pictures of these later years there is evidence of the hurry almost inseparable from a practice, which, in his own words, "cannot admit of enlargement," the finest of them are, everything considered, the best he ever painted. The shrewd reading of character, the simplicity of pictorial conception, the combined fullness and certainty of modelling, the resonance of tone and the sombre richness of colour, which mark *Mrs. Cruikshank* (1805), or *Lord Newton* (between 1806 and 1811), *Mrs. James Campbell*, or *Mrs. Irvine Boswell* (1820), *James Wardrop of Torbanhill*, or *Robert Ferguson of Raith* (1823), to name no more, outweigh and outlast the more immediate effectiveness of the more conventionally picturesque pictures of his earlier or even of this later time.

And as Raeburn worked with undiminished power to the very end, and these qualities made themselves more evident with increasing knowledge and power, they may be taken as characteristic of his gift, as an index of his personal views and preferences in art.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
(Van Dyck)

H. KNACKFUSS

THE various groups in which Van Dyck painted the King's children are among the most charming things which the master produced during his residence in England. Whereas many other pictures of his later period betray the haste with which they were painted, the children are always treated by the artist as if he loved his work. In the case of the portraits of the children the date can be more nearly determined, since the age of the persons represented is a certain indication to go by, whereas, in the case of the likeness of the King and Queen, there is usually nothing to suggest in what year they were painted. Of these groups of children there are quite a number. The gem of them all is in the Turin gallery. It must have been painted in 1635, soon after the master's return to England. It shows the three eldest children of the King, the Prince of Wales (born in 1630, afterwards Charles II.), the Princess Mary (born in 1631, afterwards the wife of William II., Prince of Orange), and the Duke of York (born in 1633, afterwards King James II.). The latter can just stand alone, and even the Prince of Wales still wears a frock and a little cap. The three children stand side by side without any closer connection; the eldest, who already displays a certain

gravity of demeanour, strokes the head of a long-haired dog. The charm of the picture lies partly in the delightful roses in bloom in the background, and the pretty children are like flowers themselves in their gay silk dresses. We see the same three children about a year older in the exquisite picture at Dresden. Here the three brightly coloured figures—the Prince of Wales already dressed as a boy—stand in front of a quiet, dark background. Two pretty white and tan spaniels of the breed which were such favourites at the court of Charles I. that they still go by his name, sit near the children; in the place where the animals are introduced they are of importance both in the combined effect of the colour and in the lineal structure of the composition. A group resembling the Dresden picture, painted a little later again, is at Windsor Castle. The group is larger and the composition more elaborate in the picture of 1637 at Windsor, of which the Berlin Gallery contains a repetition painted in the same year. In addition to the three elder children, the little Princesses Elizabeth and Anne are introduced. A glimpse of the park and the bright sky, afforded by the drawing aside of a dark-green curtain, and a table with a dull-red cover on which fruits and shining vessels are laid, bring a lively play of colour into the background, which harmonizes with the charm of the children's gay frocks and rosy faces. Princess Mary is dressed all in white; the Duke of York, who still wears a frock and cap, has a little jacket of red shot with yellow over his white frock; the Prince of Wales, who stands in the middle of the picture as the most important figure,



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

wears a light-red suit with slashed sleeves lined with white, and white shoes with red rosettes; his left hand rests on the head of a powerful mastiff, whose yellow coat is a splendid complement to the strongest colours in the picture, the red worn by the Prince of Wales and a light blue, which is the colour of the frock of Princess Elizabeth. The youngest princess, supported by her little sister, sits in her baby-clothes on a chair, on which a pale red cloth lies across a dark velvet cushion; in front of the two little ones lies a tiny white and tan spaniel.

We can form some idea of the occupation given Van Dyck by the King, when we learn that an extant account, settled by order of Charles I. in 1638, after he had discounted considerably some of the prices set by the artist on his work, enumerates twenty-three pictures then awaiting payment, which included twelve portraits of the Queen and five of the King. And, besides these, Van Dyck painted an incredibly large number of portraits of other people. He was overloaded with commissions from the whole aristocracy of the English court, and he managed to satisfy all his patrons with masterly pictures.

JANE SEYMOUR
(*Holbein*)

ALFRED WOLTMANN

PREDILECTION for portraiture is perhaps a narrowness in the English taste for art, but it has also its foundation in the character of the nation. It corresponds with that estimation of the personal worth of a man, with that full appreciation of individual independence, which forms such an important element in the English national character. Though primarily no artistic grounds may have produced this estimation of portrait-painting, still we may assert that in Holbein's time, artistic grounds were also existing. What must have produced the greatest impression upon a nation like the English, which was at that time entirely habituated to the artistic style of the Middle Ages, at the sight of works of art imbued with the modern spirit? Naturally that which the art of the Middle Ages most lacked: not the expression of beautiful feelings and profound thoughts, not the display of a rich imagination, but the capability of the artist to see a definite natural object exactly and distinctly as it is, and to hold such a sway over the artistic power that he can depict everything as he sees it. History teaches us that portraiture is ever that branch of art which proves most clearly and surely how an artist or a whole epoch is master of the means of representation.



JANE SEYMOUR

From this point of view, therefore, we are well justified in lamenting that Holbein with all the wealth and versatility of his mind should have been limited to this one branch; if, however, we were to proceed a step further and pity him on this account, we should be taking a wrong view of the matter. In a material point of view, he undoubtedly found most advantage in portrait-painting. In Germany also, it gained the highest price, and Holbein would assuredly have pursued it for preference, had there only been more people, who in these years of scarcity had sufficient surplus-money to admit of their being painted by him.

We have also no reason to suppose that this sphere of work was unsatisfactory to Holbein's taste. The most credible authorities, his works themselves, prove the contrary. Even in his youth, Holbein had painted portraits, which can rank with the best which German portrait-painting has produced. We have only to recall to mind the portrait of Amerbach. Since, however, he had come to England, he made continual progress, and the works which he executed in the King's service far surpass all his former productions. Goethe's maxim: "*Erst in's Weite, dann zu Schranken*" ("First extension, afterwards limits"), we see here fulfilled. Holbein had reached the boldest heights of religious, ideal, and historical painting. Now, at the period of his utmost maturity, he contented himself with the narrow sphere of portraiture, but in this limitation he exhibited all that he possessed, not merely a masterly power in technical matters and the perfect cultivation of taste in the spirit of the Renaissance, but also the height of his in-

tellectual conception and his grand historical style. Portraiture is the path to true historical painting in the modern sense, resting as it does essentially on psychological conception and only able to depict a dramatic incident, when it represents a definite historical personage in his character, passions, and will, and makes him the vehicle of the action. In Holbein's portraits we learn to feel this, for these have grown, so to speak, as regards ourselves into historical pictures. Holbein conceived the persons whom he painted, not in any special situation or feeling, but in the calm continuance and even balance of their nature, but he reveals this nature to us so significantly that we feel as if we could see the men whose names are recorded in history, in the moments in which they most fully established their personality; in which they conceived their decided resolutions and accomplished their great deeds. He imbues the portrait "so thoroughly with that marrow of the historical spirit, which at once recalls the individual to life, that in these works history itself breathes and lives, and the portrait before us opens the speaking mouth with its eloquent lips, and gathers round us its departed contemporaries, and, as in the drama, renews the play whose curtain long ago has fallen."

There is a painting of Queen Jane Seymour, a half-length figure and nearly life-size, in the Belvedere at Vienna. It accords in the conception and bearing with the Whitehall painting, and also with a splendid sketch in the Windsor Collection, and it belongs to the most masterly works which we possess of Holbein's English period. It is evidently the same picture as that which Carel van Mander

describes in the following manner:—"There was at Amsterdam in the Warmoesstraat (Vegetable Street), a portrait of a Queen of England, admirably executed, and very pretty and nice; she was attired in silver brocade, which appears to be genuine silver with some admixture, and it was depicted so transparently, curiously and exquisitely, that a white foil seemed to lie beneath."

The effect produced by the Viennese picture accords perfectly with this description. It shows at the same time, that in the technical execution and in the background tint which he chose, Holbein ever accommodated himself to the subject he was depicting, and that a colder or warmer proportion of light and shade did not merely belong to certain periods of his artistic progress, but that he at the same time, allowed sometimes the one, and sometimes the other to prevail, according to the personage whom he was delineating.

Jane Seymour was famed for her pure fairness, and therefore this cold and delicate tint with its faint grey shadows was suited for her portrait, and Holbein has produced nothing more beautiful. She appears in the most splendid costume, an under-garment of silver brocade, over which she wears a dress of purple velvet. Wherever it was possible, rich gold ornament was introduced; her dress and her cap of the well-known angular form were studded with pearls, and a chain of pearls was hung round her neck, from which was suspended a rich jewelled ornament forming the initials VBS. The whole was executed in miniature-like perfection; and in spite of this splendour, this glittering

profusion, the countenance of the Queen outshone all the rest with its wonderfully delicate and clear tint. How soft and fine are the hands quietly resting in each other, and emerging from cuffs of exquisitely finished Spanish work! How beautiful is the form of the face, how delicate is the effect of the grey shadows, especially on the chin! The small shade thrown by one of the points of her cap is very charming. The countenance is one of regular beauty with delicate fair eyebrows; the expression of the closely compressed lips is extraordinarily sweet. Her eyes do not seek the spectator, but look calmly forth, and the serene transparency of her brow has quite a peculiar effect. It reminds us of Ronsard's pretty poem to François Clouet, which begins:

> "Pein moy, Janet, pein moy, je te supplie,
> Sur ce tableau les beautez de m' amie."

There we read respecting the main requisites of female beauty:

> "Que son beau front ne soit entre fendu,
> De nul sillon en profond estendu:
> Mais qu 'il soit tel qu' est l'eau de la marine
> Quand tant soit peu le vent ne la mutine."

Jane Seymour is delicacy itself; her appearance is royal and noble, and is yet full of genuine womanly gentleness and modesty. This portrait proves the truth of the description given of her by Sir John Russell, when he had observed her in church. The richer Queen Jane was in

her attire the more beautiful did she appear, while the contrary was the case with Anne Boleyn. She merits certainly all the favour she has experienced; she is the most modest, fair and gentle of all the ladies whom the King has had. And thus the people also extolled her beauty, when in December, 1536, she passed through London on horseback by the side of her noble consort, the ice on the Thames having made the passage by water impossible. All parties paid her equal honour, but she never became distinguished in history, and this is the best evidence in her favour. In a tragic moment the King had demanded her hand, and unexpectedly she had become his wife, but from the excellence of her character she won his esteem, and beyond this, an affection as profound as Henry was capable of feeling. At his death he wished to be placed by her side.

HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER
(*Albrecht Dürer*)

GUSTAVE GRUYER

BORN in Nuremberg the 21st of May, 1471, and dying in the same city the 6th of April, 1528, Albrecht Dürer was at the apogee of his talent and nearly at the end of his life when he painted the portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher (1526). Inspired by a model of a noble and pleasing appearance, and stimulated by a friendship of long standing, he surpassed himself in the execution of this portrait, the most beautiful and the most vital of all those that he has signed. To pass by such a work with indifference is impossible: it strikes those ignorant of art as forcibly as it does the connoisseurs; it has an irresistible attraction and it leaves an impression in the mind that one likes to have repeated.

Hieronymus Holzschuher is represented bust length of life-size, in a robe of black damask trimmed with fur. The body is slightly turned to the left, but the glance is directed obliquely towards the right. The clear and brilliant eyes shadowed by brows that indicate a very strong will have a very unusual vivacity; they allow us to perceive a very keen intelligence, and a grave, loyal and sincere soul. The very well formed head is covered with abundant hair of silvery grey which falls in curls upon the collar of the



H. HOLZSCHUHER

garment while a few wisps partly hide the strongly developed forehead. The long beard, which is also almost white, brings out the rosy tones of the skin. The face stands out from a very luminous background of light green. To the left, above, you read: "Hieronims Holzschuer, Anno Doñi 1526. Etatis, sue. 57." On the background at the right you see Dürer's monogram. Notwithstanding his age, Holzschuher is full of vigour; yet only a few years were between him and his end. He died on the 9th of May, 1529, three years after having posed for Dürer, and a year after the great artist had departed this life.

The execution of the portrait which occupies our attention, denotes the most minute care. You cannot too much admire the accuracy and precision of the contours, the delicacy of the modelling and the general harmony of the colours. If the face and figure as a whole present a striking veracity, the slightest details are prodigies of patience and skill. What minute and perfect work there is in the soft hair, in the light and tangled beard, and also in the fur! In considering these particulars in Holzschuher's portrait, we are involuntarily reminded of a drawing, in the Albertine collection at Vienna, in which Dürer reproduced in 1521 during a stay in Antwerp, the features of an old man of ninety-three years. The long wavy beard of this old man is rendered with the same fastidious perfection and indeed almost approaches caligraphy. It would seem that in executing these portraits Dürer frequently remembered his habits of an engraver. Holbein the younger (1497–1543), who, excepting Dürer, was the greatest German painter,

had the opposite idea regarding his portraits; entirely concerned with the general effect, he never allowed himself to be distracted or absorbed by the details; and therefore produced works by means of a less realistic and more refined art.

Albrecht Dürer, as we have said, had personal relations with Hieronymus Holzschuher. During his trip through the Low Countries, on the 5th of May, 1521, he bought an enormous drinking-horn as a present for him. This fact is mentioned in his *Journal*, which still exists and in which he inscribed not only his impressions, but notes of all kinds, and his daily expenses.

The illustrious painter of Nuremberg also counted admirers among other members of the Holzschuher family. One of them ordered a picture from him for the chapel of Saint Maurice in the church of Saint Sebald. This picture represents the dead Christ mourned by saintly women and his disciples. It now belongs to the Museum in Nuremberg. Probably it was Sigismund Holzschuher that gave Dürer this order, for the number of his sons and daughters corresponds to the children that surround the donor Sigismund who died in 1499.

We have very little information regarding Hieronymus Holzschuher. He was born in 1469, two years before Dürer, of Patrician family of Nuremberg whose origin dates from 1130. But it was owing to his merits far more than to his birth that he owed the offices with which he was honoured. In 1499, he became a member of the council charged with the municipal administration. In

1500, he was placed among the most recently nominated burgomasters; and in 1509 among the oldest burgomasters. Finally, from 1514, he was one of the septemvirs. In 1498, he married Dorothea, daughter of the physician Hieronymus Münzer. Of this union, three sons were born. The eldest represented his fellow citizens at the Diets of Worms, Ratisbon and Augsburg, and on September 28, 1547, the Emperor Charles V. confirmed his title of nobility.

There is a medal in existence representing Hieronymus Holzschuher, a medal that bears the date of 1529, the year of his death. Holzschuher is seen here in profile turned to the right. This was inspired by Dürer's portrait and only differs slightly from it. Around the effigy you read the following inscription: "*Holzschuher senior ætatis suae LX.*" On the reverse, the Holzschuher arms are accompanied by the following words: "*Munificentia amicos, patientia inimicos vince. MDXXIX.*"

In the Museum at Gotha, a copy of Holzschuher's portrait by Dürer, the same size as the original, is to be found. It was executed in 1578 by Hans Hoffmann of Nuremberg, whose monogram it bears. Hans Hoffmann endeavoured to imitate Dürer, and was particularly fond of copying his pictures. He was one of the court painters at Vienna under the Emperor Rudolph II., and he died either in 1592 or 1600.

Until Sandrart's time Hieronymus Holzschuher's portrait, preserved by the Holzschuher family, was almost unknown to the public. Sandrart was the first to mention it.

In his *Teutsche Academie*, written in 1675, he first speaks of Dürer's portrait painted by himself in 1500 and now exhibited in the Town-Hall of Nuremberg, and then he adds: "They also show in that town a very much admired portrait of Jerome Holzschuher, painted on wood. In 1651, I offered a large sum of money for it on the part of a very powerful sovereign,[1] but they would not sell it at any price." After Sandrart's time silence again hovers around Dürer's masterpiece. It only begins to attract attention again at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. In 1816, a presumptuous artist dared to substitute for the light green background one of purplish brown which hid the inscriptions inserted in the picture almost entirely, and perfectly self-satisfied he wrote on it: "*John Laurence Rotermundt Bambergensis restauravit.*" It was in this condition when Mr. Edward Holzschuher, the last representative of the Holzschuher family, lent Dürer's picture to the German Museum. It was purchased in 1884 by the Berlin Museum from which we need not fear that it will ever be removed.

Thanks to Mr. A. Hauser of Munich, who proceeded with as much care as skill, the background the Rotermundt had painted was removed and the original background correctly restored and once more contributes to the harmonization of the tones. This admirable portrait, so well preserved, still remains in its original frame, the movable shutter of which, still in existence, has been replaced by a glass; on the shutter the united arms of the Holzschuher and

[1] M. Julius Meyer thinks this was Maximilian I., Elector of Bavaria.

Münzer families are painted in the centre of a crown, accompanied by the date MDXXVI.

After having executed this portrait of Holzschuher, Dürer took up his brushes only once more,—to paint the Four Apostles, now in the Pinakothek of Munich, which he offered to his native town as a "testimony of his patriotic and religious sentiments."

BEATA BEATRIX
(*Rossetti*)

F. G. STEPHENS

THE picture now before us is one of the masterpieces of the leading member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and was produced in the prime of his powers, imaginative as well as technical. It is among the few examples of Rossetti's art fit to be compared with the *Beloved*, that gem of Mr. George Rae's collection, and in some respects it is even more distinctly than that superb achievement a full and true reflection of the artist's idiosyncrasy of the higher order. The mysticism and mystery of *Beata Beatrix* are due to that which was, so to say, the innermost Rossetti, or Rossetti of Rossetti. The spirit of Dante never found in art or otherwise an apter or more subtle expression than this wonderful vision of that border-realm which lies between life and death.

If the subject itself taxed the painter and his art, my humble office of endeavouring to illustrate it in words is, whether as concerns the means at hand or the fitness of the writer, commensurately unpromising and difficult. In such a case the critic is even more unfavourably placed than the engraver, who, while his original possesses the charm of colour, must needs dispense with that magical element, although, as in this instance, above most others,



BEATA BEATRIX

the sentiment of the picture finds utterance in that which may be called the poetry of its colouration, and the chromatic scheme of the work is not only in harmony with the pathos of the whole, but an essential portion of the design, and, as such, was with the utmost solicitude and insight developed by the poet-painter.

As described in the *Vita Nuova*, that most transcendental of the poet's creations, the Beatrice of Dante's imagination sits in a balcony of her father's palace in Florence. We are in the chamber from which it opens, and the beautiful and spiritual damsel's form is half lost against the outer light, half merged in the inner shadows of the place. She is herself a vision, while—her corporeal eyes losing power of outward speculation—the heavenly visions of the New Life are revealed to the eyes of her spirit. The open window gives a view of the Arno, its bridge and the towers and palaces of that city in which Dante and Beatrice spent their lives side by side, so to say, until that fatal ninth of June, 1290, when she died, and, as the poet told us, "the whole city came to be, as it were, widowed and despoiled of all dignity"; or, as the appropriate motto on the frame in the National Gallery has it, being Dante's own verse, uttered when her death was announced to him, and borrowed from *Jeremiah*: "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas.*"[1]

The outer light which is that of evening when dun vapours prevail, falls in a still brilliant though subdued flood upon

[1] Or at length:—
"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations!"
—*Lamentations, I., 1.*

the surface of the river, and gives to it a lustre at once warm and silvery, dashed by reflections, whether dim or luminous, of the bridge and other buildings on the banks, and thrown back towards us. Opposed to this sheen the head of Beatrix is so placed that the light shines among the outer threads of her dark auburn hair, and thus produces the effect of a halo, radiant against the vapours of the twilight distance and diffused in the nearer space, while the face itself is, to our sight, merged in the dimness caused by our looking at the splendour of the river. Accordingly, the figure appears partly outlined against the lustre, partly lost in the half-gloom of the chamber. It is thus visible in what may be called a twilight of brilliance and a twilight of shadow. This contrasting harmony has been, with ineffable subtlety and care, developed by the painter, and it enhances the spiritual abstruseness of his design. The true inspiration of his theme required that the figure of Beatrix, being an inmate of that border-realm which divides life from death, should appear occult, and with nothing defined—neither form, nor colour, nor substance, nor shadow, nor light direct, nor positive elements of any sort to affirm that she has passed the bourn from which no traveller returns or lingers in our midst.

Her form is merged, not lost in that shadowy space which, in Butler's noble phrase, is "of brightness made." Thus Rossetti happily showed that his subject was a mystery, yet not without life of this world, nor all unreal. A woman of exceeding beauty and holiness, his Beatrix is in a rapture of approaching death, absorbed in a painless

ecstasy, having knowledge of the world to come ere her spirit quits its mortal house, so that while her features attest mortality, the fair mansion is not void of life. Rossetti made her drooping eyelids veil unseeing eyes, while her parted lips and slowly-lifted nostrils bespeak a failing vitality. Thus his intention is manifest, while his genius leads us into that recondite region where art passes beyond the reach of words and ordered phrases; touches, in truth, upon the very boundary of pictorial representation and factful resemblance; and affirms its power to deal with the subtlest purposes and visions so abstruse that poets, even while addressing poets, rarely describe them, and painters, although appealing to painters as poetical as themselves have still more rarely ventured to deal with them. That this is an allegory expressing itself without those conventions which are the currency of symbolical language, and thus shows Rossetti venturing in a new poetic sphere, is a new cause for our admiration.

As to the picture and its spectators, it is obvious that we remain on the mundane side of things, while Beatrix in a swoon passes into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Florence Rossetti painted is the Heavenly City of the future. Rapt thus, her features look pale in the half gloom, half light, and her hands, which erst clasped each other in her lap, have fallen apart to lie supine because their task is almost done, and this is celestial light which glances on them. A dove, a heavenly messenger, of deep rose-coloured and glowing plumage, and, like the bird of the Annunciation, crowned with an aureole, poises on down-

ward wings at her knee and bears to Beatrix's hands a white poppy, *i. e.*, the mystical flower in which Rossetti meant to combine the emblems of death and chastity. He gave to the flower a dark heart to indicate deathful mystery, and to its pallid leaves imparted that pure whiteness which expresses the stainless life of the lady who, although not dying, is about to die.

Her face is in some respects a likeness of the painter's wife, who passed away some years before he designed this picture. It is obviously, however, not intended as a portrait of that lady, but it may well be called a spiritual translation, inspiring features which had but a general resemblance to those of the *Beata Beatrix* who is before us. Her dress consists of a green outer garment, loosely fitting above a closer under-robe of purple, the colours of hope and sorrow as well as of life and death. They likewise resemble the red and green, or red and blue of the Virgin, symbolical hues, the significance of which all the world has recognized. The sundial on the parapet of the balcony behind the figure, from whose gnomon the celestial brightness projects a shadow, indicates upon the numeral of the hour (the mystical nine the poet has told us of) that the time of Beatrix has nearly, if not quite, come. In the half-gloom behind the swooning lady we see Dante, with book in hand and in "scholarly gown," exactly as when he met the living Beatrix in the porch of that famous church of Florence which he could never afterwards forget. Exactly as the living poet turned to gaze on his mistress as she passed on her way, so he now turns and as attentively re-

gards the figure of radiant Love, the ideal Eros of his exalted vision, who, holding in one hand a flaming heart, passes on the other side of the picture heavenwards, and seems to sign to Dante that he should follow in that path. This vermilion-clad genius is, of course, the *eidolon*, or spiritual Beatrix, the celestial Love whose earthly image was the Beatrix the poet made immortal in immortal verse, and met and knew—it matters not whether much or little—in Florence street upon that unforgotten day the very record of which is to Dante's lovers as the echo of a rapturous sigh.

Rossetti, writing to a friend, thus describes his intention in this picture:—"It illustrates the *Vita Nuova*, embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice seated in a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven. You will remember how Dante dwells upon the desolation of the city in connection with the incidents of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background, and made the figures of Dante and Love passing through the streets, and gazing ominously on one another, conscious of the event; while the bird, messenger of death, drops the poppy between the hands of Beatrice. She, through shut lids, as expressed in the last words of the *Vita Nouva*,—"*Quella beata Beatrice che gloriosamente mira nella faccia di colui qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.*"

Nearly all the frames of Rossetti's pictures were designed

by himself, not only for beauty's sake, but to convey spiritual allusions to the subjects they enclosed. In this case he spent extraordinary pains on the design, which includes, below the painting, the motto, "*Quomodo sedet sola civitas*," as before quoted, and the fatal date, "June 9, 1290." On each side of the frame is an emblematic circle enclosing celestial spaces charged with clouds, stars, and the greater luminaries, and severally appropriate to the theme of the picture.

This important work was begun in 1863, and carried on at intervals for more than two years. In August, 1866, it was, as the artist's brother has told us, sold to the Hon. William Cowper-Temple, afterwards Lord Mount-Temple. There are, at least, besides a drawing in crayons, two versions, not exactly replicas of it; but neither of them is so fine as that now in question. These are in oil. There is a repetition, if not two, in water-colours. After the death of Lord Mount-Temple, his widow, partly in regard, it is said, to his wish, most generously, as a memorial of that warm and sympathetic admirer of the artist, gave this, the finest example, to the National Gallery.

MADDALENA DONI
(*Raphael*)

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

"IN Florence, more than in any other city, men become perfect in all the arts, especially in that of painting. There the fine air makes men naturally quick to praise and blame, prompt to see what is good and beautiful, unwilling to tolerate mediocrity. The keen struggle for life sharpens the wits, and the love of glory is stirred in the hearts of men of every profession." Such, according to Vasari, were the words in which Perugino's old Umbrian master urged him to seek his fortunes in Florence. And now the same impulse drew his still more gifted scholar to the banks of the Arno, and at the age of twenty-one Raphael came to Florence, as a learner, in the words of his patroness—*per imparare*. The moment was a memorable one. Never, even in the Magnifico Lorenzo's days, had so brilliant a company of artists met together within the city walls, as that which assembled in January, 1504, to decide on the site of Michelangelo's *David*. Among the architects present on the occasion were Cronaca and the brothers Sangallo; among the sculptors, Andrea della Robbia and Sansovino; among the painters, Cosimo, Roselli, Sandro Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Piero di Cosimo, Lorenzo di Credi, Pietro Perugino and Lionardo da Vinci. All of these

were still living when Raphael came to Florence, with the single exception of Filippino.

The sight of Florence itself—of that dome which had as yet no rival, of the palaces and churches which lined the streets, of the frescoes that filled chapels and convent-cells with light and colour, of Della Robbia's blue-and-white Madonnas, and angels shining down above the crowded market-place and in the quiet corners of side alleys—might well delight Raphael's soul. The city and the works of art he saw there, says Vasari, alike seemed divine to him, and he asked nothing better than to take up his abode there, and spend the rest of his days at Florence.

He went everywhere and saw everything. His quick eye took note of each different object in this new and wonderful world, and his hand recorded countless forms and shapes which he could never have dreamt of in his Umbrian days. He lingered in the dim chapel of the Carmine until he knew every figure in Masaccio's works by heart, he studied Ghirlandajo's heads and Donatello's marbles, and made careful drawings of Michelangelo's *David* on sheets which may still be seen in the British Museum. But it was Lionardo above all others who attracted him by the science and beauty of his art. "He stood dumb," Vasari tells us, "before the grace of his figures, and thought him superior to all other masters. In fact, the style of Lionardo pleased him better than any which he had ever seen, and, leaving the manner of Piero, he endeavoured with infinite pains to imitate the art of Lionardo. From having been a master he once more became a pupil."



MADDALENA DONI

The letter of La Profetessa does not seem to have brought him any commission from the Gonfaloniere, who had already the two greatest living painters in his service, and many other excellent artists awaiting his commands. But the recommendations of his Urbino friends and the influence of his master Perugino—above all, his own charming nature, brought him many friends, and made him a general favourite in artistic circles. He was a frequent visitor at the shop of the distinguished architect Baccio d' Agnolo, where artists of every age and rank met on winter evenings to discuss problems connected with their craft. All the well-known painters and sculptors in Florence were to be seen at these gatherings in turn, and sometimes, although rarely, the great Michelangelo himself would look in.

Among the visitors who came to Baccio d' Agnolo's gatherings was Taddeo Taddei, a wealthy Florentine of cultivated tastes, who corresponded with Bembo and was a liberal patron of the fine arts. Baccio d' Agnolo had built him a palace in the Via de' Ginori, and Michelangelo had carved one of his finest Holy Families for him in stone. Taddeo soon made friends with Raphael, and was never happy unless the young painter were in his house and at his table. And Raphael, writes Vasari, "who was the most amiable of men (*ch' era la gentilezza stessa*), not to be outdone in courtesy, painted two pictures for him, which Taddeo valued among his most precious treasures." "Show all honour to Taddeo, of whom we have so often spoken," wrote the painter to his uncle Simone, when his

friend was about to visit Urbino, "for there is no man living to whom I am more deeply indebted." Another noble Florentine who shared Raphael's intimacy was Lorenzo Nasi, afterwards one of the City priors. Either of these friends may have recommended him to the wealthy merchant Agnolo Doni, one of the most discerning and at the same time one of the most niggardly lovers of pictures in Florence. This cautious personage, whose palace was a museum of antique and contemporary art, had lately bought Michelangelo's famous *Holy Family* of the Tribune, after wrangling with Buonarotti for months over the price. Now in his anxiety to obtain good pictures at the lowest possible price, he employed the young painter from Urbino, who was as yet little known in Florence, to paint his own portrait and that of his wife, a lady of the Strozzi family. Both of these portraits, which hang to-day in the Pitti Gallery, are admirable examples of Raphael's close and faithful study of life. They are painted with the same minute attention to detail, the same anxious rendering of each single hair, that we note in the Borghese portrait. The wealthy merchant in his black damask suit and red sleeves, with refined features and keen anxious gaze, his staid, richly-dressed wife in her blue brocades and jewelled necklace, well satisfied with herself and all the world, are living types of their class. Yet in the form of the pictures, in the pose of Maddalena Doni's head and of her placidly folded hands, we are conscious of a new influence. If from the picture we turn to the pen-and-ink sketch in the Louvre, we see at a glance that Lionardo's *Mona Lisa*

was in Raphael's mind when he painted Maddalena Doni's portrait. The cut of the dress, the ripple of the hair, the very folds of the bodice are exactly copied from that famous picture, which Raphael must have seen in Francesco Giocondo's house in Florence. Only instead of Lionardo's rock landscape, he has sketched a view of Umbrian hills and Urbino towers, framed in between the columns of an open loggia. There is, we must confess, a charm in the drawing which is lacking in the picture. The maiden with the dreamy eyes and youthful face was the painter's ideal; the other was the actual woman, Maddalena Doni, the rich merchant's wife, a subject, it may be, not very much to his taste, but none the less to be painted with perfect accuracy and truth.

PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN
(*Velasquez*)

CLAUDE PHILLIPS

EUROPEAN and American connoisseurs have been much occupied in disputing as to the authenticity of a full-length of Philip IV. in youth, ascribed to Velasquez, which was, at the instance of Dr. Denman W. Ross, a Trustee of the Fine Arts Museum of Boston, purchased for that museum in September, 1904, at the price of a little over £10,000 sterling. The following extract from the *Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin* gives succinctly the facts of the case and the contention of the committee responsible for the purchase of the much-discussed picture:

"THE NEW VELASQUEZ"

"The Committee on the Museum makes the following statement with regard to the Velasquez portrait, believed to represent Philip IV. of Spain, now hung in the First Picture Gallery.

"The purchase of the picture was authorized by the Committee by cable of September 27th, 1904, to Dr. Denman W. Ross, a member of the Committee, then in Madrid, in response to a cable from Dr. Ross, stating the offer of the picture, and its high quality. The purchase was made by Dr. Ross, after examination of the picture and com-

parison of it with others by Velasquez in the Prado, upon the evidence which the painting itself afforded of its beauty and genuineness.

"An attack on the genuineness of the picture was made in an anonymous communication received by the Museum in the month of November. The Committee has endeavoured to obtain the name of the writer without success.

"The picture has since been submitted to a number of painters and critics of painting, both of New York and Boston, who are entitled to be considered judges in such a matter, by reason of their familiarity with and study of the works of Velasquez. Their testimony—with a single exception—is unanimous and strong in favor of the genuineness of the work.

"The Committee on the Museum believes the picture to be genuine, and considers the Museum fortunate in its possession. It has assigned the picture as a purchase from the fund bequeathed to the Museum by the late Sarah Wyman Whitman."

Seldom has the world of art and art-criticism been more divided on a point of such interest and importance. Señor Beruete, the latest biographer of Velasquez, and a critic of the master and his works, in whose judgment many modern students of the great Spaniard's art place great reliance, has, as I understand—for I have not actually seen the letters in which his opinions are set forth—denied the right of the picture to be included in the catalogue of authentic works. Unless I am wholly misinformed, he calls in question the accuracy of the statements made to the purchasers, as to

the *provenance* of the new "Philip IV." and states that his incredulity is based on a careful examination of the picture, and a comparison of its technique with that of well-authenticated portraits in the Prado Gallery, of much the same period in Velasquez' practice. Some dealers and collectors, both in Europe and the United States, have, as I am told, followed and approved the latest biographer of the master in his outspoken expressions of unbelief. On the other hand, the body of instructed opinion in America, now that the first scare is over, strongly upholds the authenticity of the museum's costly purchase. My friend Mr. Roger Fry, upon whose high competence as a critic it would be superfluous for me to dilate, has very recently had an opportunity of carefully scrutinizing the Boston canvas; and he authorizes the statement that, in his opinion, the painting is undoubtedly authentic, and a characteristic example of Don Diego's early style. It behooves me to give my opinion in all modesty, since I know the "Philip IV." in dispute, not in the original, but only in the excellent photographs executed for the Boston Museum and here reproduced. I may, however, without imprudence, state that the impression made upon me by these is an entirely favourable one. From these reproductions I should take the Boston "Philip IV." to be one of the first, if not the very first, of the long succession of portraits painted of the taciturn, impassive monarch by his Court Painter, between the years 1623 and 1660—that is, between the date when Velasquez first became attached to the Court, and the date of his death. To me—and I repeat that I do not assume

to judge, but merely record the impression which results from a careful comparison of reproductions—the Boston "Philip IV." appears to be, in style and mode of execution, identical with the famous "Conde-Duque Olivarez," in the collection of Captain Holford, at Dorchester House, which Carl Justi, in his noted biography of Velasquez, describes as "the most important extant picture in the earliest—that is, the Sevillian—style, and one the authenticity of which has been questioned, just because that style is not understood." The carefulness, the incisive strength, even in this early phase, and, moreover, the hardness of the touch—in the treatment of the hair, in the modelling of the face and hands—these essential characteristics are the same in both, and such as, with more still of primitiveness, and naïve reflection of reality, we may trace in the *bodegones*, or kitchen pieces, of the Sevillian period, the great majority of which are now in England.

The same harshness and naïve realism reappear in the famous "Los Borrachos" of the Prado Gallery, but with something more of flexibility in the rendering of facial expression and an increased mastery in the modelling of flesh. The first "Philip IV." of the whole set is very generally held to be the bust portrait No. 1071 in the Prado, which, according to tradition, was executed as a preliminary study for the equestrian portrait painted of the King in August, 1623, of which famous canvas no trace now remains. No portrait in the group of pictures now under discussion can well come earlier in date than this lost canvas, seeing that in all of these the youthful King already wears the plain

golilla, or stiffened white lawn collar, which by edict of the 11th January, 1623, was made to replace in the Court costume the elaborate *gorguera*, or stiffened lace ruff. The portrait which, of all others, stands in the closest relation to the Boston "Philip" is the "Full-length with the Petition," No. 1070 in the Prado, the head of which is almost a repetition of that in the bust-portrait. At first sight the Boston and Madrid pictures might be deemed to be practically identical in design, but a closer examination shows that this is far from being the case. The Boston "Philip" stands quite differently, and more like the superb "Don Carlos, Brother of Philip IV." No. 1073 in the Prado, which was painted a couple of years later on. The inclination of the head is slightly different, the doublet less rich, a collar of wrought gold is worn, over the broad ribbon which supports the Golden Fleece; the design of the mantle is materially different, the paper held in the right hand of other form and design. The table in the Boston example has a cover more richly laced with gold than that in the Madrid picture, with which it is now compared. And, above all, in the latter the expression of the King is less stolid, more assured, more royal.

Closely related to these two canvases is yet another now in Boston, in the splendid collection of Mrs. John Gardiner. This is a "Philip IV.," a full-length of much the same period, which, as I am informed, came from the collection of the late Mr. Banks at Kingston Lacy. Infinitely finer as a work of art than any of these paintings—indeed, than anything that Velasquez had up to that point produced—is

that sober yet sumptuous *portrait d'apparat*, the "Don Carlos," mentioned above. In design, at any rate, it hardly knows a superior, even among the royal portraits coming later on in the series. I should be strongly inclined to say that among the counterfeits of members of the royal house belonging to this, the initial period of Don Diego's Court practice at Madrid, it knew no rival—let alone a superior—did I not bear in mind a masterpiece much nearer at hand—the magnificent "Philip IV." of Dorchester House. If this last does not quite equal the "Don Carlos" in freedom and assurance of design, it greatly exceeds not only this, but all previous works coming within the first period in concentrated vigour of execution as well as in beauty and inventiveness of colour.

Philip stands here by the side of the same table and richly-laced table-cover with which we have made acquaintance in the Boston picture. But he wears a sumptuous half-military, half-civilian costume: a buff jerkin over chain-mail, and a costume of brownish-grey, amaranth-purple and gold, with a rich scarf of the same colour, similarly trimmed. The bâton of military command is firmly though undemonstratively grasped. The King seems here no longer the colourless being, walled round with an impenetrable reserve, that he is in civilian garb, from the very beginning of his reign; he stands forth confidently as the general and leader of men. Though hardly less rigid and impassive in attitude than in the group of portraits just now passed in review, he is alert, full of the pride of youthful manhood, without misgiving as to his power to com-

mand and his right to receive unquestioning obedience. Save in the famous equestrian portrait of the Prado, and the beautiful Dulwich portrait, which must have been designed and schemed out by Velasquez, even though it does not bear unmistakable traces of his own sovereign brush—save in these two exceptional performances, and perhaps in the attractive portrait in hunting costume, at the Prado, we do not find the anæmic and repellent monarch, upon whom Velazquez has conferred immortality, so galvanized for the moment into life and virile energy.

It is a pity that, before the "Philip IV." left Europe to take its place in the Fine Arts Museum of Boston, it should not have been publicly exhibited at one of the "Old Masters" shows of Burlington House, or in Paris, where competent judges of Velasquez are not scarce. As it is, it may be long before the storm that rages round the new acquisition in the chief centres of American connoisseurship is allayed by a definitive pronouncement that all concerned may unreservedly accept. It will be remembered that the Boston Museum acquired a few years ago, for a sum approaching £20,000 sterling, the "Don Baltásar Carlos with a Dwarf," an important Velasquez from the Castle Howard collection, which Londoners had had an opportunity of seeing in the Spanish Exhibition at the New Gallery.

LUCREZIA TORNABUONI
(*Botticelli*)

ALPHONSE DE CALONNE

TOWARDS the end of his notice of Sandro Botticelli, Vasari, after having enumerated the numerous works of the painter, adds that he made two portraits in profile of two illustrious women with different titles,—that of the wife of Piero de' Medici the first of the name, and that of the mistress of Giuliano. He does not mention the name of the latter, but it is easy to guess it.

The second portrait is that of the "Bella Simonetta." In fact, in the Pitti Gallery at Florence there is a bust length figure with profile turned to the left, clothed in a brown robe cut open in front and laced over a white linen chemisette. The neck is of an inordinate length, the nose large and prominent; the blonde hair, arranged in careless bands, is confined upon the head by a white caul. The costume is one of early morning, if indeed not a night one.

It is difficult to recognize the model, or the hand of the painter in this portrait. He never exhibited in his treatment of costume and head-dress such a poverty of art and imagination. As for the model, if it is true that this was Simonetta Vespucci, the beautiful Genoese, the wife of the Florentine Cattani, we cannot help being astonished that she could have inspired Poliziano with so great an admira-

tion, and Giuliano de' Medici with so great a passion for her beauty. It is true that to her charms, she added, says history, a cast of mind and a literary culture that were greatly appreciated at this time, especially in Florence. Still, as we meet with another profile portrait in the *Musée de Condé*, at Chantilly, which has a certain analogy with that in the Pitti Palace, but which is incomparably more beautiful, which bears all the marks of Botticelli's most charming manner and at the bottom of which is inscribed in the paint—SIMONETTA JANVENSIS VESPUCCIA, no doubt is possible; certainly, we have here a true portrait of Simonetta, and the other can only be a caricature. If Giuliano, the son of Piero, was assassinated on her account, we are not at all surprised. But who painted that portrait at Chantilly? Is it by Botticelli, or is it by Pollajuolo? The critics disagree. M. Gruyer inclines towards the latter, M. Reiset, a former owner of the work, does not question it. Crowe and Cavalcaselle pronounce in favour of Botticelli. M. Lafenestre shares their opinion, and Vasari seems to give them authority.

If we turn to the other portrait, regarding the double authenticity of the author and his subject, we shall find nothing to disturb us. It certainly is the beautiful Lucrezia Tornabuoni, the daughter of Francesco Tornabuoni, the wife of Piero I. de' Medici, the son of Cosmo the elder, called "the Father of his Country." We find ourselves in the full bloom of the Fifteenth Century, in the midst of the most celebrated *quatrocentisti*. Florence was at this moment the focus of the whole intellectual world. The names of



LUCREZIA TORNABUONI

her great artists, her opulent merchants, and her literary celebrities resounded throughout the universe. Even to-day you cannot take a step in that city without running against a celebrated monument, or reading a famous name at the corners of the streets. The Pitti, the Albizzi, the Strozzi, the Rucellai, the Doni, the Calzajoli, and the Tornabuoni have left marks and traces of their wealth, their taste and their generosity everywhere.

This Lucrezia Tornabuoni was not merely the daughter of an illustrious and rich family, she was the most beautiful of beautiful Florentines and one of those women whose education was carried to such a high degree that they were companionable and able to exchange ideas with the greatest scholars, historians, poets and theologians. A poet herself, Lucrezia put a portion of the Bible into Italian verse; and as Poliziano has extolled her mind and her beauty, as Francesco Serdonati has placed her in the rank of the illustrious ladies, and as the historian of Lorenzo de' Medici places a part of the glory of "the Magnificent" upon her who was his mother, the malignity of Guicciardini and the venal partiality of Paul Jove have never been able to destroy the reputation of that woman whose virtues were so honoured by Florence. She was an exception to the manners of the age. Perhaps we are too much inclined to consider those manners only by means of the pictures which the writers of the period have bequeathed to us. However, in order that opinions should agree regarding a woman who by means of her position and also her education was plunged into all the perils of a gay, if not indeed a corrupt,

society, her honour must have dominated sufficiently to silence the voice of calumny.

Botticelli did not paint her undressed as he did the Simonetta at Chantilly; his respect for her prevented this, and he turned her profile to the right. He dressed her richly, in the fashion of the day, which singularly pleased his fantastic taste, a fantastic taste that belonged to one who was familiar with jewelry-work and which he made very original. None of the *quatrocentisti* ever handled materials or treated hair as he did. Here he shows himself comparatively sober. The dress is almost simple. A fabric of fine linen, pleated and ornamented with three rows of open-work embroidery envelops the bust, which is finely and fully curved. On the shoulders, the light material is puffed and seems to have inspired the modern dressmakers with the model of their sleeves. The arrangement of the hair is very complicated, but far less so than was the painter's custom. Plaited locks of hair are mingled with plaited velvet ornamented with pearls, and the latter is carried around the shoulders to form a heart-shaped garniture for the corsage. Wavy locks float freely down from the temple, hiding the ear. A wavy lock falls at the back from a knot of velvet ornamented with pearls. Another wavy lock descends from the left side of the forehead and forms a background for the line of the nose. The neck, evidently too long, is adorned with a locket, an antique engraved stone, suspended from a gold chain of six rows. Finally, upon the top of the head, a golden ornament holds in its place an aigrette slightly inclined from

right to left, this only ornament gives a certain cavalier look to the figure.

This cavalier air is not, however, reproduced in the profile, which is drawn with a correctness worthy of Hellenic art. The forehead has not the height that Botticelli and the fashion of the time gave to the elect. One might believe that the model imposed her will upon the artist and forced him to carry his pencil back to the proportions of the antique.

The drawing of the nose is very delicate and very fine. It is pure, but it does not follow an absolutely straight line. It describes a soft curve which sensibly tilts upwards at its lower extremity. The nostril is modelled to perfection; the large eye expressive of infinite gentleness is as it were haloed by a narrow and long eyebrow. The whole upper part of this visage is exquisite. The bow-shaped mouth, which is not wanting in firmness, speaks the same language as the eye; but a very slight projection of the lower lip imprints a kind of sorrowful expression upon it.

The portrait is, moreover, of a very young woman, almost a young girl. If it were not for the opulence of the bosom, you would hardly give seventeen years to the head. Had the wife of Piero de' Medici already known the troubles of grandeur at the threshold of marriage? History says nothing of this. Was the painter the only one to receive her confidences, or did he devine them? It belongs most certainly to the genius of a painter to discover the secret thoughts that agitate his models. This profile, so suave and so pure, is certainly more eloquent and true

than the most delicate poetry of the writers of the period could have been. Candour which is spread over the whole face stops at the mouth. The lips show that the experience of life has already stifled illusions. Wife of the first Citizen of Florence, who to-morrow was to become its master under a title that had become hereditary, a woman who had the reputation of being virtuous, wise, and lettered to a wonderful extent, ranking with her most famous compatriots, she was a mother whom calumny never attacked, and she died too young even to have foreseen the unhappy days which were soon to weaken the popularity of the plebeian and quasi-royal house into which she had married.

She had five children, two of whom were sons: Lorenzo the Magnificent, to whom Florence owed half of her glory; and Giuliano, that young man, who was the lover of Simonetta Vespucci and who was assassinated at the age of thirty-five.

This portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni is not only a masterpiece of painting, but a perfect likeness, the most perfect, perhaps, that came from the brush of a master who was too often the slave of his imagination; it is really a page from history, one of those works to which an inquisitive and restless mind turns to question in hours of study and reflection. We think, on our part, that by means of its reserve it redeems the painter's mannerisms and the intentional obscurities of his allegorical works. In the exuberance of his compositions, you easily notice a passionate and sometimes violent spirit. When you study

his most celebrated compositions, you cannot help being surprised. We are scarcely astonished to find him a disciple of Savonarola; the portrait of Lucrezia does not evoke the slightest suspicion of this. This work is one of the pearls of the Frankfort Museum.

PORTRAIT OF BERTIN THE ELDER
(*Ingres*)

GUSTEVE LARROUMET

THIS superb canvas, an honour to the French School in a class in which it particularly excells, possesses a civic interest, related by the historian of art who knew Ingres best,—Count Henri Delaborde. It is important to transcribe this here :

"The portrait of M. Bertin was the final result of many attempts and various conceptions by Ingres on several canvases and in several attitudes before it assumed this aspect of robust simplicity to which it owes its present celebrity. At one time even, there was great danger that the painter, dissatisfied with the constrained poses so far held by his model, and even more discontented with his own efforts, might throw up altogether a work that he had undertaken solely to keep an old promise. An unexpected incident occurred and saved the situation. Ingres told M. Reiset that at the height of his troubles and hesitations he happened to be one evening in M. Bertin's salon. There was a discussion on political affairs between the master of the house and his two sons, and whilst the latter warmly upheld their opinion, M. Bertin listened with the air and attitude of a man, whom contradiction irritates less than it inspires him with an increase of confidence in the



BERTIN THE ELDER

authority of the words he has already uttered, or in the approaching eloquence of his reply. Nothing could be more natural or expressive, nor anything more conformable to the character of the personage to be represented, than this appearance of a force that is sure of itself as well as of a slightly imperious good humour. Thenceforth, the exact conditions of the portrait were discovered. Therefore Ingres, greatly delighted at this unexpected conquest, hastened to take advantage of it, and, on taking leave of M. Bertin, addressed him as follows: "Your portrait is done. This time I have you, and will not let you escape." In fact, on the morrow, the master set to work and soon succeeded in bringing to life on the canvas the man whose moral temperament and real habits had been thus fortuitously revealed to him."

The portrait of the elder Bertin, painted in 1832, was exhibited at the Salon of 1833. After that date, it remained in possession of the Bertin family, who presented it to the Louvre in 1898.

The figure is of life size. Seated in an office chair he is seen down to the knees. The body is three quarters and the head full face. The left shoulder is slightly raised and the head leans a little towards the right shoulder. The hands are set flat upon the widely separated knees. It is the attitude of a man who has come to talk, to listen and to reply. Bertin is dressed in a black frock coat and trousers with a white neck scarf, and a waistcoat of puce-coloured silk. A watch key and a seal hang below the waistcoat over the trousers. The model was sixty-six

years of age. Very handsome in his youth, he still exhibits fine features, upon which intelligence and firmness are imprinted; his portly figure denotes a vigour that age has not impaired. He is in the plenitude of his physical and moral strength. His hair, of a slaty grey and white, is very thick around his high and full forehead; his neck is strong; in his brown and smooth-shaven face the blood circulates freely and eyes of a chestnut brown look out with an open gaze; beneath the straight nose is a mouth admirable in its delicacy and firmness.

The execution unites in a very high degree those same two qualities, delicacy and firmness. It is broad and full of precision. Besides this, it is harmonious, a merit not always presented by pictures of Ingres. Both drawing and colour receive full value here. The sombre tints of the clothes, the dark or light notes of the face and hands stand out and are in mutual accord against a light brown background. The oil in yellowing with age has covered the canvas with a golden tint that gives it the look of a portrait by an old master. As if to accentuate the attentive precision that the painter, here as always, has put into this work performed with so much enthusiasm, what is more rare is his employment of a procedure the most celebrated example of which is offered by the *Chase of St. Ursula*, by Memling, now in the Hospital Saint Jean de Bruges, in which the surrounding objects are faithfully reflected as in a mirror in the soldiers' cuirasses. On the left arm of the polished mahogany chair gleams the minute image of a window.

The handsome old man represented in this portrait, Louis François Bertin, always known under the appellation of Bertin the Elder, and brother of Bertin de Veaux, is a great name in the French press, one of the three greatest, with Emile de Girardin and Villemessant, who were so unlike him, however. He is thus the type of the middle class Frenchman in the first half of the Nineteenth Century. He seriously represents, at the moment of its highest power, that class of which Emile Augier's *Monsieur Poirier* is the comic incarnation.

In order to know him well, we must read a study of him written by a relative of his, Léon Say, who in his day was the great *bourgeois* that Bertin the Elder was in his. He was born of a Picardy father and a Brie mother; that is to say, he was a combination of tenacity and practical mind, combative humour and rectitude of judgment. His family exercised functions of high domesticity, a sort of management of a noble family. He was brought up in the ideas of constitutional liberty that Montesquieu had formulated at the beginning of the century, in the love of "philosophy," at literature after the manner of Voltaire, with a taint of the enthusiasm and the "sensibility" with which Diderot and J. J. Rosseau had warmed up the Voltairian spirit. He was in favour of the reforms that were to introduce more justice into the government of France, and particularly into the organization of society. From these reforms, he expected a legitimate part of influence and the sharing of power to the profit of the class to which he belonged and which possessed enlightened ideals, integrity of manners,

love of work, and, consequently, the beginnings of wealth.

He therefore ardently embraced the ideas of the Revolution when they first appeared, but their excesses soon inspired him with horror and terror: like the average of the French middle classes, he was humane and well balanced. Robespierre turned him into a Royalist, and in the moderate papers of the day he made courageous war on the Jacobins. The Ninth of Thermidor was almost a personal victory. In 1800, he bought a little paper, *Le Journal des Débats et Lois du Pouvoir Legislatif et des Actes du Gouvernement.* He enlarged and transformed it, and little by little equipped it with all the organs of a modern newspaper: leading articles on French and foreign politics, correspondence, literary, dramatic and art criticism. He supported the opinions of the middle classes in this sheet. This enlightened and opulent class was conscious of its victory and wanted to organize it midway between despotism and anarchy. It was ready to support any government that would give it the principal part of power; it cherished a preference for the ancient royalty, that doubtless would return, taught by misfortune, resigned to the constitutional *régime*, and more capable of reconciling the present with the past than any other *régime* would be. It would reserve its part in the nobility, a part restricted and without privileges. Having seen the common people, the workmen and the peasants, it was timid, but it hoped to restrain the movement, and, by making property the essential condition for entrance to the Chambers, to keep it out of the govern-

ment for a long time yet. These ideas, these interests and these hopes have been called the "doctrinaire spirit." It was going to be incarnated in Royer Collard in the tribune, and in Bertin the Elder in the press.

But for that, it was necessary to wait till 1815, for the Imperialism could not accommodate itself to this doctrine. It confiscated the *Journal des Débats*; it imprisoned and banished the Bertin brothers. Having recovered possession of his family, Bertin supported the Restoration in so far as it favoured the interests of the middle classes; he fought against it in its attempt to return to the old *régime*. He had a powerful auxiliary in Chateaubriand, but he made more use of the great egotist than he rendered service to him. He was always the master in his own journal and solely responsible; the articles not being signed, he modified them at will, so that they conveyed only his own opinions. These opinions were those of the most influential and wealthy class. Bertin was honest and practical, clear-sighted and able, courageous and tenacious. In 1830, the *Débats* triumphed, the Revolution of July occurred truly to the profit of this paper which its director said he produced "only for five hundred people in Europe."

When he died, in 1841, without having wanted to be anything but a journalist, without having entered the Chambers or the Administration, he saw the copy-holding middle class, under a king of its own choice, mistress of France. He did not foresee 1848, the logical consequence of the abuse of power by a class, though less oppressive than the old nobility, yet as blind and egotistical. If it

should ever come, yet he thought it was still far distant,—that arrival of the democracy, which was quite near, and which opposed, restrained or turned aside, yet ever on the march, was to pursue its victory through the second half of the century.

This character of rectitude and adroitness, this fine and strong nature, this skilful and logical part played have been grasped by Ingres and fixed in a vision of genius with a mastery of means in which we know not what most to admire, the simplicity or the art. With this image he has truly set up the apotheosis of the French *bourgeoisie* at the culminating point of its greatness.

MADAME HENRIETTE DE FRANCE

(*Jean Marc Nattier*)

ANDRÉ PERATE

MADAME HENRIETTE died on the 10th of February, 1752, stricken suddenly by a disease of the chest. She was twenty-four years old; she was good and very sweet; she was considered very beautiful; and was tenderly cherished by her father. When her twin sister, Madame Elizabeth, married the Infant, Don Philip, Duke of Parma, and left France for Spain, the title of Madame and the prerogatives of the eldest daughter belonged to Henriette. This grief overwhelmed the King and the court; for Louis XV. had already lost three children, although they were very young, and there was no reason to anticipate the death of such an amiable princess.

The Museum of Versailles has won for her many sincere admirers, who pause enraptured before the sumptuous canvas by Jean Marc Nattier, one of the purest jewels of the series of the portraits of the *Madames*. The reproduction of this masterpiece cannot express its full brilliancy. A large piece of blue drapery that floats across the picture half hides a stone colonnade through which a cloudy sky is visible. In front of this drapery, Madame Henriette is seated upon a chair the gilded wooden framework of which frames a gold cloth. She is dressed in a robe of red brocade with

a pattern of golden branches and the full skirt sweeps over a carpet of blue tones upon which rest the points of her little white slippers. In the centre of this blazing dome rises the narrow bodice, revealing the white chest. And the smiling face, framed with light-brown powdered curls, seems to bow to the rhythm of the lace sleeves from which protrude beautiful hands: one holds the bow while the other glides along the strings of the bass viol that is firmly set in the stiff folds of the brocade skirt. To the right, under a great draped silk curtain, an open clavecin with carved and gilded feet shows its ivory key-board edged with green lacquer. A music book attracts the eye. In a free half-figure copy that Nattier had made of his picture (this copy is placed above a door in the Louis XV. chamber) we can decipher at least the title of the air which the royal musician is playing, and there we read: *Aoust Venus et Adonis, cantabile.*

But the music played to us by the harmonious lines and colours produced by Nattier has a charm no less powerful than a cantata by Rameau or Gluck. That dominant note of red in which the golds rise so splendidly, blazing and scintillating and then descend and calm down, enveloped in muted tones, carries away the entire work in its majesty. On looking a little closer, we notice more delicate plays of colour, the rose and pale-yellow of the flowers in the powdered hair, the little head carved on the scroll of the viol, which is tied with a lilac ribbon, and the white satin bows on the lace sleeves, and the pearl ornaments on the gold edgings of the bodice. These are some details of the

masterly treatment of this great adjuster of fashionable raiment whose elegance and graceful fancy has never been surpassed; but he is not satisfied with merely a play of colours in materials, he makes the female face with boldly painted cheeks bloom with robust health and a wealth of generous blood.

The picture bears the date 1754; that is to say, it was finished two years after the death of the princess. Nattier began it in 1748. The National Archives have preserved its history for us with great completeness. On February 22, 1752, the Queen sent to ask the artist for it, and Marigny wrote the following letter to Coypel: "Sir, the Queen has told me that she would like to have the portrait painted by M. Nattier of the late Madame playing the bass viol. Be kind enough, I beg you, to see M. Nattier and learn in what state the portrait is, whether it is finished or not. In the former case, it must be sent here immediately; in the latter case, you will request M. Nattier to finish it as soon as he possibly can, because the Queen wishes to have it. I count upon you to inform me in what state it is, and to tell me how soon I can receive it here."

The portrait was delivered, 6,000 livres were paid for it, it was framed by Morissant and placed in the apartments of Madame Adélaïde, from whom Nattier obtained in 1755 through the intercession of Marigny permission to exhibit it at the Louvre. "Monsieur," the artist wrote, "as you have given your orders for the exhibition of the pictures for the Salon, permit me to entreat you to ask Madame Adélaïde if she will be good enough to allow the picture of

Madame Henriette to be exhibited there. As it is one of my very best works, I am sure it will bring me honour. Moreover, it is a most interesting picture and will make a fine figure there. As I have not the slightest doubt that she will give her consent, I will thank you to give the order to M. Portail, so that it may arrive in Paris in time for it to gain a good place on the walls of the Salon."

Madame Henriette had already been painted by Nattier. She personified Fire in the series of the four Elements, a mysterious picture which we only know by the engraving. A lovely Vestal in a court-dress with pretty silken bows she is about to read the *Histoire des Vestales;* she is meditating as she sits with her elbow gently resting upon a marble altar where the sacred fire burns; a gay altar garlanded with roses which Fragonard laughed at. And still younger, she appears as Flora in one of those studied but delicious mythological pictures, in which the pupil of the Graces particularly shines. This Flora which M. Paul Mantz thought was no longer in existence smiles from the walls of Versailles under a borrowed title which M. de Nolhac has recently removed. She is fifteen years of age; her plump shoulders, her arms and her bare feet issue from a white tunic across which a piece of blue drapery is carelessly thrown. Seated on a grassy mound at the foot of an oak beside a clear stream, she is weaving a crown of flowers, —a living flower herself; her youthful complexion is composed of lilacs and roses.

With this delightful work in 1748, Nattier's fortune began with the royal family; he became Madame's painter

by appointment, and the princesses peopled his Olympus; a provoking assemblage of goddesses and nymphs in which the eagle and the dove do not know whom to listen to first. He said, not without pedantry, to Casanova: "It is a sort of magic which the god of taste causes to flow from my mind into my brush. It is the divinity of beauty which all the world adores and nobody can define because nobody knows of what it consists. This shows how fugitive is the shade existing between ugliness and beauty. Nevertheless, this shade is immense and striking for those who have no knowledge of our art." He effaced the fugitive shade under a red smile, and a brilliant gaze, and a play of colour over gold embroidered stuffs. An easy and charming art, doubtless, one that gives the mind in a touch of cosmetic, and happiness in the caress of the brush.

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

(*François Clouet*)

SAMUEL ROCHEBLAVE

WHICH of us, on visiting the *Salon Carré* in the Louvre, in which the canvases of small dimensions engage sometimes in an unequal combat with their imposing neighbours, has not been nevertheless seized and so to speak snapped up on the way by a little work of very simple pretensions but very great import, one of those canvases in which we devine instinct, and which is imbued with the essence of an epoch and the formula of an art? The more this kind of "witness" is reserved, as if careful to keep its own secret, the more anxious we are to question it, captivated as we are by its perplexing expression, the silence of its lips and the mystery of its gaze. The less it speaks the more it says. Its very muteness is eloquent, and its attitude has something "representative" in it. In fact, it is in this sort of picture that history is incarnated,—history, that is, seen in the light of art, and settled, in French style, as though graven with a few sober and concise lines.

Such is the character of this portrait of Elizabeth of Austria, the wife of Charles IX., which, in spite of importunate neighbours, yet preserves in the intimacy of its little frame its value as an inestimable gem. Gentle, fine, small, still preserving the grace of youth in its gravity of a young wife,



ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

the daughter of Maximilian II. destined for the throne of France suddenly appeared at the corrupt court of Catherine and Charles "like the dove out of the ark." This was in 1570. Did she indeed bring the olive branch with her? For a moment, one might believe. But the courtiers soon returned to their vices, and statecraft to its crimes. Two years had scarcely elapsed before the tocsin of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois sounded the knell for the massacre throughout France, and a king of twenty-two years of age shot his own subjects for sport. And thenceforth, divided between compassion and horror, a nurse and sister of charity rather than the wife of a consumptive besieged with nightmares and bathed in fœtid sweats, the daughter of Maximilian prepared in the gloom those widow's weeds that she put on in 1574 and never took off till the day of her death.

The mystery of this sad destiny already appeared in her looks when Master Janet (for François Clouet himself signed the drawings of this period with that surname), seized and fixed in colour the features of the queen on the morrow of her arrival in France on the eve of St. Bartholomew, or, more exactly, between 1571 and 1572. M. Henri Bouchot, to whom we must go concerning any question dealing with the crayons or portraits of the Sixteenth Century, and particularly those of Clouet, has recently thrown new lights on the picture in the *Salon Carré* by comparing it with an original crayon drawing dated 1571 and preserved in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. This shows us the young woman, frightened and timid, giving, unwillingly doubtless, a sulky sitting to the great artist who

was already very old and who had twice obtained from us, by his art and by royal decree his full letters of naturalization. Thus we have the precious sketch in the *Bibliothèque Nationale.* In this, the features alone are finished.

The remainder is only summarily indicated, and for cause. It was a question of catching, on the wing to some extent, the characteristic, grave and childlike expression of this charming irregular face, ever ready to hide itself. Following his customary procedure, Clouet the Elder sought to establish once for all in the full truth of nature the masterly sketch that was to serve as a "document" for painted portraits and miniatures, the latter done afterwards and at his leisure. Therefore, for greater convenience and rapidity, he first made use of the crayon for the type and then passed on to the brush. Everything leads us to believe with M. Bouchot that the portrait in the *Salon Carré* is the worked up crayon of the *Bibliothèque Nationale.* And in fact the coif that covers the head in the crayon is the sole marked difference noticeable. The rest, ornaments and jewels, may well have been painted without the presence of the model.

The painted portrait is none the less a masterpiece in every point, the equal of a certain masterpiece by Holbein that may be admired close alongside. The French artist has never been more French, that is to say, more exact, true and poetic in his own way without effort than in this little picture painted from life at a date when the bad Italianism of Fontainebleau had already poisoned our national school. Here we find ourselves in the presence of a vigor-

ous observation formed after the tradition of Flanders by his father the first Janet and saturated with the exact psychology of our native artists and writers, who were dry rather than redundant and less addicted to elegance than probity. Probity,—but in the service of what superior dexterity!—it shines in this countenance all the features of which are set down without flattery and with the intention of accenting their character. Look at that brow that is too high and slightly bulging towards the roots of the hair; and those lips pressed together in a kind of grimace that is not without a certain childish stupidity; and that long nose broad at the nostrils—all so many restrictions of beauty, whilst the eyes alone, gentle, observant and kind beneath their still undecided shrewdness, turn towards the corners of the lids under the very high, pure and almost imposing arch of the brows. If now we go through the various parts of the costume, from the pearls of the head-dress to the rings that adorn the two crossed hands, we shall find everywhere the same conscientiousness and the same exactitude of disposition. The blonde hair, raised and puffed over the curve of the temples above the forehead, is then plaited and brought down over the neck in a net embroidered with pearls and fastened on the top of the head by a gold ornament. The neck is confined in a ruff of fluted lace beneath which runs a collar of precious stones, an admirable piece of goldsmith's work the disposition of which is repeated along the edging of the bodice, the puffed chemisette divided into lozenges by a lacing of pearls and gold buttons is in keeping with the magnificence of the

robe which is all of gold brocade damasked with silver with a border of rubies and emeralds. Finally, the sleeves slashed with white sewn with pearls support the splendour of the rest of the costume, the principal motive of which is the heavy pendant which is displayed on the breast and ends with an enormous fine pear-shaped pearl. Just below the tapering hands resting on something unseen, show only two rings and look modest in the midst of all this richness. It would not take much for them to be out of place on this trapping of royal ostentation, as doubtless the little queen herself was in her robe of a Valois wife.

And when we think of the brilliant and untruthful variations which a painter of the showy style would not have failed to embroider on such a theme (such as a Veronese, a Rubens, or a Rigaud, in the succeeding age), we taste even more keenly the intimate flavour of this little portrait, an authentic masterpiece of our national art; and we repeat to ourselves Pascal's so French saying: "I want the agreeable and the real, but I want the agreeable itself to be derived from the real."

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

(*Madame Vigée Le Brun*)

ANDRÉ MICHEL

IN the history of portraiture in France there is a period between Nattier and Gérard to which belongs the amiable woman whose portrait is the subject of this sketch. Boucher having died in the odour of damnation, Nattier's nymphs and goddesses sought retreat in the depths of the flowery groves,—society of the last years of the old *régime* chose for its painter Elizabeth Louise Vigée, already celebrated under that name when by an unhappy marriage she became Madame Le Brun; and the sympathy between the painter and her models being so intimate that although she did not die until March 30, 1842, she remains in French art the portrait painter *par excellence* of the Court of Marie Antoinette. When she suddenly left France at the first rumblings of the Revolution, terror-stricken before the Reign of Terror, it might be said that her work was accomplished. Her truly important portraits belong to her youth. If we want to catch in one attitude and look the moral reflection of a period, or to devine the thoughts or dreams hatched under the complicated head-dresses of the great ladies who sheltered behind transparent fichus of linen sentimental and light hearts, it is Madame Vigée Le Brun to whom we must go. The truly extraordinary

vogue which she enjoyed in her early years continues in posterity with a discreet and lasting glory. Certainly we should be rendering her very ill service by raising her on an unusually high pedestal and in elevating her graceful figure into a masterly attitude. "Masterpieces" is a very big word of which her elegant chroniclers have perhaps somewhat too much accustomed us to be prodigal. She would be the first to warn us with her bright smile to speak simply of her and without the abuse of superlatives. Since she is quite willing with an obliging liberality to give us her acquaintance and admit us to her intimacy, let us question her discreetly and let her speak for herself. Thus we shall find a *résumé* of her amiable talent and a sort of application of her æsthetics in portraiture.

It was in 1789 at thirty-four years of age that she painted this portrait for the Comte d' Angivillers, "the director and general manager of the buildings, houses, castles, parks, gardens, arts and manufactures of the King." Two years before she had painted another one in which we see her also holding her child in her arms, with her hair scarcely powdered and having on her head "a large twisted muslin fichu." Here she has entirely suppressed the powder. She wrote: "I had a horror of the costume that women then wore; I made every effort to render it a little more picturesque and I was delighted when I gained the confidence of my models, so that I could drape them according to my own fancy. Shawls were not yet worn; but I placed broad scarfs lightly interlaced around the body and over the arms with which I tried to imitate the beautiful



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style of the draperies of Raphael and Dominichino. Moreover, I could not bear powder. I induced the beautiful Duchesse de Grammont-Caderousse not to have any put on to have her portrait painted; her hair was as black as ebony; I parted it above the brow arranged in irregular curls. After my sitting, which ended at the dinner-hour, the Duchesse made no alteration in her hair and went to the play in this condition. Such a beautiful woman should set the fashion; this mode slowly took and soon afterwards became general."

The portrait, which we reproduce, was executed a few months after that of the Duchesse de Grammont; the arrangement of the hair in it is practically the same, and since agreement here was easy between the painter and the model, we may seek in it the exact expression of Madame Le Brun's intimate preferences with regard to the "picturesque." As we see the influence of the antique preponderates. Since her brother had read to her the *Voyage du jeune Anacharsis en Grèce*, from which she took the idea of that famous Greek supper which made so much noise and formed a pretext for so much scandal, Madame Le Brun had displayed an antique spirit. Moreover, she knew that M. d' Angivillers to whom her portrait was to be offered had undertaken "to restore all their dignity to the arts as far as possible," and had prescribed to the pupils at the Academy "the execution of figures after the antique." Fashion had already returned to the "grand, severe and antique taste"; the young people and women were for the ancients, and Madame Le Brun was too much a woman

of her time not to go with the stream. She had a taste for Vien's "simple and severe style, admired by all true connoisseurs"; she professed that French painting should engage itself "with a style quite contrary to that which has caused it to degenerate, and that the man responsible for its decadence, the man of talent, the great criminal who ruined it, is Boucher, the boudoir-painter."

Therefore, she applied herself to acquire what she desired,—"that beautiful finish of execution," which was one of the signs of the renascent orthodoxy. She has still many a souvenir of Greuze at the end of her brush (see "the shadow of the irregular curls" and "the straying of the hair" over the brow of her portrait); at Antwerp, she had seen Rubens's *Chapeau de Paille* in the ecstatic mood caused her by that picture—in which, "what, for want of a better name, we must call the shadows are light." Inspired by this, she painted a portrait of herself in a straw hat with a feather and a garland of field-flowers, with her palette in her hand (engraved by Miller, who, to her great chagrin, made the shadows black and heavy); but, thenceforth, it was towards style that she tried to direct her efforts more and more; she went so far as to regret—the imprudent and ungrateful woman!—being, so to speak, imprisoned by her vogue and the flow of orders in the style of portraiture, and not being able to consecrate her talent to some great "historical painting."

Fortunately for her and for us, she remained a portrait-painter and a woman; her cravings for "grand art did not go so far as to do violence to her natural leanings, or to

alter the limpidity of her peaceful and graceful talent. Full of sentiment, as befitted her day, she never fell into silly sentimentality or insipidity. In her *Souvenirs* she writes: "I tried as much as I could to give to the women I painted the attitude and expression of their physiognomy; those who did not have any, I painted dreaming, nonchalantly leaning." And in her *Advice to the Portrait-Painter:* "Before beginning, converse with your model, try several attitudes, and select not only the most agreeable, but that which suits her age and character, that which may increase the resemblance. With women, it is necessary to use flattery, telling them that they are beautiful and that they have a fresh complexion. This puts them in good humour, and makes them pose with more pleasure." This good grace with which she sets herself to enter into her models' secret desire of pleasing, we are not astonished to find again with complaisant smiles on those occasions when a circle was formed about her in her promenades and at the theatres.—More than one who was in love with his own face came to have his portrait painted by her, "in the hope of making himself pleasing to her." But she added: "My happiness demanded that I should not yet know a single romance. The first one I read, *Clarissa Harlowe*, which mightily interested me, I did not read till after my marriage; till then I had only read serious books, the morality of the Holy Fathers, among others, of which I did not weary. For that is all, except a few of my brother's class-books. To return to these gentlemen, as soon as I saw that they wanted to cast sheep's eyes at me, I painted

them with ridiculous looks, which is quite contrary to what people consider painting should be. Then, at the slightest movement that their pupils made in my direction, I said to them: 'I am working on the eyes.' That slightly disconcerted them, as you may believe, and my mother, who did not leave me alone and whom I had taken into confidence, laughed in her sleeve."

When one is thus constituted, one consults one's mirror without any trouble—and, perhaps, some Jansenist censor may have reproached the bare arm, which is shown to us here with the shoulder, "for the love of the Greek," for displaying itself over the form of the little girl, just as over a cushion, with an abandon that is not sufficiently maternal. However, it would suffice to look at that bright and frank face, to show that "Le Brun de la Beauté," the painter and the model, as La Harpe "sang," had no other coquetry than that which their very beauty imposes on pretty women.

Everything is healthy in her. On close examination one would find something better than carelessness, a fund of watchfulness in her delicate face. Life certainly has not spared her deep griefs; she has been as badly married as an honest woman can be, but she has preserved intact the treasure of good humour and gaiety that laughs in her eyes; she has painted "with fury," and that "divine passion" of her beloved painting has been a refuge and a consolation to her in her hours of difficulty. In spite of her mortifications, she has always loved life and the world, as these were understood and enjoyed before the terrible year 1789. She

has enjoyed all her successes as a woman and an artist; and the few black or melancholy moments that she may have known let us not pity any more than she allowed herself to do.

She also took pleasure in her maternity. She has spoken of that daughter whom she clasps in her arms and of "her great blue eyes" with true tenderness. And it is precisely from that daughter,—married against her will—and, ungrateful as it seems, that were to come to her, her most poignant griefs, those against which her habitual optimism found her least armed. If, on looking at her closely, you notice in the depths of her gaze, a sort of welling sadness, that is, perhaps, one of those presentiments which in full joyousness cloud the brow of anxious mothers. It is, perhaps, also, the regret for all that she is going to leave; for already the storm is rumbling in the distance; yesterday, on the Longchamp promenade, she heard terrifying talk; "the populace has insulted in the most frightful manner the people who were driving in their carriages;" and scoundrels "threw sulphur into her cellar." She is marked as a friend of the Austrian and of Calonne. The first *emigrée*, she is about to jump disguised into a *diligence* and abandon everything she loves the most, that Paris where she was so highly acclaimed, and that brilliant world which is about to end—and, in default of a country, seek places where the arts flourish and where kind hearts reign.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA
(*Honthorst*)

WILLIAM CHAMBERS LEFROY

GERARD HONTHORST was born at Utrecht in 1592, and studied first under Abraham Bloemaert, and then in Italy under Michael Angelo da Caravaggio, "to whose style," says Kugler, "he for the most part adhered."

On 5th April, 1628, he came to England, and in the same year painted the *Family of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, now at Hampton Court. The following August the Duke was assassinated by Felton. This picture is considered a good specimen of the artist; and though there is some coarse work especially in the flesh-tints, the chiaroscuro has his characteristic strength. Honthorst's bold and skilful management of light and shade, and love of effects of artificial illumination, are well known. He is represented by works of some importance at Hampton Court; and though there is nothing from his hand in the National Gallery, and only four or five specimens in the National Portrait Gallery, his style should be familiar to Englishmen when they meet with it elsewhere.

Of the remaining works by Honthorst at Hampton Court a *Joseph and Mary by Lamplight*, is evidently a very curious and clever picture, but is hung so high as to be



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hardly visible. This and *Singing by Candlelight* are examples of the style for which Honthorst became famous in Italy, before his English period, and which earned him the title of "Gherardo dalle Notti." No. 810 is the large picture of the *King and Queen of Bohemia*, fifteen feet high by twenty-two feet wide. It was painted at Utrecht, 1628 to 1630, and is wrongly described by Walpole as an emblematic picture of Charles I. and his Queen. At page 167 of Charles's catalogue it is entered as "a very large piece, which was painted by Honthorst; in the said piece is painted the King and Queen of Bohemia in the clouds and the Duke of Buckingham coming to present to the King the seven Liberal Sciences under the persons of their children." The King and Queen, however, are so very decidedly "in the clouds," that I am not able to speak to their identity with the confidence of personal observation. This appears not to have been the only fanciful presentment of Elizabeth by her favourite painter, for Lady Theresa Lewis mentions somewhat enigmatically, that the heads of her Majesty and Lord Craven were painted by Honthorst "on the design of Titian's Venus and Adonis in the National Gallery."[1]

A very interesting full-length of Elizabeth, over the fireplace in the King's Audience Chamber at Hampton Court, shows the almost golden glow in her dark hair, and the sweetness of her tremulous lips and drooping eyelids. The browns and reds of the picture are not set off to advantage by

[1] *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon.*

its wooden frame. In the left-hand corner are the words: "*Intra Fortunæ Sortem, Extra Imperium*"; and another inscription on paper at the back helps to identify this with the portrait mentioned in Sir Henry Wotton's will: "I leave to the most hopeful Prince[1] the picture of the elected and crowned Queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues through the clouds of her fortune."

Portraits similar to the one here reproduced are at Oxford House, Wimbledon, in the collection formed by the late Mr. Neuenhuys, and at Combe Abbey. The former collection includes a companion portrait of Frederick, Elector or King, likewise attributed to Honthorst.

Not only did Elizabeth herself receive lessons from her favourite painter, but he also taught several of her children, and especially the Princesses Sophia and Louisa Hollandina, —the former afterwards the mother of George I., and the latter Abbess of Maubuisson.

Let us pause a moment to note a few among the many important genealogical facts which centre in Elizabeth of Bohemia. She was, to go no farther, the grand-daughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and the grand-mother of George I., the daughter of James I. and mother of Prince Rupert, the sister of Charles I., the aunt of Charles II. and James II. Do we always realize that George I. was Prince Rupert's nephew?

In the second compartment of the upper gallery of the National Collection there is a group of portraits of this family, viz., three of James I., all more or less repulsive;

[1] Afterwards Charles II.

one of his wife, Anne of Denmark, a showy and not very refined-looking person; one of Prince Henry, a poor picture by an unknown artist; and one by Mireveldt of Elizabeth herself. In the next compartment are the portraits by Honthorst of Elizabeth, the Queen, and Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine, her daughter. Near them is Prince Rupert, by Lely, and a little farther again the Electress Sophia, "painted in the school of Honthorst." The family likeness in the Queen of Bohemia and her two daughters is very strong, but we are not reminded either of King James or King George.

The main facts in the life of Elizabeth are well known. Her happy girlish days among the birds and beasts and flowers at Combe Abbey are recalled by the traditional title of a certain curious picture at Woburn Abbey, in which a girl in a white dress is represented with a mackaw on a stand at her left shoulder, and a parrot at her right, two little love birds in her hand, a monkey at one foot and a dog at the other. It has, however, been conjectured, both from the details of costume and the fairness of the hair, that the picture represents the Lady Arabella Stuart. Be this as it may, we know that Elizabeth appropriated as a special domain a certain small island at Combe Abbey, and there established a sort of zoological garden of her own in which she much delighted. Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of Scottish Queens and English Princesses*, gives a curious extract from Lord Harrington's accounts as to charges in relation to his royal pupil. "For cotton to make her monkey's beds, and for joiners who made her parrot-

cages, and for shearing her great rough dog, and for the sustenance of an Irish wolf-hound, all belonging to her Grace." When this young lady was nine, the Gunpowder conspirators plotted to seize her and make her queen; and when she was thirteen, the father of Gustavus Adolphus sent an embassy to ask her hand in marriage for the future hero, but in vain. For the present she must live on with her pets and her girl companions, visited sometimes by her favourite brother, Prince Henry, and with no deeper cause of grief than an occasional well-merited rebuke for extravagance from her excellent guardian.

The death of Prince Henry at St. James's Palace in 1612 was, probably, the first great sorrow of his sister's life. Her efforts to obtain access, even in disguise, to his infected chamber, were very characteristic. A thin and safe existence, without love or loss, was neither her desire nor her destiny.

A few months later, Elizabeth and the Elector Frederick were married at Whitehall, the first royal couple joined by the English rite. Anne of Denmark may have sowed the seeds of more evil than she dreamed of by the contempt with which she habitually spoke of this union with a mere Palsgrave; and the popular feeling was probably reflected in Ben Jonson's uncourtly impromptu —

> "Our King and Queen the Lord God blesse,
> The Paltzgrave and the Lady Besse."

And so "The Lady Besse" passed away to captivate with sweet smiles, and confound by daring horsemanship, the

loyal inhabitants of Heidelberg. In the intervals of trouble and sport she wrote a hymn which has been preserved; but she will be better remembered as the cause of poetry in others.

For before Honthorst painted her, or an army adored her as their "Queen of Hearts," or Duke Christian of Brunswick wore her glove in his helmet, Sir Henry Wotton wrote of her, as we all know, but can afford to be reminded:—

"Yon meaner beauties of the night
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
Yon common people of the skies,
Where are you when the sun shall rise?

"Yon curious chanters of the wood;
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

"Yon violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?

"So when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen;
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?"

According to most historians, including Mr. Gardiner, when the fatal offer of the crown of Bohemia was made to Frederick, he was urged by the pride and ambition of his wife to accept it. Ranke, however, declares that this is by no means proved. It was, in any case, a false step, followed by nothing but misfortune. The Elector was no leader of men, and his royal father-in-law, on whose aid Bohemia counted, proved but a broken reed.

Such, however, was the personal devotion inspired by Elizabeth that James advised, or commanded, the postponement of her intended visit to England. "It was reserved for the young lawyers of the Middle Temple to give utterance to the feelings which the preachers now hardly dared to mutter. At their Christmas supper, one of them, we are told, 'took a cup of wine in one hand, and held his drawn sword in the other, and so began a health to the distressed Lady Elizabeth; and having drunk, kissed the sword, and laying his hand upon it, took an oath to live and die in her service; then delivered the cup and sword to the next, and so the health and ceremony went round.'"

At thirty-six Elizabeth was left a widow. The chivalrous devotion of Lord Craven soothed and shielded the later years of her life; but we are not, I think, obliged to believe that they were secretly married. In 1661, she came to London, where in less than a year she died. Evelyn tells us how she was buried in Westminster Abbey, and how the "night of her burial fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as was never seen the like."

When our portrait was painted she was forty-six, and had

been ten years a widow. Probably she was at that time still given to hunting and shooting, as well as to the bringing up of the survivors of her thirteen children, and the society of learned men.

In the original of our illustration the square-cut dress is black with white lace. The ornaments are pearls. The hair and eyes are quite dark and the complexion pale. It is a face that might reveal to the merest stranger that she was a Stuart, that she had been beautiful, that she had been unhappy; and this is more, I think, than could be as clearly read in any known portrait of her ill-starred grandmother, the Queen of Scots.

THE COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT

(*Sir Peter Lely*)

MRS. JAMESON

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON, fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn, after distinguishing himself greatly in the civil wars, retired to France on the death of the King, his master. He resided abroad for several years, had a command in the French army, and in France several of his children were born and most of them educated, which accounts for the predilection they afterwards showed for that country. At the Restoration, Sir George Hamilton returned to England with a numerous family of gallant sons and lovely daughters, among them Elizabeth Hamilton, his eldest daughter, who being then just of an age to be introduced at court, soon became one of its principal ornaments.

She appeared in that gay and splendid circle with many advantages. She was of noble descent, allied to the most illustrious families of England, Scotland and Ireland; she was the niece of the Duke of Ormond, her mother being the sister of that great nobleman; her eldest brother was groom of the bedchamber, and a special favourite of the King; her two younger brothers were distinguished among the brave and gay: she herself united to a most captivating person and manner such accomplishments as few women of her time possessed, and which she had cultivated during



THE COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT

her father's exile. It does not appear that Miss Hamilton accepted any ostensible office near the person of the Queen or the Duchess of York; but she was soon distinguished by the favour of both, more particularly by that of the Duchess; and was habitually included in their most select circles, as well as in all their balls, masques, banquets and public festivities of the Court.

It was at this time that De Grammont first met her; but it was long after his marriage that he dictated to her brother Anthony that enchanting description of her which appears in his *Memoirs*. The lover-like feeling which breathes through the whole—the beauty, delicacy and individuality of the portrait show that De Grammont, with all his frivolity and inconstancy, still remembered with tenderness, after a union of twenty years, the charms which had first touched and fixed his volatile heart.

She was then just arrived at that age when the budding girl expands into the woman: her figure was tall, rather full, and elegantly formed; and to borrow Lord Herbert's beautiful expression, "varied itself into every grace that can belong either to rest or motion." She had the finest neck and loveliest hand and arm in the world: her forehead was fair and open; her hair dark and luxuriant, always arranged with the most exquisite taste, but with an air of natural and picturesque simplicity, which meaner beauties in vain essayed to copy; her complexion, at a time when the use of paint was universal, owed nothing to art; her eyes were not large, but sparkling and full of expression; her mouth, though not a little haughtiness is implied

in the curve of the under lip, was charming and the contour of her face perfect.

De Grammont had hitherto received few repulses, but "*heureux sans être aimé*," he began to be weary of pursuing conquests of little worth. Miss Hamilton was something new, something different from anything he had yet encountered in the form of woman. He soon perceived that the stratagems he had hitherto found all-prevailing—flattery and *billet doux*, French fans and *gants de Martial*[1]—would be entirely misplaced in his present pursuit: he laid aside his usual methods of proceeding, and, all his powers of captivating called forth by a real and deep attachment, he bent his whole soul to please, and he succeeded.

The Countess de Grammont spent the rest of her life at the French court. Her beauty and elegance charmed the King, yet she did not universally please: Madame de Maintenon thought her "*plus agréable qu' aimable*," perhaps because she could amuse with her lively wit, she would not stoop to flatter. When Madame de Caylus called her "*Anglaise insupportable*," she probably spoke in the character of a Frenchwoman and a rival wit and beauty. Madame de Grammont, soon after her arrival in France, was appointed *Dame du Polais* at Versailles; and, in a few years afterwards De Grammont became, by the death of his elder brother, one of the richest and most powerful of the *noblesse*.

They appear to have lived together on easy terms.

[1] Martial was a famous Parisian glove-maker of that time. "*Est-ce que Martial fait les epigrammes aussi bien que les gants?*" asks Molière's Comtesse d' Escarbagnas, in allusion to his Latin namesake.

Towards the latter part of her life, the Countess de Grammont became very devout, and was extremely scandalized by her husband's epicurism and infidelity.

The portrait of her is from the picture by Sir Peter Lely. We are told that, at the time Lely was enchanted with his subject, and every one considered it as the finest effort of his pencil, both as a painting and a resemblance. The dignified attitude and elegant turn of the head, are well befitting her who was "*grande et gracieuse dans le moindre de ses mouvemens*"; we have here "*le petit nez delicate*," the fine contour of face, the lovely bust, the open expansive brow, and the lips, ripe, rich, and breathing sweets—at least to the imagination. A few pearls are negligently interwoven among her luxuriant tresses, as if on purpose to recall Crashaw's beautiful compliment to his mistress:—

"Tresses that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.
Each ruby there,
Or pearl, that dare appear,
Be its own *blush*,—be its own tear."

The countenance has infinitely more spirit and intellect than Sir Peter Lely's beauties in general exhibit; and though perhaps a little too proud and elevated in its present expression, it must have been, when brightened into smiles, or softened with affection, exquisitely bewitching. The neck and throat are beautifully painted, the drapery is grand and well-disposed, and the background has a rich and deep tone of colour, finely relieving the figure.

There is a slight defect in the drawing of the right arm. Lely did not, like Van Dyck, paint his hands and arms from nature: they are in general all alike, pretty and delicate, but destitute of individual character, and often ill-drawn. In the present instance, this is the more to be regretted, because Miss Hamilton, among her other perfections, was celebrated for the matchless beauty of her hand and arm.

THE COUNTESS DE GRAMMONT

(*Sir Peter Lely*)

WILLIAM SHARP

ALAS! there were so many queens of beauty on the walls, and yet my heart was not lost to one of them! Then I remembered a favourite couplet, by Campion,

> "Beauty must be scorned in none
> Though but truly served in one"—

and, having thought of and quoted that sweet signer found I had to go right through three stanzas of his, memorable even in the ever-new wealth of Elizabethan love-songs.

> "Give beauty all her right!
> She's not to one form tied;
> Each shape yields fair delight,
> Where her perfections bide:
> Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,
> And Ros'mond was as sweet as she.
>
> "Some the quick eye commends,
> Some swelling lips and red;
> Pale looks have many friends,
> Through sacred sweetness bred;
> Meadows have flowers that pleasures move,
> Though roses are the flowers of love.

"Free beauty is not bound
To one unmovèd clime;
She visits every ground,
And favours every time.
Let the old lords with mine compare;
My Sovereign is as sweet as fair."

There: all that is to be said about Fair Women, or the Beauty of Woman, is compressed into six short lines. This intangible beauty is a citizen of the world, and has her home in Cathay as well as Europe, no one age claims her, and Helen of Troy takes hands with Aspasia, and they smile across the years to Lucrezia Borgia and Diane de Poitiers, who, looking forward, see the lovely light reflected in la belle Hamilton, and so down to our own day. And then, once more, Eve individualized for ever and ever; a challenge to all the world to bring forward one sweeter and fairer than "my Sovereign."

The familiar canvas was in delightful company. Her sisters—in Lely were there: the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen Mary II., as Diana; the winsome Diana Kirke, the second wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, a Fair Woman whom personally I much preferred to her famous rival; Nell Gwynne, the bonnie free-lance; the charming but not rigorously virtuous Mrs. Jane Middleton, whose relative, John Evelyn, has chronicled her "famous and indeed incomparable beauty," and some of whose doings are set forth in Anthony Hamilton's celebrated Grammont's *Memoirs;* and the Lady Barbara Grandison, who married the Earl of Castlemaine, found favour

in the eyes of Charles II. (who created her Duchess of Cleveland), and was daring enough to wed once more a commoner, though, to be sure, he was the fashionable Adonis of his day, "Beau" Fielding.

Every one knows *La Belle Hamilton*, the finest of the Hampton Court Beauties. In common with *Nell Gwynne* and the *Duchess of Cleveland* this masterpiece of Lely's belongs to the Queen. I wonder how the gossipy Anthony Hamilton would have moralized if he had been able to foresee this whim of Destiny. The three ladies themselves might have been more surprised still, if their thoughts could cross the gulf that separates the Stuart court from the Victorian. Some readers will recall the saying "The Count de Grammont's short memory!" When that courtier left England he was followed and confronted by the brothers of "la belle Hamilton," who, with drawn swords, asked him if he had not forgotten something. "True, true," replied the Count: who forthwith retraced his steps and, as a chronicler has it, "repaired the lapse by making the young lady Countess of Grammont." As a painting, this superb work is not only the highest achievement of Lely, but touches the high-water level of Lely's prototype Van Dyck. Even the finest of the adjacent canvases of the great Sir Anthony, the *Duchesse de Croy*, and in particular, *Dorothy Sidney*, do not surpass this beautiful picture.

But while it is easy to understand how Elizabeth Hamilton became "la belle Hamilton" at the Court of Charles II., and had more offers of marriage than the number of years she had lived, till, in the third year of the Restoration,

she gave her hand to the celebrated wit and courtier, the Comte Philiberte de Grammont, most of us doubtless would find it difficult to discover that "fundamental charm" we hoped to find. I could believe all that her brother Anthony could tell of her beauty and winsomeness, and have no doubt that Count Philibert was a very lucky man; but, for myself, I realized that even had I been a member of that wicked, laughing, delightful, reprehensible Carolan Court, and a favourite of fortune in the matter of advantages, I doubt if I would have been one of the five-and-twenty suitors of "la belle Hamilton." Alas, there is yet another charm which allures men when Beauty is only an impossible star; in the words of the anonymous poet of *Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen*,

> "Gin a lass be e'er sae black,
> An' she hae the pennysiller,
> Set her up on Tinto tap,
> The win' 'ill blaw a man 'till her."

It was not the fair Elizabeth's "pennysiller," however, that was the attraction, though she did have what the Scots slyly call "advantages."

Nevertheless, it is clear she must have in her beauty something that appeals to many minds and in different epochs. The fastidious nobles and wits of the Restoration admired her; Sir Peter Lely expended his highest powers in painting her; his portrait of her has long been the gem of the famous series known as "the Windsor Beauties," and at Hampton Court she is ever one of the most popular of the ladies of the Stuart *régime*.

POPE JULIUS II
(*Raphael*)

H. KNACKFUSS

"HOW liberal and kindly heaven shows itself sometimes in bestowing on a single person the infinite store of its treasures and all those graces and rarest gifts which it is wont to distribute among many individuals in a long space of time, may be clearly seen in the no less excellent than gracious Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, who was by nature endowed with all that modesty and kindness which may sometimes be seen in those who beyond others have added to a refined and gentle nature the beautiful ornament of a charming courtesy, which is wont to show itself ever sweet and pleasant to all kinds of persons and in all manners of things. He was nature's gift to the world, when, vanquished by art in the hands of Michelangelo Buonarroti, she was willing in Raphael to be vanquished by art and manners at once."

With these words Giorgio Vasari, who wrote in the Sixteenth Century the lives of famous Italian artists from Cimabue to himself, begins the life of the immortal master, who brought the art of the Italian Renaissance to its utmost perfection, and who shares with the giant Michel-angelo this supreme glory, that his works, like the creations of classical antiquity, count with all posterity as unsurpassable.

Raffaello Santi (or Sanzio) first beheld the light of day

on Good Friday (28th March) in the year 1483. His native place, Urbino, situated on the north-east side of the Apennines in the Marches of Ancona, near the frontiers of Tuscany and Umbria, was the capital of a small Duchy, which belonged to the valiant and art-loving family of Montefeltro. Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter of repute, who painted pictures of saints full of thoughtfulness and reverence. A fresco painted by Giovanni Santi in the house, still standing, in which Raphael was born, representing the Madonna with the child asleep, is supposed to be a picture of his wife Magia with the little Raphael. Giovanni can only have grounded his son in the first rudiments of his art, for he died on August 1, 1494, after marrying a second time in 1492. Raphael's actual teacher, according to Vasari's account, was Pietro Vannucci, called "il Perugino" (born 1446, died 1534), the head of what is called the Umbrian school of painting, whose special characteristic is a tender, poetic feeling combined with a certain timidity of expression in form and colour. But Vasari is evidently mistaken in his story that Giovanni Santi brought the boy to Vannucci at Perugia during his mother's lifetime. Raphael probably entered the studio at the age of seventeen, for up to the year 1500, the master's engagements kept him almost constantly employed for years together at a distance from Perugia.

About a day's journey to the north of Perugia, in the upper valley of the Tiber, lies the little town of Città di Castello. Here Raphael was led by several commissions after the completion of the Coronation of the Virgin.

While Raphael was working at Città di Castello, Pinturicchio was engaged in adorning with frescoes the Cathedral library at Siena, as a commission from Pope Pius III. Vasari reports that the painter sent for Raphael to Siena to assist him with the cartoons for these wall-paintings. In this information there is nothing incredible; Raphael at the age of scarcely one-and-twenty might very well consent with pleasure to act as the assistant of a man from whom he had learnt so much. It would be a fruitless effort, indeed, to endeavour to find the traces of Raphael's co-operation in the masterly creation of Pinturicchio; for if an older painter trusts a younger one so far as to allow him to help in a great work, yet he does not usually permit him to introduce anything of his own. At any rate Raphael did not stay long at Siena. He was anxious to become acquainted with Florence, the chief seat of art in Italy at that time, where, too, his former teacher had set up his studio. Before Raphael removed to Florence, he paid a visit to his native town. Here events of a warlike nature had taken place in the meantime. Duke Guidobaldo Montefeltro had been driven out by Cesare Borgia, but had once more taken possession of his hereditary dominion in the year 1503, amidst the rejoicings of the population. In the same year, Giuliano della Rovere, whose brother was married to the Duke's sister Giovanna, ascended the papal chair as Julius II. Under the protection of this influential relationship peace remained secured to the Duchy of Urbino. That active intellectual life, which has invested the princely courts of Italy of the period of the Renaissance with so

peculiar a lustre and charm in the memory of the after-world, unfolded itself without disturbance at the court of Guidobaldo. Raphael, too, was drawn into the select circle, the soul of which was the beautiful and talented wife of the Duke, Elisabetta Gonzaga, the grand-daughter of a princess of the house of Hohenzollern. Next to the Duchess Elisabetta, the Duke's sister, Giovanna della Rovere, was a special patroness of the young artist, whose first achievements promised already clearly enough that he would one day prove the glory of his native town. Provided with a cordial recommendation from the Duchess Giovanna to the Gonfaloniere of Florence, Piero Soderini, Raphael, in the autumn of the year, 1504, entered the flourishing capital of Tuscany.

In the year 1506, Raphael painted a St. George for his Duke, Guidobaldo. He had once already taken the patron saint of chivalry as the subject of a picture. This older painting is now to be found as a companion to the still earlier St. Michael, with which it corresponds exactly in dimensions in the Louvre. While we see in the archangel the very embodiment of victory, we behold in St. George, the human warrior, the stress of conflict. Duke Guidobaldo had ordered the picture as a present for King Henry VII. of England, in return for the Order of the Garter which had been bestowed on him. Accordingly the saint appears clearly characterized as the patron of this Order by a blue band under the knee, on which the word "*honi*" can be read.

In the summer of 1506 Count Baldassare Castiglione

travelled to London as envoy of the Duke to deliver the picture. It is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. A careful drawing on the scale in which the picture was carried out, perforated with pin-holes for the transfer to the panel, is in the collection of the Uffizi at Florence.

It is possible that this picture took Raphael again to Urbino; in this case it may, perhaps, be supposed that Pope Julius II., who spent three days with his relative at Urbino on his progress to Bologna in September, 1506, may have there first made the acquaintance of the young artist who was soon afterwards to produce such magnificent masterpieces in his service.

On the great turning-point in Raphael's life, his summons to Rome to enter the service of the Pope, Vasari gives the following information: "Bramante of Urbino, who was in the service of Julius II., wrote to Raphael, since he was distantly related to him and came from the same place, that he had obtained the consent of the Pope, who had had some new apartments constructed, to let Raphael display his powers in them. The proposal pleased Raphael so that he abandoned his work at Florence and moved to Rome."

Bramante (born at Monte Asdrualdo near Urbino about 1444) had been occupied for several years with the Pope's gigantic enterprise, the rebuilding of Saint Peter's, Michelangelo had been painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel since the spring of 1508. Now Raphael arrived, to make the third star of the constellation, the splendour of which would suffice by itself to make the name of Julius II.

immortal, even if the politician and warrior-pope had done nothing to secure for himself imperishable renown beyond setting for these three men their sublime and magnificent tasks.

Raphael has handed down to us the features of the Pope who made Rome the capital of the world of art, so that the former glory of Florence paled beside that of Rome. The portrait dates from the last years of the life of Julius II.; the burden of old age has bowed the mighty shoulders, the full beard falls white over the breast, the eyelids have grown heavy; but the fire is not yet quenched in the eyes, which rest in deep hollows under the powerful forehead, and the expression of an iron will and energy bent on its purpose lies in the contracted brows and closely shut mouth. The whole personality of the aged man, who sits with his elbows propped on the arms of his chair is so convincing, so full of life, that we can well understand the words of Vasari, that the picture was so true to nature that it made the beholders tremble, as if Pope Julius were present in the body. The magnificent portrait was copied repeatedly soon after it came into existence, and that, in some cases, by such skilful hands that it is no longer certain which is the original; the two examples in Florence especially (one in the Tribune, the other in the Pitti Palace) contend for precedence.

In the autumn of 1508 Raphael was in the service of the Pope; he was overwhelmed with work and employed a number of assistants. The Pope's newly constructed chambers, of which Bramante wrote to Raphael, are the

apartments of the Vatican Palace known as the "Stanze." Raphael, who was received with great kindness by the Pope, began his work at the age of twenty-five in the "Stanza della Segnatura," which received this name because the popes were accustomed to sign dispensations in it. The most famous painters had already exerted themselves in rivalry to adorn the apartments of the Vatican, and a number of masters of established reputation, among them Perugino, were still employed in doing so. In the "Stanza della Segnatura" the ceiling had already been painted by Giovanni Antonio Bazzi (called Sodoma) of Vercelli. But when Raphael had completed a part of his work, the Pope had the other paintings stripped off, in order to transfer the whole to the youth who threw old masters and new alike into the shade.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
(*Gainsborough*)

MRS. ARTHUR BELL

IT was Gainsborough who painted the earliest of the many portraits of the celebrated eldest daughter of the first Earl and Countess Spencer, who, as the Duchess of Devonshire, became the leader of fashionable society in London. In this first portrait she is represented as a charming little maiden of six or seven years old, giving promise even then of her remarkable charms. In later portraits by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom she was a very great favourite, this promise is seen to be abundantly fulfilled. She was married at the early age of seventeen to William, the fifth Duke of Devonshire, when, as Walpole says in a letter to Mann, "She was a lively girl, natural and full of grace." She very soon became "the irresistible queen of ton," eclipsing all rivals; the most brilliant of the gay throng who danced and played the nights away at the Ladies' Club, masqueraded at the Pantheon, and promenaded at Ranelagh. On one occasion the Duchess is said to have won £900 in a day, and on another to have lost £1,500, when she was handed, literally sobbing with remorse, into her carriage by Sheridan. In spite of this weakness, however, Marie Antoinette, but two years the senior of the Duchess, "had scarcely a gayer,



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

more devoted, or more obsequious court." Contemporary letters teem with allusions to the Duchess from her first appearance in London Society, as the loveliest bride of the season, to her death in 1806. A year after her marriage she is setting the fashion of the addition to the already absurdly high coiffures of ostrich plumes that Wraxall says: "Those who wished to have ostrich plumes as long as the Duchess's, searched London in vain, until an undertaker was induced to sell feathers from a hearse." In 1776, Fanny Burney, writing to her dear Daddy Crisp, speaks of having met in the Park, the "young and handsome Duchess of Devonshire," and severely criticises her because "two of her curls had come unpinned . . . and her cloak . . . was flung half on and half off. . . ." "Every creature," she adds, "turned back to stare at her: she has a look of innocence and artlessness that made me quite sorry she should be so foolishly negligent of her person." This severe critic adds that "the Duke, on whose arm the bride was leaning, was ugly, tidy, and grave-looking, like a very mean shopkeeper's journeyman." Truth to tell, the "greatest match in England," though he thought himself something of a dandy and a poet, must have acted very much as a foil to his fair bride. Mrs. Delany says that the "jewel" her friend the Duchess had won had not been well polished; and Wraxall remarks that "constitutional apathy formed his most distinguished characteristic." In the fierce political struggle of 1783 and 1784—when the whole country was divided into two factions, each hating the other with a

perfect hatred; and when, as Walpole said, "politics were all in all, and little girls asked each other before they would make friends: 'Pray, miss, of which side are you?'"—the biographers of Sir Joshua Reynolds tell how difficult it was for the great artist's sitters, who were most of them on the popular side, to get to his painting-room through the fighting-mobs in Leicester Fields; but that the Duchess of Devonshire and her friend, Mrs. Crewe, moved about like beings from another sphere, courting, cajoling, and canvassing on behalf of Fox.

Rowlandson, that keen satirist of both parties to the contest, published a print called *Political Affections*, in which the Duchess is represented nursing a Fox-cub, whilst her own child is wailing unnoticed in his cradle. Many, too, were the coarse, anonymous rhymes, reflecting on the Duchess's eager advocacy of Fox, which were circulated about the town. In one, she is even charged with having bought a vote from a certain Marrowbones, a butcher of Westminster, with a kiss; but in spite of all her efforts, all her condescensions, all her "thunderings at each door," Fox was defeated, and Baron Hood, whose portrait Gainsborough also painted, reigned in his stead.

In 1791, two years before her own marriage to General D'Arblay, Fanny Burney, fresh from her drudgery as Keeper of the Robes at Court, met the Duchess of Devonshire and her children at Bath, and says of her: "I did not find so much beauty in her as I expected, but I found far more of manner, politeness and gentle spirit. She seems

by nature to possess the highest animal spirits, but she appeared to me not happy. I thought she looked oppressed within, though there is a native cheerfulness about her which, I fancy, never deserts her." Whilst the two were conversing in what Fanny calls "a soberly, sensible, and quiet manner" on various topics, including the then delicate subject of the King's mental illness and the Queen's distress, the Duchess's little daughter, Lady Georgiana, who might have been the original of Gainsborough's first portrait of her mother, ran in with a request to be allowed to go into the garden to see some poor little girls eat a meal provided for them by her grandmother, Countess Spencer. No one who saw the Duchess's now worn but still beautiful face light up as she listened to the little maid's pleading, or who heard her express her fear that "there might be some illness or disorder amongst the poor things," could fail to feel how utterly unfounded were the charges brought against her of being an unnatural mother, or how true it was that she found her best comfort for the loss of her husband's erratic affections in the care of her little ones.

Of her later portrait by the great Suffolk artist, exhibited at the Academy in 1778, the story is told that he "drew a wet pencil across a mouth which all who saw it thought exquisitely lovely," saying: "Her Grace is too hard for me," and of which Allan Cunningham says: "The dazzling beauty of the Duchess, and the sense she entertained of the charms of her looks and her conversation, took away that readiness of hand, that hasty happiness of touch, which belonged to Gainsborough in his ordinary moments. The

portrait was so little to his satisfaction that he refused to send it to Chatsworth.

Horace Walpole characterized this portrait, which is now lost, as bad and washy; but then his great friend, Lady Diana Beauclerk, formerly Lady Bolingbroke, also exhibited a portrait of the Duchess in 1778, and Walpole was determined that it should be *the* picture of the year. A second portrait of the Duchess, also lost, having, it is said, been cut out of its frame by a thief still undiscovered, was bought by Messrs. Agnew at the Wynn Ellis sale for £10,605.



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